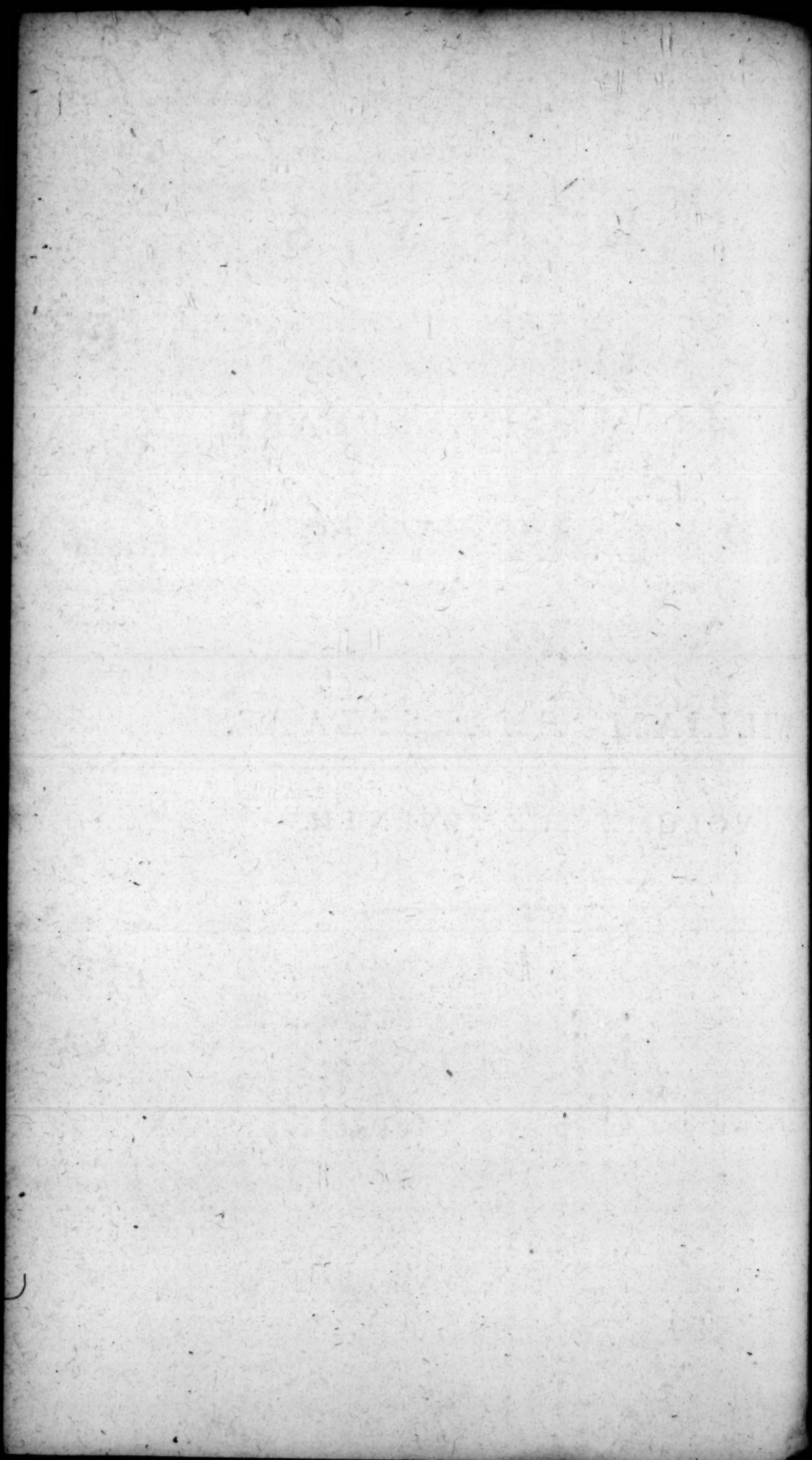


THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE SEVENTH.



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THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

B A S I L:

Printed and fold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M. DCCC. I.



A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.*

VOL. VII.

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* A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oð. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titana and Theseus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakspeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607. STEEVENS.

The Midsummer-Night's Dream I suppose to have been written in 1592. See *An attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.*

Theseus, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *Father to Hermia.*

Lyfander, } *in love with Hermia.*
Demetrius, }

Philstrate, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snout, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolyta, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*

Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom, }
Cobweb, } *Fairies.*
Moth, }

Mustard-seed, }
Pyramus, } *Characters in the Interlude*
Thisbe, } *performed by the Clowns.*
Wall, }
Moonshine, }
Lion, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE, *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

* The enumeration of persons was first made by Mr. Rowe.

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER - NIGHT'S

D R E A M.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.²

HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
nights;³
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow

² *Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.*] The authenticity of
this reading having been questioned by Dr. Warburton, I shall
exemplify it from Chapman's Translation of the 4th Book of Homer.

" — there the goodly plant lies withering out his grace."

STEEVENS.

" — *Ut piget annus*

" *Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,*

" *Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.*" HOR.

MALONE.

³ — *steep themselves in nights;*] So, in *Cymbeline*, A & V. sc. iv.

" — *neither deserve,*

" *And yet are steep'd in favours.*" STEEVENS.

6 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

New bent⁴ in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. —

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.⁵

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!⁶

⁴ New bent —] The old copies read — *Now bent*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁵ With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling. By triumph, as Mr. Warton has observed in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, p. 56, we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revels, &c. So, again in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“And now what rests, but that we spend the time

“With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,

“Such as besit the pleasures of the court?”

Again, in the preface to Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, 1624: “Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, playes.” Jonson, as the same gentleman observes, in the title of his masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, by triumph seems to have meant a grand procession; and in one of the stage-directions, it is said, “the triumph is seen far off.” MALONE.

⁶ — our renowned duke!] Thus in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*:

“Whilom as olde stories tellen us,

“There was a Duk that highte Theseus,

“Of Athenes he was lord and governour,” &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 86r.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the same title, chap. xii. l. 21:

“Duke Theseus had the victorye.”

THE. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. —
Stand forth, Demetrius; — My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her: —
Stand forth, Lysander; — and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd⁷ the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,⁸ conceits,

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*.

So likewise Skelton:

"Not lyke *Duke Hamilcar*,
"Nor lyke *Duke Afruball*."

Stanyhurst, in his Translation of Virgil, calls *Æneas*, *Duke Æneas*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632, *Ajax* is styled *Duke Ajax*, *Palamedes*, *Duke Palamedes*, and *Nestor*, *Duke Nestor*, &c.

Our version of the Bible exhibits a similar misapplication of a modern title; for in Daniel iii. 2. *Nebuchadonozar*, King of *Babylon*, sends out a summons to the *Sheriffs* of his provinces.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *This hath bewitch'd* —] The old copies read — *This man hath bewitch'd* —. The emendation was made for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. It is very probable that the compositor caught the word *man* from the line above. MALONE.

⁸ — *gawds*,] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. See *K. John*, Act III. sc. v.

Again, in *Appius and Virginia*, 1576:

"When gain is no grandfier,
"And *gaudes* not set by," &c.

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"— and in her lap
"A sort of paper puppets, *gauds* and toys."

The Rev. Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon*, observes that a *gawd* is a *child's toy*, and

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law,¹
 Immediately provided in that case.²

THE. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair
 maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power,
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.³
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lysander.

THE. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and
 their baby-house a *gowdy-house*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Or to her death; according to our law,*] By a law of Solon's,
 parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children.
 So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athe-
 nians had it before. — Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any
 thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

² *Immediately provided in that case.*] Shakspeare is grievously
 suspected of having been placed, while a boy, in an attorney's office.
 The line before us has an undoubted smack of legal common-place.
 Poetry disclaims it. STEEVENS.

³ *To leave the figure, or disfigure it.*] The sense is, you owe to
 your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy.

JOHNSON.

HER. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death,⁴ or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth,⁵ examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye⁶ to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,⁷

⁴ — to die the death,] So, in the Second part of *The Downfall* of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"We will, my liege, else let us die the death."

See notes on *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

⁵ Know of your youth,] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

⁶ For aye —] i. e. for ever. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1622:

"And sit for aye enthronized in heaven." STEEVENS.

⁷ But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,] Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read — *earthly happier*.

10 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke^s
My foul consents not to give sovereignty.

THE. Take time to pause: and, by the next new
moon,
(The fealing-day betwixt my love and me,

—— *the rose distill'd,*] So, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "— You
bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wise and vertuous; that
when, like *roses*, you shall fall from the stalke, you may be ga-
thered, and put to the *still*."

This image however, must have been generally obvious, as in
Shakspeare's time the distillation of rose water was a common pro-
cess in all families. STEEVENS.

This is a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much de-
lighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th,
6th, and 54th Sonnet. MALONE.

§ —— *whose unwished yoke* —] Thus both the quartos 1600,
and the folio 1623. The second folio reads —

—— "to whose unwished yoke —." STEEVENS.

Dele *to*, and for *unwish'd*, r. *unwished*. — Though I have been
in general extremely careful not to admit into my text any of the
innovations made by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance
of our poet's language or metre, my caution was here over-watch-
ed; and I printed the above lines as exhibited by that and all the
subsequent editors, of which the reader was apprized in a note. The
old copies should have been adhered to, in which they appear thus:

"Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

"Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke

"My foul consents not to give sovereignty."

i. e. to give sovereignty *to*. See various instances of this kind of
phraseology in a note on *Cymbeline*, scene the last. The change
was certainly made by the editor of the second folio from his
ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology. MALONE.

I have adopted the present elliptical reading, because it not only
renders the line smoother, but serves to exclude the disgusting re-
currence of the preposition — *to*; and yet if the authority of the first
folio had not been supported by the quartos, &c. I should have pre-
ferred the more regular phraseology of the folio 1632. STEEVENS.

For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
 Upon that day either prepare to die,
 For disobedience to your father's will;
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would:
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,
 For aye, austerity and single life.

DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia;— And, Lyfander,
 yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
 Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.⁹

EGE. Scornful Lyfander! true, he hath my love;
 And what is mine, my love shall render him;
 And she is mine; and all my right of her
 I do estate unto Demetrius.

LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
 I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted² and inconstant man.

THE. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

⁹ *You have her father's love, Demetrius;*

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.] I suspect that Shakspeare wrote:

"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him."

TYRWHITT.

² — *spotted* —] *As spotless is innocent, so spotted is wicked.*

JOHNSON.

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it. — But, Demetrius, come;
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
 I have some private schooling for you both. —
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate,)
 To death, or to a vow of single life. —
 Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love? —
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial; and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGE. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. *and train.*]

LYS. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
 so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HER. Belike, for want of rain; which I could
 well

Beteem them² from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYS. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love³ never did run smooth:

² Beteem them —] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. JOHNSON.

“ So would I, said th’ enchanter, glad and fain

“ Beteem to you his sword, you to defend.” *Faery Queen*.
 Again, in *The Case is Altered*. How? Ask Dalio and Milo, 1605:

“ I could beteeme her a better match.”

But I rather think that to *beteem*, in this place, signifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tømmer*, Danish.

STEEVENS.

³ The course of true love —] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradise Lost*, B. X. — 896. & seqq.

MALONE.

But, either it was different in blood;

HER. O crows! too high to be enthrall'd to low!⁴

LYS. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

HER. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

HER. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

LYS. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,⁵

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,⁶

⁴ — *too high to be enthrall'd to low!*] Love — possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was Hermia displeas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the passion; either, the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in respect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. These are the complaints represented by Lysander; and Hermia, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say:

“O crows! too high to be enthrall'd to low!”

So the antithesis is kept up in the terms; and so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers.

THEOBALD.

The emendation is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth:

“Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,

“Ne'er settled equally, *too high, or low,*” &c. MALONE.

⁵ — *momentary as a sound,*] Thus the quartos. The first folio reads — *momentary*. *Momentary* (says Dr. Johnson) is the old and proper word. STEEVENS.

“ — that short *momentary* rage,” — is an expression of Dryden.

HENLEY.

⁶ *Brief as the lightning in the collied night,*] *Collied*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

“ — Thou hast not *collied* thy face enough.” STEEVENS.

14 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:⁷
So quick bright things come to confusion.

HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.⁸

LYS. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;⁹
And she respects me as her only son.

⁷ *That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold!*

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas — of a sudden, or — *in a trice*, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*; so just the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*: "*sudden quips*." And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction.

WARBURTON.

⁸ — *fancy's followers.]* *Fancy is love.* So afterwards in this play —

"Fair Helena in fancy following me." STEEVENS.

⁹ *From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;]* *Remote* is the reading of both the quartos; the folio has — *remov'd*.

STEEVENS.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

HER. My good Lysander!
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
 By his best arrow with the golden head;²
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,³
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke;—
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYS. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes
 Helena.

Enter HELENA.

HER. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

HEL. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

² — his best arrow with the golden head;] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

“ — arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead:

“ Some hurt, accuse a third with horny head.”

STEEVENS.

³ — by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,] Shakspeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido.

STEEVENS.

16 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Demetrius loves your fair: ³ O happy fair!
 Your eyes are lode-stars; ⁴ and your tongue's sweet
 air
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
 Sickness is catching; O, were favour so! ⁵
 Your's would I catch, ⁶ fair Hermia, ere I go;

³ *Demetrius loves your fair:*] *Fair* is used again as a substantive in *The Comedy of Errors*, A& III. sc. iv:

" — My decayed fair,

" A sunny look of his would soon repair."

Again, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" But what foul hand hath harm'd Matilda's fair?"

Again, in *A Looking-Glass for London and England* 1598:

" And sold in me the riches of thy fair."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

" Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy fair?"

Again, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: " Though she were false to Menelaus, yet her fair made him brook her follies."

Again:

" Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,

" And would not diaper the meads with fair." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Your eyes are lode-stars;*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode star is the leading or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro*:

" Towers and battlements it sees

" Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

" Where perhaps some beauty lies,

" The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes."

Davies calls Queen Elizabeth,

" Lode-stone to hearts, and lode-stone to all eyes." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

" Led by the loadstar of her heavenly looks."

Again, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

" The loadstar and the honour of our line." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *O, were favour so!*] *Favour* is *feature*, *countenance*. So, in *Twelfth Night*, A& II. sc. iv:

" — thine eye

" Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Yours would I catch.*] This emendation is taken from the

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 17

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated. ⁷
O, teach me how you look ; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill !

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O, that my prayers could such affection
move !

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me,

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. ⁸

HEL. None, but your beauty ; 'Would that fault
were mine ! ⁹

Oxford edition. The old reading is — *Your words I catch.*

JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone reads — "*Your words I'd catch.*" STEEVENS.

The emendation [*I'd catch*] was made by the editor of the second folio. Sir T. Hanmer reads — "*Yours would I catch ;*" in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. As the old reading (*words*) is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies.

MALONE.

I have deserted the old copies, only because I am unable to discover how *Helena*, by catching the *words* of *Hermia*, could also catch her *favour*, i. e. her beauty. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *to be to you translated.*] *To translate*, in our author, sometimes signifies *to change*, *to transform*. So, in *Timon* :

" — to present slaves and servants

" *Translates* his rivals." — STEEVENS.

⁸ His folly, *Helena*, is *no fault* of mine.] The folio, and the quarto printed by Roberts, read — *His folly, Helena, is none of mine.*

JOHNSON.

⁹ *None, but your beauty ; 'Would that fault were mine !*] I would point this line thus :

" None. — But your beauty ; — *Would that fault were mine !*"

HENDERSON.

18 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

HER. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lyfander and myself will fly this place. —
Before the time I did Lyfander see,²
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

LYS. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athen's gates have we devis'd to steal.

HER. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds³ were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;⁴
There my Lyfander and myself shall meet:

² *Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;*

Lyfander and myself will fly this place. —

Before the time I did Lyfander see,} Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

³ *— faint primrose-beds —*] Whether the epithet *faint* has reference to the colour or smell of primroses, let the reader determine.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;}* That is, emptying our bosoms of those secrets upon which we were wont to consult each other with so sweet a satisfaction. FLEATH.

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel swell'd;

There my Lyfander and myself shall meet:

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends, and strange companions.}] This whole scene is strictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors. I have therefore ventured to restore

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewel, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! —

the rhimes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an *antithesis* to *emptying* : and *strange companions* our editors thought was plain English ; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uses the *substantive*, *stranger adjectively* ; and *companies* to signify *companions* : as in *Richard II.* A & I :

“ To tread the stranger paths of banishment.”

And in *Henry V.*

“ His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow.”

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps justifiably ; for a *bosom swell'd with secrets* does not appear as an expression unlikely to have been used by our author, who speaks of a *stuff'd bosom* in *Macbeth*.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592. is a somewhat similar expression : “ I am one of those whose tongues are *swell'd with silence*.” Again, in our author's *K. Richard II.* :

“ ——— the unseen grief

“ That swells in silence in the tortur'd soul.”

“ Of counsels swell'd ” may mean — *swell'd with counsels*.

Of and *with*, in other ancient writers have the same signification. See also, *Macbeth* — Note on —

“ Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses was supplied.”
i. e. *with* them.

In the scenes of *K. Richard II.* there is likewise a mixture of rhyme and blank verse. Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, concurs with Theobald.

Though I have thus far defended the old reading, in deference to the opinion of other criticks I have given Theobald's conjectures a place in the text. STEEVENS.

I think, *sweet*, the reading proposed by Theobald, is right.

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewise supported by Stowe's *Annales*, p. 991. edit. 1615 : “ The prince himself was faine to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood.” Mr. Heath observes, that our author seems to have had the following passage in the 55th Psalm, (v. 14, 15) in his thoughts : “ But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *sweet counsel* together, and walked in the house of God as friends.”

MALONE.

Keep word, Lyfander: we must starve our fight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.⁴

[Exit HERM.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia. — Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[Exit Lys.]

HEL. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermin's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,⁵
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game⁶ themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,⁷
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

⁴ — when Phæbe doth behold, &c.

— deep midnight.] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from p. 5. that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonshine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in A& III. sc. i.

BLACKSTONE.

⁵ — holding no quantity,] *Quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than quantity, but either may serve. JOHNSON. *Quantity* is our author's word. So, in *Hamlet*, A& III. sc. ii:

"And women's fear and love hold quantity." STEEVENS.

⁶ — in game—] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but sport, jest. So Spenser:

"—twixt earnest, and 'twixt game." JOHNSON.

⁷ — Hermia's eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

21

And when this hail⁸ some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:⁹
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

S. C E N E II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE,
and STARVELING.^{*}

QUIN. Is all our company here?

and Spenser. So, in Chaucer's Character of the *Prioresse*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 152 :

" ——— hir *eyen* grey as glafs."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. 4. ft. 9 :

" While flashing beams do dare his feeble *eyen*."

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— this *hail* ———] Thus all the editions, except the quarto, 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads instead of *this hail*, his *hail*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *it is a dear expence :*] i. e. it will *cost him much*, (be a severe constraint on his feelings,) to make even so slight a return for my communication. STEEVENS.

^{*} In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion, at the same time. JOHNSON.

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip. ²

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point. ³

QUIN. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, ⁴ and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

² — the scrip.] A scrip, Fr. *escript*, now written *écrit*. So, Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cressida*, l. 2. 1130 :

“ *Scripe nor bil.* ”

Again, in Heywood's, *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1606, P. II :

“ I'll take thy own word without scrip or scroll. ”

Holinshed likewise uses the word. STEEVENS.

³ — grow to a point.] Dr. Warburton reads — go on; but grow is used, in allusion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To grow to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of Quince. I meet with the same kind of expression in *Wily Beguiled* :

“ As yet we are grown to no conclusion. ”

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ Our reasons will be infinite, I trow, ”

“ Unless unto some other point we grow. ” STEEVENS.

And so grow on to a point.] The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a point, a substantive, I would read *appoint* a verb, that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inserted by the printer, and Shakspeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The word occurs in that sense in a poem by N. B. 1614, called *I Would and I Would Not*, stanza iii :

“ To point the captains every one their fight. ” WARNER.

⁴ — The most lamentable comedy, &c.] This is very probably a burlesque on the title page of *Cambyfes* : “ A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambyses King of Persia*, &c. By Thomas Preston, bl. l. no date.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 23

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. ⁵ — Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves. ⁶

QUIN. Answer, as I call you. — Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. ⁷ To the rest: — Yet my chief

On the registers of the Stationers' company, however, appears "the booke of *Perymus and Thisbe*," 1562. Perhaps Shakspere copied some part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

A poem entitled *Pyramus and Thisbe*, by D. Gale, was published in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was posterior to *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*. MALONE.

⁵ *A very good piece of work, and a merry.*] This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEVENS.

⁶ — [*spread yourselves.*] i. e. stand separately, not in a group, but so that you may be distinctly seen, and called over. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *I will condole in some measure.*] When we use this verb at present, we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently it seems to have been employed without it. So, in *A Pennyworth of good Counsell*, an ancient ballad:

"Thus to the wall

"I may condole."

Again, in *The Three Merry Coblers*, another old song

"Poor weather beaten soles,

"Whose case the body condoles." STEEVENS.

24 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

humour is for a tyrant: I could play Eracles rarely,
or a part to tear a cat in,⁷ to make all split,⁸

" The raging rocks,
" With shivering shocks,⁹
" Shall break the locks
" Of prison-gates:
" And Phibbus' car,
" Shall shine from far,
" And make and mar
" The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—
This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more
condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender,^{*}

⁷ *I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,*] In the old comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tearcat*, who says: "I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called *Histrionastix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says: "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a stage," &c. Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: "I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps."

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *to make all split.*] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of *The Scornful Lady*, we meet with "two roaring boys of Rome, that *made all split*."

FARMER.

I meet with the same expression in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall *make all split*."

MALONE.

⁹ *With shivering shocks,*] The old copy reads — "*And shivering,*" &c. The emendation is Dr. Farmer's. STEEVENS.

² — *the bellows-mender.*] In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c. STEEVENS.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.³

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; — *Thisne*, *Thisne*, — *Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

QUIN. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

³ — *as small*, &c.] This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's *Roſcius Anglicanus*, that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson here seems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not speak of Kynaston's performance in such unqualified terms. His words are — "it has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, (Kynaston,) so sensibly touched the audience as he." REED.

Prynne, in his *Histrionastix*, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfriars in the year 1628. STEVENS.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.⁴ — Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; — Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:— and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am flow of study.⁵

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion to: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

QUIN. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will

⁴ — you must play Thisby's mother,] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular. The introduction of Wall and Moonshine was an after-thought. See A& III. sc. i. It may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theseus.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — flow of study.] Study is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study*" a speech. STEEVENS.

aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.⁶

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.⁷

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.⁸ — But masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood,

6 — an 'twere any nightingale.] *An* means *as if*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: — "He will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April." STEEVENS.

7 — your perfect yellow.] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

So, in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"What colour'd beard comes next by the window?"

"A black man's, I think;

"I think, a red: for that is most in fashion."

This custom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Measure for Measure*, A& IV. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

8 — French crowns, &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the last stages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has too frequent allusions.

STEEVENS.

a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,⁹ such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOT. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

QUIN. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.²

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ — *properties.*] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. In *The Bassingbourne Roll*, 1511, we find "garnements and *propyrtys*." See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 326.

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615 :

"Furbo, our beards,

"Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties*."

Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, 1607 :

"I'll go make ready my rustical *properties*." STEEVENS.

² *At the duke's oak we meet.*

— *Hold, or cut bow-strings.*] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bowstrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially — *hold or cut bow-strings* — i. e. whether the bow-strings held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*, for the passive, it is *cut* or *fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while bows were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. In *The Country Girl*, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fiddler :

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAL. Over hill, over dale,³

Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale.

Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;⁴

" ——— fiddler, strike;

" I'll strike you, else, and cut your begging bowstrings."

Again, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

" ——— have you devices to jeer the rest?

" Luc. All the regiment of 'em, or I'll break my bowstrings."

The *bowstrings* in both these instances may only mean the *strings* which make part of the *bow* with which musical instruments of several kinds are struck. The propriety of the allusion I cannot satisfactorily explain. STEEVENS.

To meet, *whether bow-strings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowstring, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. "He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring," (says Don Pedro in *Much ado about nothing*), and the little hangman dare not shoot at him." MALONE.

Hold, or cut cod piece point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit. 1737. COLLINS.

³ *Over hill, over dale, &c.*] So Drayton in his *Nymphidia*, or *Court of Fairy*:

" Thorough brake, thorough brier,

" Thorough muck, thorough mire,

" Thorough water, thorough fire." JOHNSON.

⁴ — *the moon's sphere*;] Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective.

And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green :⁵
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;⁶
 In their gold coats spots you see ;⁷

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. i. st. 15 :

" And eke through feare as white as *whales* bone."

Again, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580 : " Have we not *God* *hys* *wrath*, for *Goddess* *wrath*, and a thousand of the same *flampe*, wherein the corrupte orthography in the *moste*, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte *profodye* in over-many?"

STEEVENS.

⁵ *To dew her orbs upon the green :*] The *orbs* here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus Drayton :

" *They in their courses make that round,*

" *In meadows and in marshes found,*

" *Of them so called the fairy ground.*" JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* " — *similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum saltatorium orbem cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent.*" It appears from the same author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of Puck to refresh it. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;*] The *cowslip* was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in Drayton of their attention to May morning :

" — *For the queen a fitting tower,*

" *Quoth he, is that fair cowslip flower. —*

" *In all your train there's not a fay*

" *That ever went to gather May,*

" *But she hath made it in her way,*

" *The tallest there that groweth.*" JOHNSON.

This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and *tallest* young men of the best families and fortune, that could be found. Hence, says Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, Act II. sc. ii : " and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, *Pensioners*." They gave the mode in dress and diversions. They accompanied the queen in her progress to Cambridge, where they held staff-torches at a play on a Sunday evening in King's College Chapel.

T. WARTON.

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their favours:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.⁷
 Farewel, thou lob of spirits,⁸ I'll be gone;
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling:⁹

⁷ In their gold coats spots you see;] Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots:

"A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 'I' th' bottom of a cowslip." PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewise some allusion to the habit of a *penfioner*. See a note on the second act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

⁸ And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.] The same thought occurs in an old comedy call'd *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600; i. e. the same year in which the first printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter says:

"'Twas I that led you through the painted meads
 "Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
 "Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl." STEEVENS.

⁹ — lob of spirits,] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind. JOHNSON.

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are used as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends*, 1632.

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

"Should find Esau such a lout or a lob."

Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*." This being seems to be of kin to the *lubber-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Observations on the Fairy Queen*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — changeling:] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child

32 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :³
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,⁴
But they do square; ⁵ that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away.

JOHNSON.

So Spenser, B. I. c. X :

" And her base elfin brood there for thee left,

" Such men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft."

STEEVENS.

It is here properly used, and in its common acceptance ; that is for a child got in exchange. A fairy is now speaking. RITSON.

³ — trace the forests wild :] This verb is used in the same sense in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, B. II. Song II. 1613 :

" In shepherd's habit scene

" To trace our Woods."

Again, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 423 :

" May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths."

HOLT WHITE.

⁴ — sheen,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

So, in *Tancred and Guismond*, 1592 :

" ——— but why

" Doth Phœbus' sister sheen despise thy power?"

Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamour*, bl. l. no date :

" He kyssed and toke his leve of the quene,

" And of other ladies bright and shene." STEEVENS.

⁵ But they do square ;] To square here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601 :

" ——— let me not seem rude,

" That thus I seem to square with modesty."

" ——— pray let me go, for he'll begin to square," &c.

Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 :

" Marry, she knew you and I were at square,

" And lest we fell to blowes, she did prepare." STEEVENS.

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaziers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms, for a pane of glass.

BLACKSTONE.

FAL. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow : ⁶ are you not he,
 That fright⁷ the maidens of the villag'ry;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;⁸

⁶ — *Robin Good-fellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harsenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheefes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-peuny, or an houle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid, — then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, A& III. sc. i.] as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and economy. T. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicksome spirit, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1584, 4to. p. 66: "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight — this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee." STEEVENS.

⁷ *That fright* —] The old copies read — *frights*: and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as those that follow, should agree with the personal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If so, our author ought to have written — *frights, skims, labours, makes, and misleads*. The other, however, being the more common usage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. MALONE.

⁸ *Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,*

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;] The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he*, says the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

"*And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn*

"*Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.*"

34 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;⁹
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,²
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines:

"And bootless make the breathless housewife churn

"Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern."

Yet there is no necessity of alteration. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the Fairy is not now telling the good but the evil he does. The observation will apply, with equal force, to his *skimming the milk*, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preserved, would be a piece of service. But we must understand both to be mischievous pranks. He skims the milk, when it ought not to be skimmed:—
(So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon*:

"But woe betide the filly dairy-maids,

"For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night.")

and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted; at the same time perhaps throwing the flour about the house. RITSON.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, *kuerna*, *mola*. Islandic. So, in *Stanhurst's* translation of the first book of *Virgil*, 1582, *quern-stones* are mill-stones:

"Theyre corne in *quern-stoans* they do grind," &c.

Again, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608:

"Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow*, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*:

"I grind at mill,

"Their malt up still," &c. STEEVENS.

9 — no barm;] *Barme* is a name for *yeast*, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: "It behoveth my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeast." Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I think my brains will work yet without *barm*."

STEEVENS.

2 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work,] To those traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*.

"Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,

"With stories told of many a feat,

"How fairy Mab the junkets eat;

Are not you he?

"She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 "And he by friers' lanthorn led;
 "Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 "To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 "When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 "His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 "That ten day-labourers could not end;
 "Then lies him down the lubber fiend."

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*.

"He meeteth Puck, which most men call
 "Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall —
 "This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
 "Still walking like a ragged colt,
 "And oft out of bed doth bolt,
 "Of purpose to deceive us;
 "And leading us makes us to stray,
 "Long winters' nights out of the way,
 "And when we stick in mire and clay,
 "He doth with laughter leave us."

It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakspeare wrote first, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

The editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, supposes Drayton to have been the follower of Shakspeare: for, says he, "*Don Quixote* (which was not published till 1605,) is cited in *The Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1600."

In this century some of our poets have been as little scrupulous in adopting the ideas of their predecessors. In Gay's ballad, inserted in *The What d'ye call It*, is the following stanza:

"How can they say that nature
 "Has nothing made in vain;
 "Why then beneath the water
 "Should hideous rocks remain?" &c. &c.

Compare this with a passage in Chaucer's *Franklines Tale*, Tyrwhitts edit. v. i. 11179, &c.

"In idel, as men fain, ye nothing make,
 "But, lord, thise grisly fendly rockes blake," &c. &c.

And Mr. Pope is more indebted to the same author for beauties inserted in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, than he has been willing to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

36 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PUCK. Thou speak'st aright;³
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

If Drayton wrote *The Nymphidia* after *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* had been aded, he could with very little propriety say,

"Then since no muse hath been so bold,
"Or of the later or the ould,
"Those elvish secrets to unfold
"Which lye from others reading;
"My active muse to light shall bring
"The court of that proud fayry king,
"And tell there of the revelling;
"Jove prosper my proceeding."

HOLT WHITE.

Don Quixote, though published in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Skelton's translation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, subsequent to that year. The earliest edition of it that I have seen, was printed in 1619.

MALONE.

— *Sweet Puck*:] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts the *pouk* for the *devil*, fol. lxxxx. B. V. penult. See also, fol. lxxvii. v. 15: "*none helle powke*."

It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*; *Sathanas*. *Gudm. And, Lexicon Island*. TYRWHITT.

In *The Bugbears*, an ancient MS. comedy in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, I likewise met with this appellation of a fiend:

"*Puckes*, *puckerels*, hob howlard, by gorn and Robin Goodfelow."
Again, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1615:

"Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,
"As if it groan'd to bear the weight of sinne;
"The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
"And crie out at the shame they do live in:
"And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
"The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down."

Again, in Spenser's *Epithalamion*, 1595:

"Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,
"Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,
"Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes
"Ne let hobgoblins," &c.

Again, in the ninth Book of Golding's Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, edit. 1587, p. 126:

"— and the countrie where Chymæra, that same *pooke*,
"Hath goatish bodie," &c. STEEVENS.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ; ⁴
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, ' telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

³ Puck. *Thou speak'st aright ;*] I would fill up the verse which I suppose the author left complete :

" *I am, thou speak'st aright ;*

It seems that in the Fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen : Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

⁴ — a roasted ; crab] i. e. the wild apple of that name. So, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V.* &c.

" Yet we will have in store a *crab* in the fire,

" With nut-brown ale," &c.

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :

" And sit down in my chaire by my wife faire Alison,

" And turne a *crabbe* in the fire," &c.

In *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, *Christmas* is described as —

" — sitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,

" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

⁵ *The wisest aunt,*] *Aunt* is sometimes used for *procuress*. In Gascoigne's *Glas of Government*, 1575, the bawd Pandarina is always called *aunt*. "These are *aunts* of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinswoman." See *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. i. Among Ray's proverbial phrases is the following. "She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle to go a begging." The *wisest aunt* may therefore mean the most sentimental bawd, or, perhaps, the most prosaic old woman. STEEVENS.

The first of these conjectures is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at least certainly means no other than an innocent old woman RITSON.

38 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And *tailor* cries,⁶ and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and
loffe;⁷

And waxen⁸ in their mirth, and neeze, and fwear
A merrier hour was never wasted there. —

But room, Faery,⁹ here comes Oberon.

FAL. And here my mistress: — 'Would that he
were gone!

⁶ *And tailor cries,*] The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger.

JOHNSON.

This phrase perhaps originated in a pun. *Your tail is now on the ground.* See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. PROVERBS. "Between two stools the taylor goeth to the ground." MALONE.

⁷ — *hold their hips, and loffe;*] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro*:
"And laughter holding both his sides." STEEVENS.

⁸ *And waxen* —] And *encrease*, as the moon waxes. JOHNSON.

A feeble sense may be extracted from the foregoing words as they stand; but Dr. Farmer observes to me that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yoxen*, or *yexen*. *Yoxe* Saxon. to hiccup. *Yyxyn*. *Singultio*. Prompt. Parv.

Thus in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4149:

"He *yoxeth*, and he speaketh thurgh the nose."

That *yex*, however, was a familiar word so late as the time of Ainsworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a translation of the Latin substantive — *singultus*.

The meaning of the passage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or hiccup.

It should be remembered, in support of this conjecture, that Puck is at present speaking with an affectation of ancient phraseology. STEEVENS.

⁹ *But room, Faery,*] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read — "But *make* room, Fairy." The word Fairy, or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser.

JOHNSON.

S C E N E II.

Enter OBERON,² at one door, with his train, and
TITANIA,³ at another, with hers.

OBE. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

TITA. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBE. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

TITA. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love⁴
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?

² Enter Oberon,] Oberon had been introduced on the stage in 1594, by some other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottishe story of James the fourthe, slain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleasant comedie presented by Oberon, King of Fairies." The judicious editor of *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory Discourse*, (See Vol. IV. p. 161.) observes that Pluto and Proserpina in *The Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been "the true progenitors of Shakspeare's Oberon and Titania."

STEEVENS.

³ Titania,] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser*,) considered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of such an imaginary personage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. Again, in the *Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6439:

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,

"Of which that Bretons speken gret honour;

"All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;

"The *Elf-queene*, with hire joly compaignie

"Danced ful oft in many a grene mede:

"This was the old opinion as I rede." STEEVENS.

⁴ — versing love —] Perhaps Prior was the last who employed this verb:

"And Mat mote praise what Topaz *verseth*." STEEVENS.

40 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBE. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
night⁴

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?⁵
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

TITA. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring.⁶

⁴ *Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night* —] The *glimmering night* is the night faintly illuminated by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says:

“The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *From Perigenia, whom he ravished?*] Thus all the editors, but our author who, diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus ravishing her. THEOBALD.

In North's translation of Plutarch (*Life of Theseus*) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

Æglé, Ariadne, and Antiopa were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not scrupulously nice about proper names, but almost always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

⁶ *And never, since the middle summer's spring, &c.*] By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning of middle*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 41

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, ⁷ or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent ⁸ of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping ⁹ to us in vain,

or mid summer. *Spring*, for beginning, he uses again in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"As flaws congealed in the spring of day:"

which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, i. 78:

"— whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us."

Again, in the romance of *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510:

"— arose in a mornynge at the *springe of the day*," &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. x:

"He wooed her till day-spring he espyde." STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, p. 494: — "the morowe after about the *spring* of the daie" —. MALONE.

The middle summer's spring, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their *second*, or as they are frequently called their *midsummer shoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his *Silva*: "Cut off all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them *breaking out*." And again, "Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*." HENLEY.

⁷ Paved fountain,] A fountain laid round the edge with stone.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps paved at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens*: "As for the other kind of *fountain*, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty. . . . As that the bottom be finely paved . . . the *sides* likewise," &c.

STEEVENS.

The epithet seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles in opposition to those of the rushy brooks which are oozy.

The same expression is used by Sylvester in a similar sense:

"By some cleare river's lillie-paved side." HENLEY.

⁸ Or on the beached margent —] The old copies read — Or in. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ — the winds, piping —] So, Milton:

"While rocking winds, are piping loud." JOHNSON.

42 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river⁹ made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:²
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:³
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;⁴

And Gawin Douglas, in his Translation of the *Eneid*, p. 69. 1710. fol. Edinb.

"The soft piping wynd calling to se."

The Glossographer observes, "we say a *piping wind*, when an ordinary gale blows, and the wind is neither too loud nor too calm."

HOLT WHITE.

⁹ — pelting river —] Thus the quartos: the folio reads — *petty*. Shakspeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Measure for Measure*. JOHNSON.

So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor scholars."

This word is always used as a term of contempt. So, again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "— attire never used but of old women and *pelting* priests." STEEVENS.

² — overborne their continents:] Born down the banks that contain them. So, in *Lear*:

" ——— close pent up guilts,

" Rive your concealing continents!" JOHNSON.

³ — and the green corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:] So, in our author's 12th Sonnet:

" And summer's green all girded up in *sheaves*,

" Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard."

MALONE.

⁴ — murrain flock;] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakspeare as an adjective! as a substantive by others:

" ——— sends him as a *murrain*

" To strike our herds; or as a worser plague,

" Your people to destroy."

Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. STEEVENS.

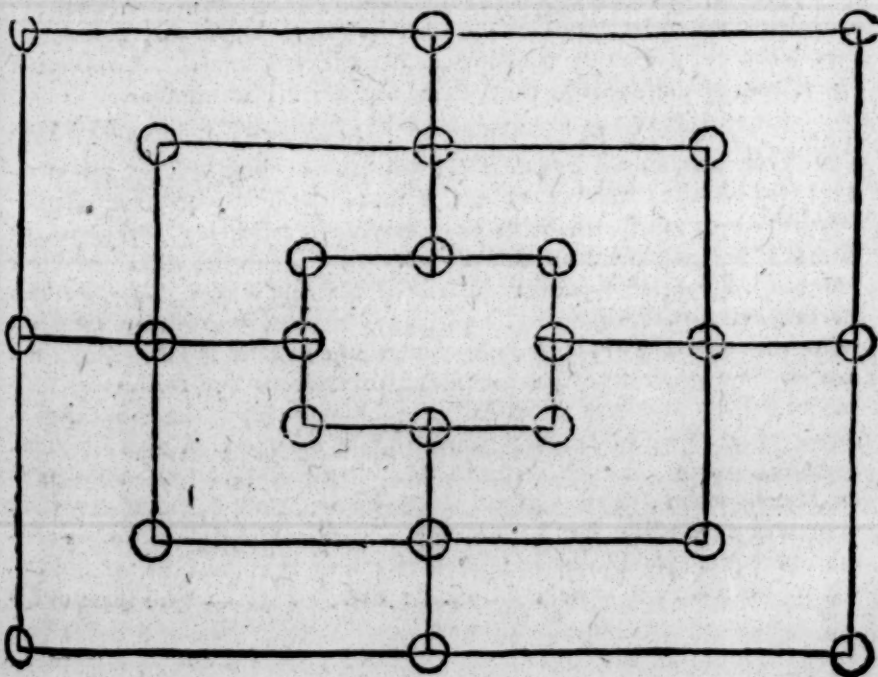
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;'

' *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;]* In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*; and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

See Peck on Milton's *Masque*, 115, Vol. I. p. 135. STEEVENS.

Nine mens' morris is a game still play'd by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows :

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three in a



And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,⁵
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals⁶ want their winter here ;⁷

straight line, may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.

ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation. " *Le Jeu des Merelles*. The boyish game called *Merils*, or fivepenny morris ; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men used in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a small black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* a *Moor*, or rather from *morum* a mulberry. TOLLET.

The *jeu de merelles* was also a table-game. A representation of two Monkeys engaged at this amusement, may be seen in a German edition of Petrarch *de remedio utriusque fortunæ*, B. I. chap. 26. The cuts to this book were done in 1570. DOUCE.

⁵ — the quaint mazes in the wanton green,] This alludes to a sport still followed by boys ; i. e. what is now called running the figure of eight. STEEVENS.

⁶ The human mortals —] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*. It appears from the Romance of *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, that *Oberon* himself was mortal.

STEEVENS.

" This however (says Mr. Ritson,) does not by any means appear to be the case. *Oberon*, *Titania*, and *Puck*, never *dye*; the inferior agents must necessarily be supposed to enjoy the same privilege; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldest woman in England never heard of the death of a *Fairy*. *Human mortals* is, notwithstanding, evidently put in opposition to *fairies* who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *spirits*." It is a misfortune as well to the commentators, as to the readers of Shakspeare, that so much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and assertions. Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x. says, (I use the words of Mr. Warton; *Observations on Spenser*, Vol. I. p. 55.) " That man was first made by *Prometheus*, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of *Adonis*, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*. — The issue of *Elfe*

No night is now with hymn or carol blest: ⁸ —
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound: ⁹

and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who soon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldest son *Elfin* governed America, and the next to him, named *Elfinan*, founded the city of *Cleopolis*, which was enclosed with a golden wall by *Elfuine*. His son *Elfin* overcame the *Gobbelines*; but of all fairies, *Elfant* was the most renowned, who built *Panthea* of chrystal. To these succeeded *Elfar*, who slew two brethren giants; and to him *Elfinor*, who built a bridge of glass over the sea, the sound of which was like thunder. At length *Elficleos* ruled the Fairy-land with much wisdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two sons, the eldest of which, fair *Elferon*, died a premature death, his place being supplied by the mighty *Oberon*; a prince, whose "wide memorial still remains; who dying left *Tanaquil* to succeed him by will, she being also called *Glorian* or *Gloriana*." I transcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakspeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. REED.

7 — *their winter here*;] *Here*, in this country. — I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer, — *their winter cheer*; but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "*Their winter*" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which, it appears from the next line was particularly in our author's contemplation:

"The wery *winter* nights restore the *Christmas games*,

"And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames."

Romeus and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

8 *No night is now with hymn or carol blest*: —] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakspeare, during the season of Christmas, were sung every night about the streets, as a pretext for collecting money from house to house. STEEVENS.

9 *That rheumatick diseases do abound*:] *Rheumatick diseases* signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "*The State of Sir H. Sydney's bodie, &c. Feb. 1567*;" *Sydney's Memorials*, Vol. I. p. 94: "— he hath verie much distempered diverse parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his stomach, &c.

46 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And, thorough this distemperature, * we see
The seasons alter: hoary headed frosts

and thereby is always subject to coughes, distillations, and other
rumatick diseases." MALONE.

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, &c.] The repeated
adverb *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have con-
stant reference to the first time when it is used. All these irregu-
larities of season happened in consequence of the disagreement be-
tween the king and queen of the fairies; and not in consequence of
each other. Ideas crowded fast on Shakspeare; and as he committed
them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object
from which they took their rise. Mr. Malone concurs with me
on this occasion.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased,
was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers.
Among the rest to Nash, whose comedy called *Summer's Last Will
and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with this
play, viz. 1600. There *Christmas* is introduced, and Summer says
to him:

"Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
"Accompanied with some music or some song?
"A merry carol would have grac'd thee well,
"Thy ancestors have us'd it heretofore."

Christmas. "Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance," &c.
and then proceeds to give reasons for such a decay in mirth and
house-keeping.

The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poeti-
cal account of the weather, which happened in England about the
time when the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was written. For this in-
formation I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few
leaves of an old meteorological history.

The date of the piece, however, may be better determined by a
description of the same weather in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595,
when, says he, "a colder season, in all sorts, was never scene." He
then proceeds to say the same over again in rhyme:

"A colder time in world was neuer scene:
"The skies do lowre, the sun and moone waxe dim;
"Sommer scarce knowne but that the leaues are greene.
"The winter's waste driues water ore the brim;
"Upon the land, great flotes of wood may swim.
"Nature thinks scorne to do hir dutie right,
"Because we have displeasde the Lord of Light."

Let the reader compare these lines with Shakspeare's, and he

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;³
And on old Hyems' chin,⁴ and icy crown,

will find that they are both descriptive of the same weather and its consequences.

Churchyard is not enumerating, on this occasion, fictitious but real misfortunes. He wrote the present Poem to excite Charity on his own behalf; and among his other sufferings very naturally dwelt on the coldness of the season, which his poverty had rendered the less supportable.

L'Allegro, and il Penseroso, will naturally impute one incident to different causes. Shakspeare, in prime of life and success, fancifully ascribes this distemperature of seasons to a quarrel between the playful rulers of the fairy world; while Churchyard, broken down by age and misfortunes, is seriously disposed to represent the same inclemency of weather, as a judgement from the Almighty on the offences of mankind. STEEVENS.

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, &c.] This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it (as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought). It does not refer to the omission of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were disturbed in consequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is with peculiar propriety represented as incensed at the cessation — not of the carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks,) nor of the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnson supposes,) but of those sports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.

As the whole passage has been much misunderstood, it may be proper to observe that Titania begins with saying,

"And never, since the middle summer's spring,

"Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead, —

"But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport."

She then particularly enumerates the several consequences that have flowed from their contention. The whole is divided into four clauses:

1. "Therefore the winds, &c.
- "That they have overborne their continents:
2. "The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain;
"The ploughman lost his sweat; —
"No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
3. "Therefore the Moon — washes all the air,
"That rheumatick diseases do abound:
4. "And, thorough this distemperature, we see,
"The seasons alter: —
"— and the mazed world,
"By their increase, now knows not which is which:

48 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,

“ And this same progeny of evil comes
“ From *our* debate, from *our* dissention.”

In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequence of the dissention between Oberon and Titania; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which that word is found.

MALONE.

2 — *this distemperature*,] Is, this *perturbation* of the elements.
STEEVENS.

By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. MALONE.

3 *Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose*;] To have “ snow in the lap of June,” is an expression used in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, and Shakspeare himself in *Coriolanus*, talks of the “ consecrated snow that lies on Dian’s lap:” and Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ii. has:

“ And fills with flow’rs fair Flora’s painted lap.”
STEEVENS.

This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith in his *Traveller*:

“ And winter lingering chills the lap of May.”
M. MASON.

4 — *Hyems’ chin*,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

“ — on old Hyems’ *chill* and icy crown.”

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on the chin. STEEVENS.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyem’s *chin* must have come from Virgil, (*Æneid* iv. 253) through the medium of the translation of the day:

“ — *tum flumina mento*

“ *Precipitant senis, & glacie riget horrida barba.*” S. W.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561;

“ — and from his hoary beard adowne,

“ The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne.”

This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding’s translation of Ovid, Book II:

The childing autumn,⁵ angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase,⁶ now knows not which is which :
 And this same progeny of evils comes

" Andlastly, quaking for the colde, flood *Winter* all forlorne,
 " With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all too
 torne,
 " Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
 " Upon his gray and hoary beard, and snowie frozen crown."
 MALONE.

It should rather be for *thin*, i. e., thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

So, Cordelia, speaking of *Lear* :

" ——— to watch, poor perdu !
 " With this *thin* helm." STEEVENS.

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than
thill, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's
 word. MALONE.

⁵ *The childing autumn,*] Is the *pregnant autumn*, *frugifer autumnus*.
 So, in Heywood's *Braten Age*, 1613 :

" Fifty in number *childed* all one night."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611 :

" I *childed* in a cave remote and silent."

Again, in his *Silver Age*, 1613 :

" And at one instant she shall *child* two issues."

There is a *rose* called the *childing rose*. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne*, by Fairfax, B. XVIII.
 ll. 26 :

" An hundreth plants beside (even in his sight)

" *Childed* an hundreth nymphes so great, so dight."

Childing is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows
 out of a large one ; " the *childing autumn*," therefore means the
 autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer.
 Florists have also a *childing daisy*, and a *childing scabious*.

HOLT WHITE.

⁶ *By their increase,*] That is, *By their produce*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 97th Sonnet :

" The *teeming autumn*, big with rich *increase*,

" Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."

The latter expression is scriptural : " Then shall the earth bring
 forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing."
 PSALM lxxvii. MALONE.

50 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

From our debate, from our dissention ;
We are their parents and original.

OBE. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy ,
To be my henchman. ⁷

⁷ — *henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was abolished by queen Elizabeth. GREY.

The office might be abolished at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Constable*, 1640, has this passage :

“ — I will teach his *hench-boys*,
“ Serjeants, and trumpeters to ad, and save
“ The city all that charges.”

So, again :

“ When she was lady may'refs, and you humble
“ As her trim *hench-boys*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Christmas Masque* : “ — he said grace as well as any of the sheriff's *hench-boys*.”

Skianer derives the word from Hine A. S. quasi domesticus famulus. Spelman from Hengstman, equi curator, *ἵπποκουρῶς*.

STEEVENS.

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury dated 11th of December 1565, it is said, “ Her highness (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hathe of late, wherat some doo moche marvell, dissolved the auncient office of *Henchmen*.” (Lodge's *Illustrations*, Vol. I. p. 358.) On this passage Mr. Lodge observes that *Henchmen* were “ a certain number of youths, the sons of gentlemen, who stood or walked near the person of the monarch on all publick occasions. They are mentioned in the sumptuary statutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth, and 24th of Henry VIII. and a patent is preserved in the *Fœdera*, Vol. XV. 242, whereby Edward VI. gives to William Bukley, M. A. *propter gravitatem morum & doctrinæ abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque instituendi adolescentulos vocatos HENCHMEN* ; with a salary of 40l. per annum. *Henchman*, or *Heinsman*, is a German word, as Blount informs us in his *Glossographia*, signifying a domestic, whence our ancient term *Hind*, a servant in the house of a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's household-book, with less probability, derives the appellation from their custom of standing by the side, or *Haunch* of their Lord.”

REED.

Upon the establishment of the household of Edward IV. were “ *henxmen six enfants, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the*

TITA. Set your heart at rest
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votaress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb, then rich with my young
 'squire, ⁸)

halls, &c. There was also a maister of the henchmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harness; to have all courtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pipynge, singing, dauncing, with honest behavioure of temperance and patience." MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine henchmen attended with sir Francis Bryan, master of the henchmen.

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

—Henchman. Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedisequus*. BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some support from the following passage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. sc. iv:

"O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

"Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

"The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

⁸ Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,

Following (her womb, then rich with my young 'squire,)

Would imitate—] Perhaps the parenthesis should begin sooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick observes:

"(Following her womb, then rich with my young squire,)"

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras;

"——— She press'd so home,

"That he retired, and follow'd's bum."

And Dryden says of his *Spanish Friar*, "his great belly walks in state before him, and his gouty legs come limping after it."

FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which is likewise adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. "She did

52 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITA. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us,
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee,

TITA. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:⁸
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA, and her train.*]

OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury. —

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

not, (he says) follow the ship whose motion she imitated; for that failed on the water, she on land." But might she not on land move in the same direction with the ship at sea, which certainly would outstrip her? and what is this but *following*?

Which, according to the present regulation, must mean — *which motion of the ship with swelling sails, &c*: according to the old regulation it must refer to "embarked traders." MALONE.

⁸ *Not for thy kingdom. — Fairies, away:*] The ancient copies read —

"Not for thy *fairy* kingdom. — Fairies, away."

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the useless adjective *fairy*, as it spoils the metre; *Fairies*, the following substantive, being apparently used, in an earlier instance, as a trissyllable.

STEEVENS.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea—maid's musick. ⁹

⁹ — Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's musick.] The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the mermaid is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the mermaid stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a mermaid, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

“ ———— *Ut turpiter atrum*

“ *Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*”

for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a mermaid. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are mermaids) contended for precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

— on a dolphin's back,] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

54 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PUCK.

I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms:

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's musick.] Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*:

"O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

"To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears."

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakspeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

"——— *Olim fauni vatesque caneant.*" WARBURTON.

And *certain stars shot madly from their spheres,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And little stars shot from their fixed places." MALONE.

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it. — Why is the *thrice-married Queen* of Scotland stiled a *Sea-maid*? and is it probable that Shakspeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest,) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd:^a a certain aim he took

"A star dis-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and Cressida*.) is one of our author's favourite images; and he has no where so happily expressed it as in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— the good stars, that were my former guides,

"Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires

"Into th'abyss of hell."

To these remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. "That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expression of the *fair Vestal throned in the West*, seems to be generally allowed, but how far Shakspeare designed, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude sea grew civil at her song*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeased by her address, the observation is not true; for that *sea* was in a storm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure just, if by the *stars shooting madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's musick*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with Mary, was the occasion of his ruin. It would have been absurd and irreconcilable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman aspiring to marry a Queen, by the image of a star shooting or descending from its sphere."

See also Mr. Ritson's observations on the same subject. On account of their length, they are given at the end of the play.

STEEVENS.

^a *Cupid all arm'd*:] *All arm'd*, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say, *all booted*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1516:

"Or where proud Cupid sat *all arm'd* with fire."

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th book of the *Æneid*:

"*All* utterly I could not seem forsaken."

Again, in *K. Richard III*:

"His horse is slain, and *all* on foot he fights."

Shakspeare's compliment to queen Elizabeth has no small degree of propriety and elegance to boast of. The same can hardly be said of the following, with which the tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the speaker, and vows he will spare

"—— none but sacred *Cynthia's* friend,

"Whom *Death* did fear before her life began;

"For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,

At a fair vestal, throned by the west; ³
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'refs pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free. ⁴
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower, —
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's
wound, —
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness. ⁵

" That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end

"Whose life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia's* friend."

If incense was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not disgusted by the smoke of it. STEEVENS.

3 *At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;*] A compliment to queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to her majesty in the body of a play. So, again in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592:

"There lives a virgin, one without compare,

“ Who of all graces hath her heavenly share ;

" In whose renowne, and for whose happie days,

"Let us record this Pæan of her praise," *Cantant.*

STEEVENS.

4 — *fancy-free.*] i. e. exempt from the power of love. Thus in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, written by Churchyard, *Chastity* deprives Cupid of his Bow, and presents it to her Majesty: "— and bycause that the Queene had chosen the best life, she gave the Queene Cupid's Bow, to learne to shoote at whome she pleased: *since none coulde wounde her highnesse hart*, it was meete (said Chastitie) that she should do with Cupid's Bowe and arrowes what she pleased." STEEVENS.

5 *And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid*: With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. **WARBURTON.**

I believe the singular beauty of this metamorphosis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, A&I. sc. iv :

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, 57

Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth⁶
In forty minutes. [Exit PUCK.]

OBE. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)

"But see, while idly I stood looking on,
"I found th' effect of love in idleness;
"And now in plainness I confess to thee,
"Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
"If I achieve not this young modest girl."

And Lucentio's was surely a regular and honest passion. It is scarce necessary to mention that *love-in-idleness* is a flower. Taylor, the water poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

"When passions are let loose without a bridle,
"Then precious time is turn'd to *love-in-idle*."

STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is "now purple with love's wound," because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ I'll put a girdle round about the earth —] This expression also occurs in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

Perhaps, it is proverbial:

"And when I have put a girdle 'bout the world,

"This purchase will reward me."

Again, in *Buffy d'Ambois*, by Chapman, 1613:

"To put a girdle round about the world."

And in other plays. STEEVENS.

58 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;⁷
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lyfander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.⁸
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood.⁹

⁷ — *I am invisible;*] I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interpolation, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose.

THEOBALD.

See *Tempest*, page 41, note 5. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*] The old copies read—

“The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. STEEVENS.”

Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw it must be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

⁹ — *and wood within this wood,*] Wood, or mad, wild, raving. POPE.

In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's *Ivy-Church*, 1591, is the same quibble on the word:

“Daphne goes to the woods, and vows herself to Diana;

“Phœbus grows stark wood for love and faucie to Daphne.”

We also find the same word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monke*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 184:

“What shulde he studie, and make himselfen wood?”

Spenfer also uses it, *Eglogue III. March*:

“The elf was so wanton, and so wode.”

“The name *Woden*,” says Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, &c. 1605: “signifies fierce or furious; and in like sense we still retain it, saying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on as if he were *wood*.” STEEVENS.

Because I cannot meet with Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron,² for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you the more
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit;

For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty³ too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;

² *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:*

But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wohders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that — "there is now a dayes a kind of adamant which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him."

STEEVENS.

³ — *impeach your modesty* —] i. e. bring it into question. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, A⁴ III. sc. ii:

"And doth impeach the freedom of the state,

"If they deny him justice." STEEVENS.

To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege for that.³
It is not night, when I do see your face,⁴
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;⁵
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.⁶
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

³ ——— for that.] i. e. For leaving the city, &c. TYRWHITT.

⁴ It is not night, when I do see your face, &c.] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

“ ——— Tu nocte vel atra

“ Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.” JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakespeare than Roman poetry, perhaps on the present occasion, the eleventh verse of the 139th Psalm, was in his thoughts. “Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;] The same thought occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

“ A wilderness is populous enough,

“ So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.” MALONE.

⁶ The wildest hath not such a heart as you.]

“ Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum.” OVID.

See *Timon of Athens*, A& IV. sc. i:

“ ——— where he shall find

“ The unkindest beasts more kinder than mankind.” S. W.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 61

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; ⁷ let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. ⁸

[*Exeunt* DEM. and HEL.

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon ⁹ the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips ² and the nodding violet ³ grows;

⁷ *I will not stay thy questions;*] Though Helena certainly puts a few insignificant *questions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote — *question*, i. e. discourse, conversation. So, in *As you like it*: "I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." STEEVENS.

⁸ *To die upon the hand, &c.*] *To die upon*, &c. in our author's language, I believe, means — "to *die by* the hand." So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"I'll die *on him* that says so, but yourself." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *whereon* —] The old copy reads — *where*. Mr. Malone supposes *where* to be used as a dissyllable; but offers no example of such a pronunciation. STEEVENS.

² *Where ox-lips* —] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowslip*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XV:

"To sort these flowers of shewe, with other that were sweet,

"The cowslip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."

STEEVENS.

³ — *the nodding violet* —] i. e. that declines its head, like a drowsy person. STEEVENS.

62 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,⁸
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.⁹
 Effect it with some care; that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love:
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁸ *Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,*] All the old editions read — *luscious woodbine*.

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *lush woodbine*, which, I think, is right. This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Lush is clearly preferable in point of sense, and absolutely necessary in point of metre. Oberon is speaking in rhyme; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the first syllable, cannot possibly correspond with *eglantine*. The substitution of *lush* will restore the passage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. RITSON.

I have inserted *lush* in the text, as it is a word already used by Shakspeare in *The Tempest*, A & II:

“How *lush* and lusty the grass looks? how green?”

Both *lush* and *luscious* (says Mr. Henley) are words of the same origin.

Dr. Farmer, however, would omit the word *quite*, as a useless expletive, and read —

“O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the man — hath on.*] I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second.

STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

*Another part of the Wood.**Enter TITANIA with her train.*

TILA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;²
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:³

² — a roundel, and a fairy song;] Rounds, or roundels, were like the present country dances, and are thus described by Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra*, 1622 :

" Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain
" The motions seven that are in nature found,
" Upward and downward, forth, and back again,
" To this side, and to that, and turning round;
" Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,
" Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
" And ever with a turn they must conclude,
* * * * *
" Thus when at first love had them marshalled,
" As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
" He taught them rounds and winding ways to tread,
" And about trees to cast themselves in rings :
" As the two Bears whom the first mover flings
" With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,
" In a round dance for ever wheeling be." REED.

A roundel, rondill, or roundelay, is sometimes used to signify a song beginning or ending with the same sentence; *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or sphere*, and produces what he calls *A general resemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen*. STEEVENS.

A roundel is, as I suppose, a circular dance. Ben Jonson seems to call the rings which such dances are supposed to make in the grass, *rondels*. Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23 :

" I'll have no rondels, I, in the queen's paths."

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour* by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1537 :
" In stede of these we have now base daunces, barginettes, pavyons, turgions, and roundes." STEEVENS.

³ Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:] Dr. Warburton reads —

" — for the third part of the midnight —."

64 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds; ⁴
 Some, war with rear-mice ⁵ for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits: ⁶ Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

But the persons employed are *Fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — in the musk-rose buds;] What is at present called the *Musk Rose*, was a flower unknown to English botanists in the time of Shakspeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. STEEVENS.

⁵ — with rear-mice —] A *rere-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that *rears* itself from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in *Albertus Wallenflin*, 1640:

“ Half-spirited souls, who strive on *rere-mice* wings.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

“ — I keep no shades

“ Nor shelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice*. ”

Again, in Golding's translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, B. IV. edit. 1587, p. 58. b:

“ And we in English language bats or *reremice* call the same.”

Gawin Douglas, in his Prologue to Maphæus's 13th book of the *Æneid*, also applies the epithet *leathern* to the wings of the Bat:

“ Up gois the *bat* with her pelit leddern flicht.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — quaint spirits:] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority:

“ — quaint sports. ” —

But Prospero, in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

“ Our quaint *spirits*. ” Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in It*, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan: “ Now Shalcan, some new *spirit*? Ruff. A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. Omnes. O rare fight! ” FARMER.

S O N G.

1. FAI. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,⁵
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;⁶
Come not near our fairy queen:*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2. FAI. *Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

⁵ — *with double tongue,*] The same epithet occurs in a future scene of this play:

“with doubler tongue

“Than thine, thou *serpent*,” &c.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“— *adders*, who, with *cloven tongues*,

“Do hiss me into madness.”

By both these terms, I suppose, our author means—*forked*; as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Newts, and blind-worms,*] The *newt* is the *eft*, the *blind-worm* is the *Cæcilia* or *slow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

66 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

1. FAI. Hence, away; now all is well:

One, aloof, stand sentinel.⁷

[*Exeunt Fairies, TITANIA sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON.

OBE. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,

[*squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*]

Do it for thy true love take;

Love, and languish for his sake:

Be it ounce,⁸ or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;

Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,

And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HER. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HER. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

⁷ *Hence, away; &c.*] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but, I think, without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other division is better.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat.

JOHNSON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 67

LYS. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence; ⁹
 Love takes the meaning, in love's conference. ²
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
 So that but one heart we can make of it:
 Two bosoms interchained ³ with an oath;
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
 Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
 For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HER. Lyfander riddles very prettily:—
 Now much beshrew ⁴ my manners and my pride,
 If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander lied.

⁹ O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence:] Lyfander in the language of love professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to lye further off. Lyfander answers:

"O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;"

Understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

² Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.] In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

"Love take the meaning in love's conference."

That is, Let love take the meaning. TYRWHITT.

There is no occasion for alteration. The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul: "Love thinketh no evil." HENLEY.

³ — interchained —] Thus the quartos; the folio interchanged. STEEVENS.

⁴ Now much beshrew, &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said "now ill befall my manners," &c. It is used by Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"Beshrew your amorous rhetorick,"

Again,

"Well, Paris, I beshrew you, with my heart."

STEEVENS.

68 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,³
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.⁴

See Minshew's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse*. TOLLET.

³ *But Athenian found I none,*] Thus the quarto, 1600, printed by Fisher. That by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, read: "*— find I none.*" STEEVENS.

⁴ *Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.*] The old copies read —
"Near this lack-love, *this* kill-courtesy."

Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of the measure, leave out *this lack-love*. I have only omitted—*this*. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 69

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe: ⁵
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his feat on thy eye-lid. ⁶
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? ⁷ do not so.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
 [Exit DEMETRIUS.

Might we not adhere to the old copy, and at the same time preserve the measure, by printing the line thus:

"Near this lack-love, this kill-court'sy.

We meet with the same abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"They all strain court'sy, who shall cope him first."

MALONE.

Court'sy can never be admitted at the end of a verse, the penult being always short. STEEVENS.

⁵ All the power this charm doth owe:] i. e. all the power it possesses. So, in *Othello*:

"Shall never medicine thee to that sweet sleep

"Which thou ow'dst yesterday." STEEVENS.

⁶ — let love forbid

Sleep his feat on thy eye-lid.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day

"Hang upon his pent-house lid." STEEVENS.

⁷ — wilt thou darkling leave me? i. e. in the dark. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "— we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight darkling." The word is likewise used by Milton. STEEVENS.

70 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

HEL. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.⁸
Happy is Hermia, wherefoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet
fake. [Waking.]

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,⁹
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Again, in *King Lear*: "And so the candle went out, and we were left *darkling*." RITSON.

⁸ — *my grace*.] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Nature* [here] *shews art*,] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*Nature her shews art*,—perhaps an error of the press for—*Nature shews her art*. The editor of the second folio changed *her* to *here*. MALONE.

I admit the word — *here*, as a judicious correction of the second folio. *Here*, means—in the present instance. On this occasion, says Lysander, the work of nature resembles that of art, viz. (as our author expresses it in his *Lover's Complaint*,) an object "glaz'd with crystal." STEEVENS.

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;²

And touching now the point of human skill,³

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,⁴

² ——— till now ripe not to reason;] i. e. do not ripen to it. Ripe, in the present instance, is a verb. So, in *As you like it*:

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe —."

STEEVENS.

³ ——— touching now the point of human skill,] i. e. my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness."

STEEVENS.

⁴ Reason becomes the marshal to my will,] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going."

STEEVENS.

A modern writer [*Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnson's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, says he, is, "my will now obeys the command of my reason, not my will follows my reason. *Marshal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feast. Sydney has used *marshal* for *herald* or *poursuivant*, but improperly."

Of such flimsy materials are many of the *hyper-criticisms* composed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakspeare have given rise. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnson, when he speaks of the will following reason, uses the word not literally, but metaphorically? "My will follows or obeys the dictates of reason." Or that, if this were not the case, he would yet be justified by the context, (And leads me—) and by the passage quoted from *Macbeth*?—The heralds, distinguished by the names of "*poursuivants at arms*," were likewise called *marshals*. See Minshew's *DICTIONARY*, 1617, in v. MALONE.

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.²

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.³
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia: — Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And never may'st thou come Lyfander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

HER. [Starting.] Help me, Lyfander, help me!
do thy best,
To pluck his crawling serpent from my breast!

² — leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.] So, in *Romeo*
and *Juliet*:

“ — what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

“ Find written in the margin of his eyes,

“ This precious book of love —.” STEEVENS.

³ — true gentleness.] *Gentleness* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the *spirit of a gentleman*. PERCY.

Ah me, for pity! — what a dream was here?
 Lyfander, look, how I do quake with fear:
 Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you ⁴ sat smiling at his cruel prey: —
 Lyfander! what, remov'd? Lyfander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear?
 Speak, of all loves; ⁵ I swoon almost with fear.
 No? — then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. ⁶ [*Exit.*

⁴ *And you —*] Instead of *you*, the first folio reads—*yet*. Mr. Pope first gave the right word from the quarto 1600. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Speak, of all loves;*] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once used by our author. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Ad II. sc. viii:

“ ——— to send her your little page, *of all loves*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.*] Thus the ancient copies, and such was Shakspeare's usage. He frequently employs *either*, and other similar words, as monosyllables: So, in *King Henry IV. P. II.*

“ *Either* from the king, or in the present time.”

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

“ *Either* past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ *Either* led or driven, as we point the way.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“ *Either* thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,—.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ *Either* in discourse of thought, or actual deed.”

So also, Marlowe in his *Edward II.* 1598:

“ *Either* banish him that was the cause thereof.—.”

The modern editors read—*Or* death or you, &c. MALONE.

74 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT III. SCENE I.⁶

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE,⁷ SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince, —

QUIN. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By'rakin, a parlous fear.⁸

⁶ In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this ſcene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an aſs's head. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Enter Quince, &c.*] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *By'rakin, a parlous fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is uſed in *Prefton's Cambyſes*:

“The clock hath ſtricken vive, ich think, *by laken.*”

STAR. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pryamus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.⁹

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his

Again, in *Magnificence*, an interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Rastell:

"By our lakin, fyr, not by my will."

Parlous is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So Phaer and Twyne translate the following passage in the *Aeneid*, Lib. VII. 302:

"*Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi? quid vasta Charybdis*

"*Profuit?*"

"What good did Scylla me? What could prevail Charybdis wood?"

"Or Sirtes *parlous* sands?" STEEVENS.

⁹ — in eight and six.] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. MALONE.

face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.²

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

² *No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other wen are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.*] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Feasts*, MS. Harl. 6395:

“There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be verye hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of *Arion*, not he, but even honest *Harry Goldingham*; which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well.”

The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Esrange. MALONE.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You never can bring in a wall. — What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

3 — that brake;] *Brake*, in the present instance, signifies a thicket or *furze-bush*. So, in the ancient copy of the *Northwold Mayde*, 1521:

" ————— for, dry or wete

" Ye must lodge on the playne;

" And us aboue none other rose

" But a *brake bush*, or *wayne*."

Again, in Milton's *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

" Run to your throwds within these *brakes* and trees."

STEEVENS.

Brake in the west of England is used to express a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

Enter PUCK behind.

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-
gering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

PYR. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. ——— odours savours sweet:

So doth thy breath,⁴ my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,⁵

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!⁶
[*aside.*—Exit.

THIS. Must I speak now?

⁴ *So doth thy breath,*] The old copies concur in reading:

“*So hath thy breath,*” —

Mr. Pope made the alteration, which seems to be necessary.

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *stay thou but here a while,*] The verses should be alternately in rhyme: but *sweet* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it:

“ ——— stay thou but here a *whit*,”

i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration; a trifle: in which sense it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

Nothing, I think, is got by the change. I suspect two lines to have been lost; the first of which rhymed with “savour sweet,” and the other with “here a while.” The line before appears to me to refer to some thing that has been lost. MALONE.

⁶ ——— *than e'er play'd here!*] I suppose he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 79

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

THIS. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white of hue.
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal,⁷ and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

QUIN. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.⁸ — Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

THIS. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

PYR. *If I were fair,⁹ Thisby, I were only thine:—*

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*]

⁷ — *juvenal,*] i. e. young man. So, Falstaff, “—the *juvenal* thy master.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *cues and all.*] A *cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. So *Othello* :

“ Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it
“ Without a prompter.”

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus* :

“ Indeed, master *Kempe*, you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue*.” *Kempe* was one of *Shakespeare's* fellow comedians. STEEVENS.

⁹ *If I were fair, &c.*] Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair *Thisby*, I were only thine.

MALONE.

80 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PUCK. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;²

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[Exit.

BOT. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them, to make me afraid.³

Re-enter SNOUT.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do
I see on thee?⁴

BOT. What do you see? you see an afs' head of
your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated.
[Exit.

² *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:

"*Through bog, through mire,*" — JOHNSON.
So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. viii.

"*Through hills, through dales, through bushes and through briars,*

"*Long thus she bled,*" &c. MALONE.

The alliteration evidently requires some word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:

"*Through bog, through burn, through bush, through brake, through brier.*" RITSON.

³ — *to make me afraid.*] *Afear* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's answer, that Snout mentioned an *afs's head*. Therefore we should read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?*
An *afs's head*? JOHNSON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 81

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

*The ouzel-cock, ' so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The thrushle ' with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;*

TITA. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? ' [Waking.

1. *The ouzel-cock,*] The *ouzel cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonson uses the word in *The Devil is an Ass*:

" — stay till cold weather come,
" I'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a field-fare."

P. Holland, however, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. c. xxiv. represents the *ouzele* and the *blackbird*, as different birds.

In *The Arbour of Amorous Devices*, 410. bl. l. are the following lines:

" The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quail,
" *The thrushle-cock that was so black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I consulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the stanza, or to ascertain the date of the book. STEEVENS.

The *Ouzel* differs from the *Black-bird* by having a white crescent upon the breast, and is besides rather larger. See Lewin's *English Birds*. DOUCE.

6 *The thrushle*—] So, in the old metrical romance of *The Squire of Low Degree*, bl. l. no date:

" The pee and the popinjaye,
" *The thrushle*, sayinge both nyght and daye."

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, 1554:

" *The thrushle* with the nightingale."

It appears from the following passage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *thrushle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*. " — There is also another sort of myrte or myrtle which is wild, whose berries the mavises, *throssels*, *owsells*, and *thrushes* delite much to eat." STEEVENS.

7 *What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?*] Perhaps a parody

82 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

BOT. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,³
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so?

TITA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.⁹

on a line in *The Spanish Tragedy*, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

"What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

The Spanish Tragedy — was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592.

MALONE.

³ — plain-song *cuckoo*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated musick sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service of the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. P. 227. edit. Lond. 1736:

"But with a large and a long

"To kepe just *playne songe*

"Our chaniers shall be your *cuckoue*," &c. T. WARTON.

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*:

"Our life is a *plain song* with cunning penn'd."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pol's Invisible Comedy*, &c.

"The cuckoo sings not worth a groat,

"Because she never changeth note." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.] These lines are in one quarto of 1600, the first folio of 1623, the second of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee^a, upon occasion.

TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITA. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit, of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state, And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

*Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee:
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.*

This reading I have inserted, not that it can suggest any thing better than the order to which the lines have been restored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, [Fisher's,] but to show that some liberty of conjecture must be allowed in the revival of works so inaccurately printed, and so long neglected.

^a — glee^k,] Joke or scoff. POPE.

Glee^k was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by other ancient comic writers, in the same sense as by our author. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"There's glee^k for you, let me have my gird."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:

"The more that I get her, the more she doth glee^k me."

Again, in *Greene's Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

"Messieur Benedetto galled Peratio with this glee^k."

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*, that in the North to glee^k is to deceive, or beguile; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

84 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,²
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
 Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-feed!

Enter four Fairies.

1. FAI. Ready.

2. FAI. And I.

3. FAI. And I.

4. FAI. Where shall we go?³

TITA. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
 Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
 Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,⁴
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,⁵

² — jewels from the deep,] So, in *King Richard III.*

“ — reflecting gems,

“ That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep.” STEEVENS.

³ 4. Fai. *Where shall we go?*] In the ancient copies, this, and the three preceding speeches, are given to the Fairies collectively.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted a useless repetition of—“ and I,” which overloaded the measure. STEEVENS.

— dewberries,] Dewberries strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind. T. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are gooseberries, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

⁵ — the fiery glow-worm's eyes,] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

To have my love to bed, and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1. FAI. Hail, mortal! *

2. FAI. Hail!

3. FAI. Hail!

4. FAI. Hail!

BOT. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

COB. Cobweb.

BOT. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, *

The blunder is not in Shakspeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of any object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *unessetual*:

"The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

"And 'gins to pale his unessetual fire." M. MASON.

6 Hail, mortal!] The old copies read—hail, mortal, *hail*! The second *hail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, so as that each of them should address Bottom. The regulation now adopted was proposed by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

7 *I shall desire you of more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unnecessarily altered. The same mode of expression occurs in *Lusty Juventus*, a morality:

"I shall desire *you* of better acquaintance."

Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599:

"I do desire *you* of more acquaintance."

Again, in Golding's Version of the 14th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

86 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?⁸

FEAS. Peas-blossom.

BOT. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother,⁹ and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. — Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUS. Mustard-seed.

BOT. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your

“ ——— he praid

“ Him earnestly, with careful voice, of furthrance and of aid.”

Again, in Greene's *Groat'sworth of Wit*, 1621:

“ ——— craving you of more acquaintance.” STEEVENS.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the first folio, which reads in the next speech but one — “I shall desire of you more acquaintance.” But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

“ If it be I, of pardon I you praye.” MALONE.

⁸ ——— good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?] In *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a comedy by Lyly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of fairies, very similar to the present:

“ Mopso. I pray, sir, what might I call you?

“ 1. Fai. My name is Penny.

“ Mop. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

“ Frisco. I pray you, sir, what might I call you?

“ 2. Fai. My name is Cricket.

“ Fris. I would I were a chimney for your sake.”

The Maid's Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Mr. Warton says, (*History of English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 393.) that Lyly's last play appeared in 1597. MALONE.

⁹ ——— mistress Squash, your mother,] A *squash* is an immature peascod. So, in *Twelfth Night*, A & I. sc. v:

“ — as a *squash* is, before 'tis a peascod.” STEEVENS.

patience² well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-feed.

TITA. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue,³ bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

² ——— *patience* —] The Oxford edition reads — *I know your parentage well.* I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

Parentage was not easily corrupted to *patience*. I fancy, the true word is, *passions*, sufferings.

There is an ancient satirical Poem entitled — “The Poor Man's *Passions*, [i. e. sufferings,] or Poverty's *patience*.” *Patience* and *Passions* are so alike in sound, that a careless transcriber or compositor might easily have substituted the former word for the latter.

FARMER.

These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite to choler. See note on *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. REED.

Perhaps we should read — “I know you *passing* well.”

M. MASON.

³ ——— *my love's tongue,*] The old copies read — “my *lover's* tongue.” STEEVENS.

Our poet has again used *lover* as a monosyllable in *Twelfth Night*:

“Sad true *lover* never find my grave.” MALONE.

In the passage quoted from *Twelfth Night*, “true *lover*” is evidently a mistake for — “true *love*,” a phrase which occurs in the very scene before us:

“And laid the love-juice on some true *love's* sight.”

Lover, in both the foregoing instances, I must therefore suppose to have been a printer's blunder for *love*, and have therefore continued Mr. Pope's emendation in the text. How is *lover* to be pronounced as a monosyllable? STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

*Another part of the Wood.**Enter OBERON.*

OBE. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule⁴ now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,⁵ rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

⁴ — *what night-rule* —] *Night-rule* in this place should seem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

“Marry, here is good rule!”

Again:

“— why how now arise! here is pretty rule!”

It appears, from the old song of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggish spirit “to viewe [or superintend] the night-sports.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *patches*,] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *ragg-muffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

Puck calls the players, “a crew of patches.” A common opprobrious term, which probably took its rise from *Patch*, cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western countries, *cross-patch* is still used for *perverse*, *ill-natur'd fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pyed* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times.

Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,⁶
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's noll I fixed on his head;⁷
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimick⁸ comes: When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

So, in *The Tempest*:

" — what a py'd ninny's this?"

Again, in *Preston's Cambyfes*:

" Hob and Lob, ah ye country patches!"

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" It is simplicitie, that patch." STEEVENS.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *parzo*, which signifies properly a fool. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. v. Shylock says of Launcelot: *The patch is kind enough*; — after having just called him, *that fool of Hagar's offspring*. TYRWHITT.

⁶ — barren sort,] *Barren* is dull, unpregnant. So, in *Hamlet*:
 — " some quantity of barren spectators," &c.

Sort is company. STEEVENS.

⁷ *An ass's noll* I fixed on his head;] A head. Saxon.

JOHNSON.

So, Chaucer, in *The History of Beryn*, 1524:

" No sothly, quoth the steward, it lieth all in thy noll,

" Both wit and wysdom," &c.

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" One thumps me on the neck, and another strikes me on the noll."
 STEEVENS.

The following receipt for the process tried on Bottom, occurs in *Albertus Magnus de Secretis*: " Si vis quod caput hominis assimiletur capiti asini, fume de segimine aselli, & unge hominem in capite, & sic apparebit." There was a translation of this book in Shakspeare's time. DOUCE.

⁸ — *mimick* —] *Minnock* is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

Or russet-pated choughs,⁷ many in fort,⁸
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
 And, at our stamp,⁹ here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

The folio reads—*mimmick*; perhaps for *mimick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the quartos, for the other reads—*minnick*. STEEVENS.

Mimmick is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fisher has—*minnick*; that by Roberts, *minnock*: both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thisbe*; but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. Bottom had just been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake.") "Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered, *And forth my mimick* (i. e. my actor) *comes*." In this there seems no difficulty.

Mimick is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Cul's Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonson] hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get service amongst the *mimicks*." MALONE.

7 — choughs,] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. It is mentioned also in *Macbeth*:

"By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks," &c. STEEVENS.

8 — *fort*,] Company. So above:

"—— that barren fort;"

and in Waller:

"A fort of lusty shepherds strive." JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1611:

"— though we neuer lead any other company than a *sort* of quart-pots." STEEVENS.

9 *And, at our stamp*,] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read:

"And at a slump here o'er and o'er one falls."

So Drayton:

"A pain he in his head-piece feels,

"Against a stubbed tree he reels,

Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
Some, sleeves ; some, hats : ² from yielders all things
catch,

" And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels :

" Alas, his brain was dizzy.—

" At length upon his feet he gets,

" Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,

" And as again he forward sets,

" And through the bushes scrambles,

" A stump doth trip him in his pace,

" Down fell poor Hob upon his face,

" And lamentably tore his case,

" Among the briars and brambles." JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *stamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud ; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *stamp* to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*.—" Vero saltum adeo profundè in terram impresserant, ut locus insigni ardore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth act :

" Come, my queen, take hand with me,

" And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be."

STEEVENS.

Honest Reginald Scott, says, " Our grandams maides were wont to sett a boll of milke before Incubus, and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight : and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him be sides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor *stampen*." *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85.

RITSON.

² Some, sleeves ; some hats :] There is the like image in Drayton, of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin :

" Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,

" 'Gainst one another jussling ;

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet latch'd³ the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
 And the Athenian woman by his side;
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

OBE. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HER. Now I but chide, but I should use thee
 worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood,⁴ plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too.

"They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,

"For haste some left their masks behind,

"Some could not stay their gloves to find,

"There never was such bustling." JOHNSON.

3 — latch'd—] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lécher*, to lick, French.
 HANMER.

In the North, it signifies to *infest*. STEEVENS.

⁴ Being o'er shoes in blood,] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes,*
over boots. JOHNSON.

So in, *Macbeth*:

"—— I am in blood

"Slept in so far," &c. STEEVENS.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
 As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
 This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
 May through the center creep, and so displease
 Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.⁵
 It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
 So should a murderer look; so dead,⁶ so grim.

DEM. So should the murder'd look; and so
 should I,
 Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HER. What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?
 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

⁵ — noon-tide with the Antipodes.] Dr. Warburton would read—i' th' antipodes, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary, but it is not so unlucky, as he imagined. Shirley has the same expression in his *Andromana*:

"To be a whore, is more unknown to her,

"Then what is done in the antipodes."

In for among is frequent in old language. FARMER.

The familiarity of the general idea, is shown by the following passage in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"And dwell one month with the Antipodes."

Again, in *K. Richard II*:

"While we were wandering with the Antipodes."

STEEVENS.

⁶ — so dead,] All the old copies read—*so dead*; in my copy of it, some reader has altered *dead* to *dread*. JOHNSON.

Dead seems to be the right word, and our author again uses it in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act I. sc. iii:

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

"So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone." STEEVENS.

So also, in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*: "—if thou marry in age, thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and suspicion." MALONE.

DEM. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!⁷

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:⁹

I am not guilty of Lyfander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

⁷ *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,*

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?] She means, Hast thou kill'd him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon? MALONE.

⁸ — *O brave touch!*] *Touch* in Shakspeare's time was the same with our exploit, or rather stroke. A brave touch, a noble stroke, an grand coup. "Mason was very merry, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters." Ascham. JOHNSON.

A touch anciently signified a trick. In the old black letter story of *Howleglas*, it is always used in that sense: "— for at all times he did some mad touch." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *mispris'd mood:*] Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake. JOHNSON.

Mood is anger, or perhaps rather in this place, capricious fancy. MALONE.

I rather conceive that—"on a mispris'd mood" is put for—"is a mispris'd mood," i. e. "in a mistaken manner." The preposition—*on*, is licentiously used by ancient authors. When Mark Antony says that Augustus Cæsar "dealt on lieutenantry," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows on lieutenants," but that he "dealt in them;" i. e. achieved his victories by their conduct.

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 95

DEM. An if I could,² what should I get there-
fore?

HER. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:³
See me no more, whether he be dead or no, [*Exit.*]

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce
vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer⁴
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:⁵

² An if I could, &c.] This phraseology was common in Shak-
speare's time. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, A & V. sc i;

"An if a man did need a poison now."

Again, in *Lodge's Illustrations*, Vol. I. p. 85: "— meanys was
made unto me to see an yff I wold appoynt," &c. REED.

³ — part I so:] So, which is not in the old copy, was inserted
for the sake of both metre and rhyme, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ — pale of cheer —] *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently
used by old English writers for countenance. Even Dryden says—

"Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer."

Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

⁵ — sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:] So, in *King
Henry IV.* we have "blood-consuming," — "blood-drinking,"

96 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

PUCK. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. ⁵ [Exit.

OBE. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,⁶
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by.
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

and "blood-sucking sighs." All alluding to the ancient supposition that every sigh was indulged at the expence of a drop of blood.
STEEVENS.

⁵ *Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.*] So, in the 10th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*: translated by Golding, 1567:

" ——— and though that she
" Did fly as swift as arrow from a Turkye bowe."

DOUCE.

" A Tartar's painted bow of lath" is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was said before:

" ——— the bolt of Cupid fell:
" It fell upon a little western flower,
" Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 97

OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

LYS. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?⁷

HEL. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

LYS. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her
o'er.

LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

⁷ *Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?*] This is said
in allusion to the *badges* (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the
sleeves of servants and retainers. So, in *The Tempest*:

"Mark the *badges* of these men, and then say if they be true."

STEEVENS.

98 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DEM. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,⁷
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white,⁸ this seal of bliss!⁹

HEL. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls,² to mock me too?

⁷ — *Taurus' snow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

⁸ *This princess of pure white,*] Thus all the editions as low as Sir Thomas Hanmer's. He reads:

"*This pureness of pure white;*"

and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be justified from a passage in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*, where the pine-apple is called *The princess of fruits*. Again, in *Wyat's Poems*, "*Of beauty princeesse chief.*" STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with a similar expression:

" — good sooth, she is

"*The queen of curds and cream.*" MALONE.

⁹ — *seal of bliss!*] He has in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:

"*But my kisses bring again,*

"*Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*" JOHNSON.

More appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,*

"*And plighter of high hearts.*" STEEVENS.

² — *join, in souls,*] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakspeare in *K. Henry V.* uses an expression not unlike this:

"*For we will hear, note, and believe in heart;*"

i. e. heartily believe: and in *Measure for Measure*, he talks of electing with *special soul*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, says:

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

" — with *private soul*

" Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that for which I contend:

" Happy, in *soul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a masque called *Luminalia*, or *the Festival of Light*, 1637:

" You that are chief in *souls*, as in your blood."

Again, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595:

" — whose subversion in *soul* they have vow'd."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. XII. ch. lxxv:

" Could all, in *soul*, of very God say as an Ethnick said

" To one that preached Hercules?" —

Again, in our author's *Twelfth Night*:

" And all those swearings keep as true in *soul*."

Sir T. Hanmer would read — in *flouts*; Dr. Warburton, *insolents*.

STEVENS.

I rather believe the line should be read thus:

" But you must join, *ill souls*, to mock me too?"

Ill is often used for *bad*, *wicked*. So, in *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, A & IV. sc. i:

" They did begin to quarrel like *ill men*;"

which I cite the rather, because *ill* had there also been changed into *in*, by an error of the press, which Mr. Sympson has corrected from the edition 1647. TYRWHITT.

This is a very reasonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. JOHNSON.

We meet with this phrase in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

" — Men shift their fashions—

" They are in *souls* the same." FARMER.

A similar phraseology is found in *Measure for Measure*:

" Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

" To accuse this worthy man, but in *soul* mouth

" To call him villain!" MALONE.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,³
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision! none, of noble sort,⁴
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort
 A poor soul's patience,⁵ all to make you sport.

LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEM. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,⁶

³ *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, &c.]* This is written much in the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the fourth book of the *Aeneid*:

"Egregiam vero laudem & spolia ampla refertis,
 "Tuque puerque tuus; magnum & memorabile noimen,
 "Una dolo divum si foemina victa duorum est."

STEEVENS.

⁴ — none, of noble sort,] *Sort* is here used for *degree* or *quality*. So, in the old ballad of *Jane Shore*:

"Long time I lived in the court,
 "With lords and ladies of great *sort*." MALONE.

⁵ — extort

A poor soul's patience,] Harrafs, torment. JOHNSON.

⁶ *My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;*
And now to Helen it is home return'd,] The ancient copies read—"to her." Dr. Johnson made the correction, and exemplified the sentiment by the following passage from Prior:

"No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
 "They were but my visits; but thou art my *home*."

STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:

"This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,
 "Like him that travels, I *return* again." MALONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 101

There to remain.

LYS. Helen, it is not so.

DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence :—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found ;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so ?

LYS. Why should he stay, whom love doth pres
to go ?

HER. What love could pres Lyfander from my
side ?

LYS. Lyfander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes⁷ and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?

⁷ — all yon fiery oes—] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *K. Henry V.*

“ — can we crowd

“ Within this little O, the very casques

“ That did affright the air at Agincourt ? ”

Again, in *The Parthenia Sacra*, 1633 :

“ — the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beset
with silver oes, or rather an azure vault,” &c. STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and oes of gold ; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

HER. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows,⁸ the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?⁹

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence!

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,²

Have with our needs³ created both one flower,

⁸ *The sisters' vows,*] We might read more elegantly,—*The sisters' vows*, and a few lines lower,—*All school-day friendship*. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the sake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution.

MALONE.

⁹ *For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?*] The first folio omits the word—*and*. I have received it from the folio 1632. Mr. Malone reads—*now*. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—"O, *and* is all forgot?" It stands so awkwardly, that I am persuaded it was not the author's word. MALONE.

— *O, and is all forgot?*] Mr. Gibbon observes, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds "Shakspeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain."

Gibbon's Hist. Vol. XIII. p. 277. REED.

² — *artificial gods,*] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful.

STEEVENS.

³ *Have with our needs, &c.*] Most of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles*; but the word was probably written by Shakspeare *needs*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day) otherwise the verse will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*.

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.⁴

Again, in sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:

"Thus Cato spake, whose feeling words

"Like pricking *needls*, or points of swords," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

"— on *needl*-wrought carpets."

The same ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"— she

"Would ever with Marina be:

"Be't when they weav'd the siled silk,

"With fingers long, small, white as milk,

"Or when she would with sharp *needl* wound

"The cambrick," &c.

Again, *ibid.*

"Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *neele* composes

"Nature's own shape."

In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Ben Jonson has *wher* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in the earl of Sterline's *Darius* is *sport* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*.

Of the evisceration and extension of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the most numerous and glaring instances; for he has not scrupled even to give us *rune* instead of *ruin*, and *mieft* instead of *mist*, when he wants rhimes to *soon*, and *crieft*. STEEVENS.

In the old editions of these plays many words of two syllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *spirit* is almost always so written, though often used as a monosyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always, (I think, improperly,) written at length. MALONE.

⁴ *Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,*

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.] The old copies read—*life* coats, &c. STEEVENS.

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury

HER. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HEL. Have you not set Lyfander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyfander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;

The true correction of the passage I owe to the friendship and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, esq.—Two of the *first*, *second*, &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to distinguish the different *quarterings* of coats. THEOBALD.

These are, as Theobald observes, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that observation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *house*; and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly *due but to one*. M. MASON.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *first house* only, (e. g. a father who has a son living, or an elder brother as distinguished from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The son's coat is distinguished from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The same crest is common to both. Helena therefore means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much *one person*, as if they were *both of the first house*; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one person*, (viz. to him of the first house,) the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. MALONE.

But miserable most, to love unlov'd?

This you should pity, rather than despise.

HER. I understand not what you mean by this,

HEL. Ay, do, persever, ⁵ counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried; shall be chronicled.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument. ⁶

But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYS. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HEL. O excellent!

HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so,

DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers. ⁷—

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;

⁵ *Ay, do, persever,*] *Persever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly so pronounced. Thus our author, in *All's Well that ends well*, A& IV. sc. ii:

" — say thou art mine, and ever

" My love, as it begins, so shall *persever*."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia*, 1639;

" — — — for ever

" May they in love and union still *persever*." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *such an argument.*] Such a *subject* of light merriment.

JOHNSON.

So, in the first part of *King Henry IV.* A& II. sc. ii.

" — it would be *argument* for a week," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *than her weak prayers.*] The old copies read:

" — *than her weak praise.*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald proposed to read—*prays*. A noun thus formed from the verb, to *pray*, is much in our author's manner; and the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived by the similarity of sounds. MALONE.

106 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM. Quick, come,—

HER. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

LYS. Away, you Ethiop!

DEM. No, no, fir:—he will^s
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,
let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this,
Sweet love?

LYS. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

HER. Do you not jest?

^s *No, no, fir:—he will, &c.*] This passage, like almost all those in these plays in which there is a sudden transition, or the sense is hastily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. My text [*No, no; he'll—fir,*] is formed from the quarto printed by Fisher and the first folio. The words "*he'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I suppose, would say, No, no; *he'll not have resolution to disengage himself from Hermia*. But turning abruptly to Lyfander, he addresses him ironically: — "*Sir, seem to break loose;*" &c. MALONE.

No critical remedy is nearer at hand, than a supposition that obscure passages are sentences designedly abrupt and imperfect. — Lyfander calls Hermia an "*Æthiop*." "*No, no, fir:*" replies Demetrius; i. e. she is none; and then ironically speaks to her of Lyfander, as of one whose struggle to break loose is merely a pretended effort. He next addresses his provocation personally to Lyfander.—I have left the text as I found it; only reading (for the sake of metre,) *he will*, instead of *he'll*. STEEVENS.

HEL. Yes, 'footh; and so do you.

LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYS. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left
me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

LYS. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!⁹

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

⁹ O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!] Juggler in this line
is used as a trisyllable: So again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"She and the dauphin have been juggling."

So also tickling, wrestler, and many more. MALONE.

—you canker-blossom!] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place
the blossom of the canker or wild rose, which our author alludes to
in *Much ado about Nothing*, A& I. sc. iii:

"I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace:"
but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always
beginning in the middle. So, in this play, A& II. sc. iii:

"Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds"

STEEVENS.

108 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

HEL.

Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie; you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HER. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;²
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HER. Lower! hark, again.

HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with
me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me

² ——— *curst*;] i. e. shrewish or mischievous.

Thus in the old proverbial saying: "Curst cows have short
horns." STEEVENS.

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To Athens will I bear my folly back,
 And follow you no further : Let me go ;
 You see how simple and how fond I am.³

HER. Why, get you gone : Who is't that hinders
 you ?

HEL. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with Lysander ?

HEL. With Demetrius.

LYS. Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee,
 Helena.

DEM. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her
 part.

HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd :
 She was a vixen, when she went to school ;⁴
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?
 Let me come to her.

LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
 You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made ;⁵
 You bead, you acorn.

³ — *how fond I am.*] *Fond*, i. e. foolish. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ — I do wonder,

“ Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond

“ To come abroad with him.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *She was a vixen, when she went to school ;*] *Vixen* or *fixen* primitively signifies a female fox. So, in *The booke of hunting, that is cleped Mayster of Game* ; an ancient MS. in the collection of Francis Douce, Esqr. Grays Inn : “ The *fixen* of the Foxe is assaute onys in the yer. She hath venomous biting as a wolfe.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *of hind'ring knot-grass made ;*] It appears that knot-grass was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

DEM. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it. ⁶

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena. ⁷

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

"Should they put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*, he would never grow after it."

• Again, in *The Coxcomb*:

"We want a boy extremely for this fundion, kept under, for a year, with milk and *knot-grass*." Daisy-roots were supposed to have the same effect.

That prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of *Renodæus his Dispensatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— intend —] i. e. pretend. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"Intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Thou shalt aby it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"—— Had I sword and buckler here,

"You should *aby* these questions."

The word has occurred before in this play.

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"—— but thou shalt dear *aby* this blow." STEEVENS.

⁷ Or *thine or mine*,] The old copies read—*Of thine*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. I am not sure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I should have suspected that the phrase was borrowed from the Latin:—Now follow, to try whose right of *property*,—of *meum* or *tuum*,—is the greatest in Helena. MALONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 111

DEM. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. [Exeunt LYS. and DEM.]

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]

HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[Exit, pursuing HELENA.]

OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,^s
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBE. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyfander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:

^s — *so did sort,*] So happen in the issue. JOHNSON.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

" — never look to have any action *sort* to your honor."

STEEVENS.

112 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,⁷
 To take from thence all error, with his might,
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted fight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,⁸
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with
 haste;
 For night's swift dragons⁹ cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
 there,
 Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,²

⁷ — virtuous property,] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempest*,
poisonous dew, wicked dew. JOHNSON.

⁸ — wend,] i. e. go. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon wend*." STEEVENS.

⁹ For night's swift dragons, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*, A& II. sc. ii:

"Swift, *swift*, ye dragons of the night!"

See my note on this passage, concerning the vigilance imputed
 to the serpent tribe. STEEVENS.

This circumstance Shakspeare might have learned from a passage
 in Golding's Translation of Ovid, which he has imitated in *The
 Tempest*:

"Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,

"And brought asleep the dragon fell, *whose eyes were never
 shut*." MALONE.

² — damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,] i. e. The ghosts of
 self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who
 being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the

Already to their wormy beds ³ are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.⁴

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport; ⁵

ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. 1. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

"Let some preest a gospel saye

"For doute of *fendes in the flode*." STEEVENS.

³ — to their wormy beds —] This periphrasis for the *grave* has been borrowed by Milton, in his *Ode on the death of a fair Infant*:

"Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed*." STEEVENS.

⁴ — black-brow'd night.] So, in *King John*:

"Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night*."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *I with the morning's love have oft made sport*;] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no young deity.

Thus, in *Aurora*, a collection of sonnets, by lord Sterline, 1604:

"And why should *Tithon* thus, whose day grows late,

"Enjoy the *morning's love*?"

Again, in *The Parasitaster*, by J. Marston, 1606:

"*Aurora* yet keeps chaste *old Tithon's bed*;

"Yet blushes at it when she rises."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. iii:

"As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,

"Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye

"All night in *old Tithonus' frozen bed*."

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher:

" — O, lend me all thy red,

"Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon's bed*

"Thou risest *ever-maiden*!"

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors, "I with the *morning light*, &c. STEEVENS.

Will not this passage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and paramour

114 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate,⁵ all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit OBE.*]

PUCK. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

PUCK. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

LYS. I will be with thee straight.

PUCK. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEM. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy
head?

of *Aurora*, is intended. The context, "And, like a forester," &c. seems to show that the chace was the *sport* which *Oberon* boasts he partook with the *morning's love*. HOLT WHITE.

⁵ *Even till the eastern gate, &c.*] What the fairy Monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first appearance of the dawn.

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 115

PUCK. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

DEM. Yea; art thou there?

PUCK. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood
here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

LYS. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[Lies down.

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

PUCK. Ho, ho! ho, ho! ⁶ Coward, why com'st
thou not?

DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,

⁶ Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?] This exclamation would have been uttered by Puck with greater propriety, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he, in the present instance, seems to forget. In the old song printed by Peck and Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with *Ho, ho, ho!* So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*:

"Ho, ho, ho, my masters! No good fellowship!

"Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,

"That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?"

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou? ⁶

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

"Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, God save thy grace."

It was not, however, as has been asserted, the appropriate exclamation, in our author's time, of this eccentric character; the Devil himself having, if not a better, at least an older, title to it. So, in *Histrionastix* (as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *King Richard. III.*) a roaring devil enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all."

Again, in Gammer Gurton's *Needle*:

"But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry ho, ho, ho?"

And, in the same play:

"By the masse, ich saw him of late cal up a great blacke devill.

"O, the knave cryed ho, ho, he roared and he thundred."

So in the *Epitaph* attributed to Shakspeare:

"Hoh! quoth the devill, 'tis my John o'Combe."

Again, in Goulart's *Histories*, 1607:

"The fellow . . . coming to the flove . . . sawe the *Diavills* in horrible formes, some sitting, some standing, others walking, some ramping against the walles, but al of them assoone as they beheld him ran unto him, crying *Hoh, Hoh*, what makest thou here?"

Again, in the same book:

"The black guests returned no answere, but roared and cryed out, *Hoh* firra let alone the child, or we will teare thee all to pieces."

Indeed, from a passage in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, (as quoted in the new edition of Doddsley's *Old Plays*) I suspect that this same "knavish sprite" was sometimes introduced on the stage as a demi-devil: I'll rather," it is one Robin Goodfellow who speaks, "put on my *flashing red nose*, and my *flaming face*, and come wrap'd in a calf's skin, and cry *ho ho*." See also, *Grim the Collier of Croydon*. RITSON.

The song above alluded to may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 203. MALONE.

⁶ *Where art thou?* For the sake of the measure, which is otherwise imperfect, I suppose we ought to read—

"Where art thou *now*?"

Demetrius, conceiving Lysander to have still been shifting his ground, very naturally asks him where he is *at that instant*.

STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 117

PUCK. Come hither; I am here.

DEM. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear,⁷

If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.—

By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

HEL. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;

That I may back to Athens, by day-light,

From these that my poor company detest:—

And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me a while from mine own company.⁸ [*Sleeps.*]

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst, and sad:—

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

⁷ —buy this dear,] i. e. thou shalt dearly pay for this. Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote thou shalt 'by it dear. So, in another place, thou shalt aby it. So, Milton, "How dearly I abide that boast so vain." JOHNSON.

⁸ Steal me a while from mine own company.] Thus also in an address to sleep, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599:

"That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away."

STEEVENS.

118 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.

PUCK. On the ground
Sleep found :
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye,
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st⁷
True delight
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill; ⁸
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well.⁹ [Exit PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. *sleep.*

⁷ *When thou wak'st,*
Thou tak'st, &c.] The second line would be improved, I think,
both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus:

When thou wak'st,
See thou tak'st,
True delight, &c. TYRWHITT.

⁸ *Jack shall have Jill; &c.]* These three last lines are to be
found among Heywood's *Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.*

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *all shall be well.]* *Well* is so bad a rhyme to *ill*, that I
cannot help supposing our author wrote—*still*. i. e. all this discord
shall subside in a calm, become hush'd and quiet. So, in *Othello*:

“ — Ha! no more moving?
“ *Still as the grave.*” STEEVENS,

ACT IV. SCENE I.²

The same.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;
OBERON behind, unseen.*

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery
bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,³
And flick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kifs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
BOT. Where's Peas-blossom?
PEAS. Ready.
BOT. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's
monfieur Cobweb?

² I see no reason why the fourth act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure. JOHNSON.

³ — *do coy,*] To coy is to sooth, to stroke. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and coys him in the dales.”
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. Book VI. ch. xxx:

“And whilst she coys his sooty cheeks, or curls his sweaty top.”
Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, B. IX:

“—— his sports to prove,

“Coying that powerful queen of love.”

Again, in Golding's Translation of the 7th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

“Their dangling dewclaps with his hand he coid unfearefully.”
Again, *ibid*:

“—— and with her hand had coid

“The dragons' reined neckes—.”

The behaviour of Titania, on this occasion, seems copied from that of the Lady in *Apuleius*, Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

COB. Ready.

BOT. Monsieur Cobweb: good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown⁴ with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustardseed?

MUST. Ready.

BOT. Give me your neif,⁵ monsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUST. What's your will?

BOT. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb⁶ to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITA. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs⁷ and the bones.

⁴ — *over-flown* —] It should be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the mistake was our author's.

MALONE.

I perceive no mistake. *Overflown* is the participle passive. See Johnson's Dict. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *neif*,] i. e. filth. So, in *K. Henry IV.* A & II. sc. x:

"Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif." GREY.

⁶ — *cavalero Cobweb* —] Without doubt it should be *Cavalero Peas-blossom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

⁷ — *the tongs* —] The old rustic musick of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this stage direction,—"Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke."

STEEVENS.

TITA. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard,⁸ and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITA. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.⁹

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,²

⁸ *The squirrel's hoard,*] *Hoard* is here employed as a dissyllable.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *and be all ways away.*] i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—"be always." Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Mr. Upton reads:

"And be away-away." JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read—and be always i' th' way. STEEVENS.

² *So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,*

Gently entwist,—the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.] What does the woodbine entwist? The honey-suckle. But the woodbine and honey suckle were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by woodbine or honey-suckle. We must therefore find a support for the woodbine as well as for the ivy. Which is done by reading the lines thus:

"So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

"Gently entwist the maple; ivy so

"Enrings the barky fingers of the elm."

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *h* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A

Gently entwist,—the female ivy³ so
 Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
 O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

“ *So doth the woodbine the sweet honey suckle,*”

for bark of the wood. Shakspeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-suckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakspeare made a blunder.

JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Cresside*, v, 1236, Lib. III:

“ And as about a tre with many a twift

“ Bitrent and writhin is the swete woodbinde,

“ Can eche of hem in armis other winde.”

What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy envring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. In the following instance from *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, *woodbind* is used for *ivy*:

“ And, as the running wood-bind, spread her arms

“ To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace.”

And Barret in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the same distinction that Shakspeare thought it necessary to make:

“ *Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-suckle*.” STEEVENS.

This passage has given rise to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine* and the *honey-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. In one of Taylor's poems, we have

“ The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,

“ The *honisuckle*, and the daffadill.”

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings* to *envring*. So bishop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 118, has without reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of *St. Matthew*. FARMER.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 123

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

OBE. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this
sweet fight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,

Were any change necessary, I should not scruple to read the
woodbine, i. e. *smilax*: a plant that twists round every other that
grows in its way. STEEVENS.

In lord Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* Experiment 496, it is observed that
there are two kinds of "*honeyfuckles*, both the *woodbine* and the
trefoil." i. e. the first is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the
other is a three-leaved *grass*. Perhaps these are meant in Dr. Far-
mer's quotation. The distinction, however, may serve to shew
why Shakspeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to
honey-fuckle, when they mean the *plant* and not the *grass*. TOLLET.

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens removes
all difficulty. The following passage in *Sicily and Naples, or The*
Fatal Union, 1640, in which the *honeyfuckle* is spoken of as the
flower, and the *woodbine* as the plant, adds some support to Dr.
Johnson's exposition:

" — as fit a gift

" As this were for a lord, — a *honey-fuckle*,

" The amorous *woodbine's* offspring "

But Minshieu in v. *Woodbinde*, supposes them the same: "*Alio*
nomine nobis Anglis Honeyfuckle dictus." If Dr. Johnson's expla-
nation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine*, *honey-*
fuckle, or *enrings*. MALONE.

" — the female *ivy* —] Shakspeare calls it *female* *ivy*, because
it always requires some support, which is poetically called its hus-
band. So Milton:

" — led the vine

" To wed her elm: she spous'd, about him twines

" Her marriageable arms. — "

" *Ulmo conjuncta marito.* " Catull.

" *Platanusque cælebs*

" *Evinctet ulmos.* " Hor. STEEVENS.

Though the *ivy* here represents the *female*, there is, notwith-
standing, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers*, to
the *ring* of the *marriage rite*. HENLEY.

In our ancient marriage ceremony, (or rather, perhaps, contract,)
the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him.

Seeking sweet favours³ for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,⁴
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;
 That he awaking when the other do,⁵

To this custom the conduct of Olivia (see *Twelfth Night*, sc. ult.) bears sufficient testimony:

"A contract of eternal bond of love, &c.

"Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings." STEEVENS.

³ — *sweet favours* —] Thus Roberts's quarto and the first folio. Fisher's quarto reads — *savours*; which, taken in the sense of ornaments, such as are worn at weddings, may be right. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *flourets' eyes*.] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center. Thus Milton, in his *Lycidas*, v. 139;

"Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes." STEEVENS.

⁵ *That he awaking when the other do*.] Such is the reading of the old copies, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it. — So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "— and unbound the rest, and then came in the other."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "For the other, Sir John, let me see," &c.

So, in the epistle prefixed to *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1592: "I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all other." MALONE.

May all to Athens back again repair ;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*

See, as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower⁶

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.

TITA. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !
 Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBE. There lies your love.

TITA. How came these things to pass ?
 O, how mine eyes do loath this visage now !

OBE. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this
 head.—

Titania, musick call ; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.⁷

TITA. Musick, ho ! musick ; such as charmeth sleep.

PUCK. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
 fool's eyes peep.

OBE. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come, my
 queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

⁶ *Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower* —] The old copies read — *or* Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is styled *Diana's bud*, because it is applyed as an antidote to that charm which had constrained Titania to dote on Bottom with "the soul of love." MALONE.

Dian's bud, is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *of all these five the sense.*] The old copies read — *these five* ; but this most certainly is corrupt. My emendation needs no justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewise communicated this very correction. THEOBALD.

126 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Now thou and I are new in amity ;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity :⁸
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

PUCK. Fairy king, attend, and mark ;
I do hear the morning lark.

OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade :⁹

⁸ *Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity :*] We should read :
" ——— to all far posterity."

i. e. to the remotest posterity. WARBURTON.

Fair posterity is the right reading.

In the concluding song, where Oberon blesses the nuptial bed,
part of his benediction is, that the posterity of Theseus shall
be *fair* :

" And the blots of nature's hand
" Shall not in their issue stand ;
" Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
" Nor mark prodigious, such as are
" Despised in nativity,
" Shall upon their children be." M. MASON.

——— to all fair prosperity :] I have preferred this, which is
the reading of the first and best quarto, printed by Fisher, to that
of the other quarto and the folio, (*posterity*,) induced by the fol-
lowing lines in a former scene :

" ——— your warrior love
" To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
" To give their bed joy and prosperity." MALONE.

⁹ *Then, my queen, in silence sad,*

Trip we after the night's shade :] *Sad* signifies only grave, so-
ber; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now
ended at the singing of the morning lark. So, in *The Winter's
Tale*, A⁴ IV : " My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk." For
grave or *serious*. WARBURTON.

A statute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences commit-
ted in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's
household. BLACKSTONE.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 127

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITA. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, and train.

THE. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:³
And since we have the vaward of the day,⁴
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—

³ — *our observation is perform'd:*] The honours due to the morning of May. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play *A Midsummer Night's-Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding May day. JOHNSON.

The title of this play seems no more intended, to denote the precise time of the action, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

The same phrase has been used in a former scene:

“To do observance to a morn of May.”

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. “A Dream for the entertainment of a Midsummer-night.” *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

In *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv. Olivia observes of Malvolio's seeming frenzy, that it “is a very *Midsummer* madness.” That time of the year we may therefore suppose was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries resembling the scheme of Shakspeare's Play. To this circumstance it might have owed its title.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the vaward of the day,*] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. In Knolles's *History of the Turks*, the word *vayvod* is used in the same sense. *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

128 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Uncouple in the western valley; go :—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear⁵
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ;⁶ for, besides the groves,

⁵ — they bay'd the bear —] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 2020. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“ The hunte ystrangled with the wild beres.”

Bearbaiting was likewise once a diversion esteemed proper for royal personages, even of the softer sex. While the princess Elizabeth remained at Hatfield House, under the custody of Sir Thomas Pope, she was visited by queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bearbaiting*, with which their highnesses were right well content. See Life of Sir Thomas Pope, cited by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 391. STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is destroyed by a bear, who is chased by hunters. See also our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ For now she hears it is no gentle chase,
“ But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud.”

MALONE.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says “ the beare is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countrie.” See Vol. I. p. 206 ; and in p. 226, he says, “ Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the beare.” Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the bear. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the bear than the boar. Shakspeare must have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theseus's “ white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild bere.” TOLLET.

⁶ — such gallant chiding ;] *Chiding* in this instance means only *sound*. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ As doth a rock against the chiding flood.”

The skies, the fountains,⁷ every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry:⁸ I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THE. My hounds are bred⁹ out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd,² so fanded;³ and their heads are hung

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

" — I take great pride

" To hear soft musick, and thy shrill voice *chide*."

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" — drums and trumpets *chide*." — STEEVENS.

7 *The skies, the fountains,*] Instead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read — *mountains*. The change had been proposed to Mr. Theobald, who has well supported the old reading, by observing that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. responsive to sound:

" Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque lacusque

" Responfant circa, & cælum tonat omne tumultu."

MALONE.

8 *Seem'd all one mutual cry:*] The old copies concur in reading — *seem*; but, as Hippolyta is speaking of time *past*, I have adopted Mr. Rowe's correction. STEEVENS.

9 *My hounds are bred*, &c.] This passage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodosius*:

" Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,

" With hounds that open'd like Thessalian bulls;

" Like tygers flew'd, and fanded as the shore,

" With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew."

MALONE.

2 *So flew'd,*] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uses this word in his translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, finished 1567, a book with which Shakspeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is describing Aëxon's hounds, B. III. p. 34. b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

" — with other twaine, that had a fyre of Crete,

" And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a
great

" And large-flew'd hound."

Shakspeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this speech of Theseus. And Ovid's translator, Golding, in

130 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;³
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
 Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
 Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs
 are theſe?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
 And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:²
 I wonder of their being here together.

THE. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
 The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,

the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, *ibid.* p. 34. 2.

“ This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart.”

T. WARTON.

² *So ſanded;*] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.

Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true de-
 notements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

³ *With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;*] So, in Heywood's
Brazen Age, 1613:

“ — the fierce Theſſalian hounds,

“ With their flag ears, ready to ſweep the dew

“ From their moiſt breſts.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *I wonder of —*] The modern editors read — *I wonder at, &c.*
 But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great
 caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furniſh us
 with abundant proofs that many modes of ſpeech, which now ſeem
 harſh to our ears, were juſtified by the phraſeology of former times.
 In *All's well that ends well*, we have:

“ — thou diſlik'ſt

“ Of virtue, for the name.” MALONE.

⁵ — *they roſe up early, to obſerve*

The rite of May;] The rite of this month was once ſo univer-
 ſally obſerved, that even author's thought their works would obtain
 a more favourable reception, if publiſhed on *May-Day*. The fol-
 lowing is a title-page to a metrical performance by a once cele-
 brated poet, Thomas Churchyard.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 131

Came here in grace of our solemnity.—

But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGE. It is, my lord.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,
HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

THE. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine
is past;⁶

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

THE. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

"Come bring in Maye with me,

"My Maye is fresh and greene;

"A subje&s harte, an humble mind;

"To serue a mayden Queene."

"A discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the
wanton wittes how to kepe their heads on their shoulders."

"Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreet by William Griffith, Anno
Domini 1570. The *first* of Maye." STEEVENS.

—*Saint Valentine is past;*] Alluding to the old saying, that
birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough :

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent ;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth.
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them ;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.⁶
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power.
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow,⁷ seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,⁸
Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

⁶ *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for
love or affection, and is opposed to *fury*, as before:

"Sight and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers."

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his
fancy. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover
and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in Barnaby Googe's *Cupido Conquered*, 1563:

"The chyefe of them was Ismenis,

"Whom best Diana lov'd,

"And next in place sat Hyale

"Whom *Fancye* never mov'd."

Again, in *Hymen's Triumph*, a Masque by Daniel, 1623:

"With all persuasions fought to win her mind

"To *fancy* him."

Again:

"Do not enforce me to accept a man

"I cannot *fancy*." STEEVENS.

⁷ — as doth the snow,] The word *doth* which seems to have
been inadvertently omitted, was supplied by Mr. Capell. The
amendation here made is confirmed by a passage in *K. Henry V*:

"— as *doth* the melted snow

"Upon the vallies." MALONE.

⁸ — an idle gawd,] See note on this word, p. 7. STEEVENS.

The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :⁹
But, like in sickness,^a did I loath this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolyta. :

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS and train.

DEM. These things seem small, and undistin-
guishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

HEL.

So methinks :

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.⁴

⁹ — *ere I saw Hermia :*] The old copies read—*ere I see*—.

STEEVENS.

^a — *like in sickness,*] So, in the next line—“ *as in health*—.”
The old copies erroneously read—“ *like a sickness*.” I owe the
present correction to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

³ *Come, Hippolyta.*] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we should
read—“ *Come my Hippolyta*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,*
Mine own, and not mine own.] Hermia had observed that
things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *so methinks*, and

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DEM.

It seems to me,³

then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read:

"And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,

"Mine own, and not mine own."

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuses like the two Sofias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*. So, in Maçon's translation of *The Decameron of Boccace*—*"Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les masles, des quelles les deux qui estoient jumelles avoient quinze ans."* Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accused of coining the word, *gemell*: but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Barons Wars*. "The *quadrin* doth never double; or to use a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*." FARMER.

Again:

"— unless they had been all *gemels* or couplets."

STEEVENS.

Helena, I think, means to say, that having found Demetrius unexpectedly, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has found by accident; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius was like a jewel, but that she had found him, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"— by starts

"His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear

"Of what he has, and has not."

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Where ev'ry something, being blent together,

"Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

"Express, and not express." MALONE.

See also, Mr. Heath's REVISAL, p. 57. REED.

³ *It seems to me,*] Thus the folio. The quartos begin this speech as follows;

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That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here; and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea; and my father.

HEL. And Hippolyta.

LYS. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake: let's follow
him;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

BOT. (When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey,
ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!
Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen
hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man
to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if

" — Are you sure

" *That we are awake?*"

I had once injudiciously restored these words; but they add no
weight to the sense of the passage, and create such a defect in the
measure as is best remedied by their omission. STEEVENS.

Are you sure

That we are awake?] *Sure* is here used as a dissyllable: so *fire*,
fre, *hour*, &c. The word *now* [That we are *now* awake?] seems
to be wanting, to complete the metre of the next line. MALONE.

I cannot accede to a belief that *sure* was ever employed as a dis-
syllable, much less at the end of a verse. *Fire* (anciently spelt *fier*)
and *hour* (anciently spelt *hower*) might be dissyllabically used, be-
cause the duplicate vowels in each of them were readily separated
in pronunciation.

Our author might have written—

" *But are you sure*

" *That we are now awake?*—"

Having exhibited this passage, however, only in my note on the
hemistich that follows it, I have little sollicitude for its reformation.

STEEVENS.

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he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool,³ if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man⁴ hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke:⁵ Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.⁶ [Exit.

³ — *patch'd fool,*] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *The eye of man, &c.*] He is here blundering upon the scriptural passage of "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things," &c. 1. Cor. ii. 9.

DOUCE,

⁵ — *the latter end of the play, before the duke:*] i. e. the play in which he was to perform. The old copies read—"a play." I have not scrupled to place the present emendation, which is Mr. Ritson's, in the text. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *I shall sing it at her death.*] At whose death? In Bottom's speech there is no mention of any she-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the least scruple but Bottom, for the sake of a jest, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said;—*I shall sing it after death.* He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the scene; and so might promise to rise again at the conclusion of the interlude, and give the duke his dream by way of song. The source of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the found,—*a'ter*: which the wise editors not understanding, concluded, two words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the present reading—*at her*.

THEOBALD.

Theobald might have quoted the following passage in *The Tempest* in support of his emendation. "This is a very scurvy tune (says Trinculo,) for a man to *sing at his funeral*."—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.

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S C E N E II.

Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say, paragon: a paramouris, God blefs us! a thing of nought.⁷

— at her death.] He may mean the death of *Thisbe*, which his head might be at present full of; and yet I cannot but prefer the happy conjecture of Mr. Theobald to my own attempt at explanation. STEEVENS.

⁷ — a thing of nought.] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to a *thing of naught*; i. e. a good for nothing thing. JOHNSON.

A *thing of nought* may be the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Ham. The king is a *thing*—

"Guil. A *thing* my lord?

"Ham. Of *nothing*."

See the note on this passage.

Paramour being a word which Flute did not understand, he may design to say that it had no meaning, i. e. was a *thing of nought*.

Mr. M. Mason, however, is of a different opinion. "The ejaculation, (says he) *God blefs us!* proves that Flute imagined he was saying a naughty word." STEEVENS.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.⁸

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped six-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.⁹

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where, are these hearts?

QUIN. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel to-

⁸ — made men.] In the same sense as in *The Tempest*, "any monster in England makes a man." JOHNSON.

⁹ — sixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.] Shakspeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyfes* by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to allude to him, or some other person who, like him, had been pensioned for his dramatic abilities. Preston acted a part in John Ritwife's play of *Dido* before queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of twenty pounds a year, which is little more than a shilling a day. STEEVENS.

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gether; good strings to your beards,² new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd.³ In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

² — *good strings to your beards,*] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

As no false beard could be worn, without a ligature to fasten it on, (and a slender one would suffice,) the caution of Bottom, considered in such a light, is superfluous. I suspect therefore that the *good strings* recommended by him, were ornamental, or employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers. Thus, in *Measure for Measure*, (where the *natural beard* is unquestionably spoken of,) the Duke, intent on disfiguring the head of *Ragozine*, says — "O, death's a great *disguiser*; and you may *add to it*. Shave the head, and *tie the beard*." STEEVENS.

³ — *our play is preferr'd.*] This word is not to be understood in its most common acceptation here, as if their play was chosen in *preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact;) but means, that it was given in among others for the duke's option. So, in *Julius Cæsar* Decius, says,

"Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go

"And presently *prefer his suit* to Cæsar." THEOBALD.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

HIP. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,⁴ Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,⁵ Are of imagination all compact:⁶ One sees more devils than vast hell can hold; That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,⁷

⁴ ——— such seething brains,] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— thy brains,

“ Now useless, boil'd within thy skull.” STEEVENS.

We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*: “Would any but these boil'd brains of three and twenty hunt this weather?”

MALONE.

⁵ *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,*] An ingenious modern writer supposes that our author had here in contemplation Orestes, Mark Antony, and himself; but I do not recollect any passage in his works that shows him to have been acquainted with the story of Agamemnon's son, — *scelerum furis agitatū Orestes*: and indeed, if even such were found, the supposed allusion would still remain very problematical. MALONE.

⁶ *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagination. So, in *As You Like It*:

“ If he, compact of jars, grow musical.” STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, *the madman: the lover, all as frantick,*] Such is the reading of all the old copies; instead of which, the modern editors have given us —

“ The madman: while the lover,” &c. STEEVENS.

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :⁸
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,⁹
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy ;³
 But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
 HELENA.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
 mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
 Accompany your hearts!

⁸ *Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:]* By "a brow of Egypt" Shakspeare means no more than the *brow of a gipsy*. So much for some ingenious modern's ideal *Cleopatra*. See note 5.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *in a fine frenzy rolling,*] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: describing Marlowe, he says:

" — that *fine madness* still he did retain,

" Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

MALONE.

³ — *constancy;*] Consistency, stability, certainty. JOHNSON.

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Lys. More than to us
Wait on^a your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THE. Come now; what masks, what dances shall
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.³

PHILOST. Here, mighty Theseus.

THE. Say, what abridgment⁴ have you for this
evening?

What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile

^a Wait on —] The old copies have — wait in. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ Call Philostrate.] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quartos 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand.

In *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is squire of the chamber to *Theseus*. STEEVENS.

⁴ Say, what abridgment, &c.] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramattick performances, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, A& II. sc. vii. he calls the players "*abridgments, abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time.*"

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"Then brook *abridgment*; and your eyes advance

"After your thoughts —."

It may be worth while, however, to observe, that in the North the word *abatement* had the same meaning as *diversion* or *amusement*. So, in the Prologue to the 5th Book of G. Douglas's version of the *Æneid*:

"Ful many mery *abaitmentis* followis here." STEEVENS.

Does not *abridgement* in the present instance, signify *amusement* to beguile the tediousness of the evening? or, in one word, *pastime*?

HENLEY.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 143

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

PHILOST. There is a brief,¹ how many sports are ripe;⁶

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

THE. reads.⁷] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.⁸*

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning,⁹ late deceas'd in beggary.*

¹ — a brief,] i. e. a short account or enumeration. So, in Gascoigne's *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*:

"She sent a brief unto me by her mayd."

Again, in *King John*:

" — the hand of time

"Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume." STEEVENS.

⁶ — are ripe;] One of the quartos has — *ripe*, the other old editions — *rife*. JOHNSON.

Ripe is the reading of Fisher's quarto. *Rife*, however, is a word used both by Sidney and Spenser. It means abounding, but is now almost obsolete. Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "— you shall find the theaters of the one, and the abuses of the other, to be *rife* among us." STEEVENS.

⁷ The. reads.] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following editions, Lyfander reads the catalogue, and Theseus makes the remarks. JOHNSON.

⁸ By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.] This seems to imply a more ancient practice of castration for the voice, than can be found in opera annals. BURNEY.

⁹ The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, &c.] I do not know whether it has been before observed, that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt

144 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,²
Not fortifying with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical?³ Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.⁴
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldest edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenser's poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this? But however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it seems to bring the play below 1591.

T. WARTON.

² — *keen, and critical,*] *Critical* here means *criticising, censuring*. So, in *Othello*:

"O, I am nothing if not critical." STEEVENS.

³ *Merry and tragical?*] Our poet is still harping on *Cambyse*, of which the first edition might have appeared in 1569-70; when "an Enterlude, a lamentable Tragedy full of pleasant myrth" was licensed to John Alde. Regist. Stat. fol. 184. b. STEEVENS.

⁴ *That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.*] The nonsense of this line should be corrected thus:

"That is, hot ice, a wonderous strange snow."

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

"And wonderous strange *black snow*." JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *wondrous scorching snow*, Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the passage needs no change, on account of the versification; for *wonderous* is as often used as *three*, as it is as *two* syllables. The meaning of the line is —

"— *hot ice, and snow of as strange a quality.*"

There is, however, an ancient pamphlet entitled, "*Tarlton's Devise upon this unlooked for grete snowe.*" And perhaps the passage before us may contain some allusion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as also, "A ballet of a Northerne Man's Report of the *wonderful greate snowe* in the Southerne parts," &c. STEEVENS.

As there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we should read — "and wonderous *strong snow*." M. MASON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 145

PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long ;

Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long ;
Which makes it tedious : for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE. What are they, that do play it ?

PHILOST. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories⁵
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THE. And we will hear it.

PHILOST. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,⁶

In support of Mr. Mason's conjecture it may be observed that the words *strong* and *strange* are often confounded in our old plays.

Mr. Upton's emendation also may derive some support from a passage in *Macbeth* :

" — when they shall be opened, *black* Macbeth

" Shall seem as pure as *snow*." MALONE.

⁵ — *unbreath'd memories* —] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Unless you can find sport in their intents,*] Thus all the copies ; But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an intent, I suspect a line to be lost. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first

146 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.⁷
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be,⁸ to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,⁹

aft of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their
attention. We still say a person is *intent* on his business.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *never any thing can be amiss,*

When simpleness and duty tender it.] Ben Jonson in *Cynthia's
Revels* has employed this sentiment of humanity on the same occa-
sion, when Cynthia is preparing to see a masque:

“ Nothing which duty and desire to please,

“ Bears written on the forehead, comes amiss.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Our sport shall be, &c.*] Voltaire says something like this of
Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confu-
sion when they spoke to him.

I am told, however, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for
Nov. 1786, that I have assigned a malignant instead of a humane
sentiment to Theseus, and that he really means — *We will accept
with pleasure even their blundering attempt.* STEEVENS.

⁹ *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line
shews that some word was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber
or compositor. Mr. Theobald supplied the defect by reading “ And
what poor willing duty,” &c. MALONE.

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.²
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed³
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
 Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;

² *And what poor duty cannot do,*

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.] The sense of this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardsful generosity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardsful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*

We should therefore read:

And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes not in might, but merit. JOHNSON.

In *might*, is perhaps an elliptical expression for *what might have been.* STEEVENS.

If this passage is to stand as it is, the meaning appears to be this:—"and what poor duty would do, but cannot accomplish, noble respect considers as it *might* have been, not as it is."

M. MASON.

And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardsful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual merit of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

³ *Where I have come, great clerks, have purposed, &c.*] So, in *Pericles*:

"She sings like one immortal, and she dances

"As goddess like to her admired lays;

"Deep clerks she dumbs."

It should be observed, that *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full points.* MALONE.

148 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So please your grace, the prologue is
addrest.⁴

THE. Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter PROLOGUE.

PROL. *If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.*

*We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,*

*We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;

⁴ ——— *addrest.*] That is, ready. So, in *K. Henry V.*
"To-morrow for our march we are *addrest.*"

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Flourish of trumpets.*] It appears from *The Guls Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently usher'd in by trumpets. "Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord :
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue,
like a child on a recorder ;⁶ a found, but not in
government.⁷

THE. His speech was like a tangled chain ; no-
thing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

Enter PYRAMUS, and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine,
and Lion, as in dumb show.⁸

PROL. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this
show ;

" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

" This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

" This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain,⁹

⁶ — on a recorder ;] Lord Bacon in his natural history, cent.
iii. sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same instant, and
says, that the *recorder* hath a less bore, and a greater, above and
below ; and elsewhere, cent. ii. sect. 187, he speaks of it as having
six holes, in which respect it answers to the *Tibia minor* or *Flajolet*
of Merfennus. From all which particulars it should seem that the
flute and the *recorder* were different instruments, and that the latter
in propriety of speech was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's*
History of Musick, Vol. IV. p. 479. REED.

Shakspeare introduces the same instrument in *Hamlet* ; and *Milton*
says :

" To the sound of soft *recorders*,"

The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

⁷ — but not in government.] That is, not regularly, according
to the tune. STEEVENS.

Hamlet, speaking of a *recorder*, says, — " Govern these ventages
with your fingers and thumb ; give it breath with your mouth ;
and it will discourse most eloquent music." — This explains the
meaning of *government* in this passage. M. MASON.

⁸ In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following promp-
ter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

⁹ *This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.*] A burlesque was here

150 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

" This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
 " Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers fun-
 der:
 " And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are
 content
 " To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
 " This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
 " Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
 " By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
 " To meet at Ninus' tomb,² there, there to woo.
 " This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,³
 " The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 " Did scare away, or rather did affright:

intended on the frequent recurrence of "certain" as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakspeare.

Thus in a short poem entitled "*A lytell treatyse called the dyspu- tacyon or the complayne of the herte through perced with the lokynge of the eye. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete at ye sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.*"

" And houndes syxescore and mo certayne —
 " To whome my thought gan to strayne certayne —
 " Whan i had fyrst syght of her certayne —
 " In all honoure she hath no pere certayne —
 " To loke upon a fayre Lady certayne —
 " As moch as is in me I am contente certayne —
 " They made there both two theyr promysse certayne —
 " All armed with margaretes certayne —
 " Towards Venus when they sholde go certayne —," &c.

STEEVENS.

² To meet at Ninus' tomb, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon*:

" Thei settin markes ther metingis should be,
 " There king Ninus was graven undir a tre."

Again:

" And as she ran her wimple she let fall," &c.

Again, Golding in his version of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, B. IV. has a similar line:

" And as she fled away for haste, she let her mantle fall."

STEEVENS.

³ — which by name Lion hight,] As all the other parts of this speech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it closes with a cou-

" And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;
 " Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :
 " Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
 " And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
 " Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 " He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
 " And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 " His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

plet; and as no rhyme is left to *name*, we must conclude, either a verse is dipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd; or, by a transposition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a triplet. THEOBALD.

Hight, in old English signifies—is called. —I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost.

MALONE.

4 — *her mantle she did fall*;] Thus all the old copies. The modern editions read — "*she let fall*," unnecessarily. *To fall* in this instance is a verb active.

So, in *The Tempest*, A & II. sc. i:

" And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

" *To fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

5 *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

" *The raging rocks*

" *And shivering shocks.*"

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

It is also ridiculed by Sidney in his *Astrophel and Stella*. 15:

" You that do Dictionaries' method bring

" Into your rimes, running in rattling rows."

But this alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme.

" Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,

" Vah, vaporous villeins, with venom vulnerate,

" Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnoftie,

" Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 " At large discourse, while here they do remain."
 [Exeunt Prol. THISBE, Lion. and Moonshine.

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
 many asses do.

WALL. " In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 " That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 " And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 " That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 " Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 " Did whisper often very secretly.
 " This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
 show
 " That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 " And this the cranny is, ' right and sinister,
 " Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

" Fie, franticke fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
 " Out, oblatrant, obliſt, obſtacle, and obſecate.
 " Ah addiſt algoes; in acerbitie acclamant,
 " Magnall in miſchief, malicious to mugilate,
 " Repriving your Roy ſo renowned and radiant."

In *Tuſſer's Huſbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and in the old play entitled, *The Hiſtorie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia*, 1599, is another remarkable inſtance of alliteration:

" Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broyle
 " And beating blowes of billows high," &c. STEEVENS.
 " And this the cranny is,] So, in Golding's *Ovid*, 1567:
 " The wall that parted houſe from houſe had riuen therein a
 crany
 " Which ſhronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt
 of any
 " Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue eſpie)
 " Theſe louers firſt of all found out, and made a way thereby
 " To talk to gither ſecretly, and through the ſame did goe
 " Their louing whiſperings verie light and ſafely to and fro."

RITSON.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 153

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.⁶

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

"O night, which ever art, when day is not!

"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

"stand'st between her father's ground and mine;

"Tou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [*Wall holds up his fingers.*

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall,⁷ through whom I see no blifs;

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

⁶ *It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.*] Demetrius is represented as a punster: I believe the passage should be read: This is the wittiest *partition*, that ever I heard in *discourse*. Alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakspeare himself, as well as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning*: and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word, *partition*. FARMER.

⁷ *O wicked wall, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe*:

"Thus would thei saine, alas! thou wicked wal," &c.

STEEVENS.

154 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PYR. No, in truth, fir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see; it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."⁹

PYR. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

THIS. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

PYR. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

"And like Limander am I trusty still."²

THIS. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

PYR. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

THIS. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

PYR. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

THIS. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."³

⁹ ——— knit up in thee.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*knit now again.* STEEVENS.

² And like Limander, &c.] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

³ I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.] So Golding's *Ovid*:
"When night drew here, they bade adew, and eche gave kisses
sweete

"Unto the parget on their side, the which did never meete."

RITSON.

PYR. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
straightway?"⁴

THIS. "Tide life, tide death, I come without de-
lay."

WALL. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
"And being done, thus wall away doth go."

Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS and THISBE.

THE. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wilful to hear without warning.⁵

HIP. This is the filliest stuff that ever I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows: and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIP. It must be your imagination then, and not
theirs.

THE. If we imagine no worse of them, than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a
lion.⁶

⁴ *Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?*] So Gold-
ing's *Ovid*:

"They did agree at *Ninus tomb to meete* without the towne."

RITSON.

⁵ Dem. *No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear
without warning.*] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls have ears.*"
A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be down,
were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning.

FARMER.

The old copies read — *moral*, instead of *mural*. Mr. Theobald
made the correction. MALONE.

⁶ *Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.*] The old
copies read — *a man*, &c. STEEVENS.

I don't think the jest here is either complete, or right. It is
differently pointed in several of the old copies, which, I suspect,
may lead us to the true reading, viz.

"*Here come two noble beasts — in a man and a lion.*"

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

LION. " You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
 " The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
 " May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
 " When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
 " Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
 " A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam: "

immediately upon Theseus saying this, *Enter Lion and Moonshine.* It seems very probable therefore, that our author wrote,
 — in a moon and a lion."

the one having a crescent and a lanthorn before him, and representing the man in the moon; the other in a lion's hide. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald reads—a moon and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the subsequent editors; but, I think, without necessity. The conceit is furnished by the person who represents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beast; and Theseus only means to say, that the man who represented the moon, and came in at the same time, with a lantern in his hand, and a bush of thorns at his back, was as much a beast as he who performed the part of the lion.

MALONE.

Here come two noble beasts in, a moon, and a lion. I cannot help supposing that we should have it, a moon-calf. The old copies read a man: possibly man was the marginal interpretation of moon-calf; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The man in the moon was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, call'd *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his Faëtor doubt of the person who brings the intelligence. " I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it." — " Those, replies one of the heralds, are state ensigns o' the stage." FARMER.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
 A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on *All's well that ends well*, that nor in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members

" For if I should as lion come in strife
" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYS. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THE. True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEM. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

MOON. " This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.

THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

MOON. " This lantern doth the horned moon present;

" Myself the man i'th' moon do seem to be."

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i'the moon?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.⁶

of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So in the play just mentioned.

" — contempt *nor* bitterness

" Were in his pride or sharpness."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read — that I as Snug the joiner, &c. MALONE.

⁶ — in snuff.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

158 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

HIP. I am weary of this moon: Would, he would change!

THE. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYS. Proceed, moon.

MOON. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lantern, for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

LION. "Oh—."

[*The Lion roars. THISBE runs off.*

DEM. Well roar'd, lion.

THE. Well run, Thisbe.

HIP. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

THE. Well mous'd, lion.⁷

[*The Lion tears THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Well mous'd, lion.*] So in an ancient bl. l. ballad on this story, intitled, *The Constancy of true Love*, &c.

"And having mused thus the same,

"Thither he went whence first he came."

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 159

DEM. And so comes Pyramus.

LYS. And then the moon vanishes.⁸

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy funny beams ,

" I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :

" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,"

" I trust to taste of truest Thisby's fight.

" But stay ;—O spite !

" But mark ;—Poor knight,

" What dreadful dole is here ?

" Eyes, do you see ?

" How can it be ?

" O dainty duck ! O dear !

" Thy mantle good,

" What stain'd with blood ?

Theseus means that the lion has well tumbled and bloody'd the veil of Thisbe. STEEVENS.

I believe this should be " Well mouth'd lion," alluding either to his roaring, or to his tearing with his mouth the mantle of Thisbe :

" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain."

M. MASON.

Well mous'd, lion !] To mouse signified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. MALONE.

⁸ Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.] The old copies read —

" Dem. And then came Pyramus."

" Lys. And so the lion vanished."

It were needless to say any thing in defence of Dr. Farmer's emendation. The reader indeed may ask why this glaring corruption was suffered to remain so long in the text. STEEVENS.

⁹ — glittering streams,] The old copies read — beams.

STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

" Approach, ye furies fell! ²

" O fates! come, come;

" Cut thread and thrum; ³

" Quail, crush, conclude, and quell! ⁴"

² *Approach, ye furies fell!*] Somewhat like this our poet might possibly have recollected in "a lytell treatyse cleped *La Conjuance d'amours*. Printed by Richard Pynson." no date:

" O ye moost cruell and rabbythe lions fell,

" Come nowe and teare the corps of Pyramus!

" Ye sauage beestes that in these rockes dwell,

" If blode to you be so delicious,

" Come and gniawe my wretched body dolorous!

" And on the kerchief with face pale and tryft,

" He loked ofte, and it right swetely kist." STEEVENS.

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe,

" O sisters three,

" Come, come to me,

" With hands as pale as milk —"

probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edward, 1582:

" Ye furies, all at once

" On me your torments trie: —

" Gripe me, you greedy greifs,

" And present pangues of death, (

" You sisters three, with cruel handes

" With speed come stop my breath!" MALONE.

³ — *cut thread and thrum;*] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

" — no rough pelt of *thrums*,

" To fight with weather."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 16th Illiad:

" And tapestries all golden fring'd, and curl'd, with *thrums* behind."

So, in Howell's letter to Sir Paul Neale, knt. "Translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing so even as the right side."

The thought is borrowed from Don Quixote. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *and quell!*] To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Lusus Coventriæ*, commonly called the *Corpus Christi Play*. MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii:

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 161

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

HIP. Beslrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYR. "O, wherefore nature, didst thou lions frame?"

" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,
with cheer."

" Come, tears, confound; ⁶

" Out, sword, and wound

" The pap of Pyramus:

" Ay, that left pap,

" Where heart doth hop: ⁷ —

" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

" Now am I dead,

" Now am I fled;

" My soul is in the sky:

" Tongue, lose thy light!

" Moon, take thy flight!

" Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies. Exit Moonshine.

" That he the lawe may here do,

" With stonys her to quell." STEEVENS.

⁵ — cheer.] i. e. countenance. So, in Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale*,
Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8117:

" — passing any wight

" Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede." STEEVENS.

⁶ Come, tears, confound:] Thus in Golding's *Ovid*:

" — one night (he sayd) shall louers two confounde." RITSON.

⁷ Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:] Left our author should seem chargeable
with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the
broad pronunciation, now almost peculiar to the Scotch, was an-
ciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shak-
speare's Plays, "tattered" is always spelt "tottered" *Pap* therefore
was founded, *Pop*. The context reminds us of a passage in the
seventh Satire of Juvenal —

" — lava in parte mamilla

" Nil salit" — STEEVENS.

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M

162. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DEM. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

LYS. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover and prove an afs.⁶

HIP. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

THE. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

HIP. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

DEM. A mote will turn the balance,⁷ which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.⁸

LYS. She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans,⁹ *videlicet*.——

⁶ — and prove an afs,] The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success, as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*. STEEVENS.

⁷ A mote will turn the balance,] The old copies have — *moth*; but Mr. Malone very justly observes that *moth* was merely the ancient mode of spelling *mote*. So, in *King Henry V*: “Wash every *moth* (i. e. *mote*) out of his conscience.” STEEVENS.

⁸ The first quarto makes this speech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

The passage omitted is, — “He for a man, God warn’d us; she for a woman, God blefs us.” STEEVENS.

⁹ And thus she moans,] The old copies concur in reading — *means*, which Mr. Theobald changed into — “*moans*,” and the next speech of Thisbe appears to countenance his alteration.

“Lovers, make *mean*.” STEEVENS.

- THIS. "Asleep, my love?
 "What, dead, my dove?
 "O Pyramus, arise,
 "Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
 "Dead, dead? A tomb
 "Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 "These lily brows,
 "This cherry nose,"

Mr. Theobald alters *means* to *moans*: but *means* had anciently the same signification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Esq.) observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare*; and that petitions to the lords of session in Scotland, run, "To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently signifies *complains*. Bills in Chancery begin in a similar manner. "Humbly *complaining* sheweth unto your lordship," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

"This ender day wen me was wo,

"Under a bəgh ther I lay,

"Naght gale to *mene* me to."

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song:

"I hard ane may fair mwrne and *meyne*." RITSON.

² *These lily brows,*

This cherry nose,) The old copy reads. —

"These lily *lips*," &c. STEEVENS.

All Thisbe's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhyme and metre. But both, by some accident, are in this single instance interrupted. I suspect the poet wrote:

"*These lily brows,*

"*This cherry nose.*"

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lily* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* nose, *green* eyes, or *cowslip* cheeks. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is supported by the following passage in *As you like it*:

"'Tis not your *inky* brows, your black silk hair —."

And by another, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" — not for because

"Your brows are blacker, yet *black* brows they say

"Become some women best." RITSON.

Lily lips are changed to *lily brows* for the sake of the rhyme,

" These yellow cowslip cheeks,

" Are gone, are gone :

" Lovers, make moan !

" His eyes were green as leeks ³

" O sisters three,

" Come, come, to me,

" With hands as pale as milk ;

" Lay them in gore,

" Since you have shore

" With shears his thread of silk.

" Tongue, not a word :—

" Come, trusty sword ;

" Come, blade, my breast imbrue :

" And farewell, friends ;—

" Thus Thisby ends :

" Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[Dies.

THE. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and wall too.

BOT. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the

but this cannot be right : Thisbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as

" Lilly-white of hue."

It should be :

" These lips lilly,

" This nose cherry."

This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage. FARMER.

We meet with somewhat like this passage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595.

" Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne*.—Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne* !" STEEVENS.

³ *His eyes were green as leeks.*] Thus also the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, speaking of Paris, says,

" — an eagle, madam,

" Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an eye."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance,⁴ between two of our company?⁵

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.* The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait⁶ of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ — a Bergomask dance,] Sir Thomas Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*; a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

⁵ — our company?] At the conclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, there seems to be a sneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have resolved to embark for England, and exercise their profession there. One of them adds:

“ — we have a course; —

“ The spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.”

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which consisted in blunders. STEEVENS.

⁶ — heavy gait —] i. e. *slow passage, progress*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ You must send the ass upon the horse, for he is *slow-gaited*.” In another play we have — “ *heavy gaited* toads.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,⁷
 And the wolf behowls the moon;⁸
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.⁹

⁷ *Now the hungry lion roars, &c.*] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that "among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotic idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Psalm: "Thou makest darkness that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move; the lions roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God." MALONE.

Shakspeare might have found the *midnight roar of the Lion* associated with the *howl of the Wolf*, in Phæci's translation of the following lines in the seventh Æneid:

Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque leonum
 Vincula reculantur, & fera sub nocte rudentur;
 — ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum.

I do not, however, perceive the justness of the foregoing anonymous writer's observation. Puck, who could "encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy mistress, might have snuffed "the spiced Indian air;" and consequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. He therefore, was at liberty to

"Talk as familiarly of *roaring lions*,
 "As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs."

Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has sometimes introduced his wild beasts in regions where they are never found. Thus in *Arden*, a forest in French Flanders, we hear of a *lioness*, and a *bear* destroys Antigonus in *Bohemia*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And the wolf behowls the moon;*] In the old copies: "And the wolf *beholds* the moon." As 'tis the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake, do: and as the sounds these animals make at that season, seem also intended to be represented, I make no question but the poet wrote:

"*And the wolf behowls the moon.*"

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Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon*. (*Behowl, as bemoan, beseech, and an hundred others.*) WARBURTON.

So, in *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, where the whole passage seems to be copied from this of our author:

"Now *barks* the *wolf* against the full-cheek'd moon,
 "Now lions half-clam'd entrals *roar* for food,
 "Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *screech* aloud,
 "Flut'ring 'bout casements of departing souls;
 "Now *gape* the graves, and thro' their yawns let loose
 "Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth." THEOBALD.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to say, that the wolf *gazes* at the moon.

JOHNSON.

I think, "Now the wolf *behows* the moon," was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the moon," says he, in his *As You Like It*; and Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an usurer feel only

"—— as the moon is mov'd "

"When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightness."

FARMER.

The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakspeare frequently written *beholds* (as, I suppose, it was then pronounced,) — which probably occasioned the mistake.

It is observable, that in the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As You Like It* — "'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon:" — the expression is found, that Marston has used instead of *behows*. "In courting Phebe, thou *bark'st* with the wolves of Syria against the moon."

These lines also in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. v. st. 30. which Shakspeare might have remembered, add support to the emendation now made:

"And all the while she [*Night*] stood upon the ground,
 "The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay; —
 "The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 "With drery shrieks did also her bewray;
 "And hungry *wolves* continually did *howle*
 "At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle." MALONE.

Now it is the time of night,²
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolick; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.³

⁹ — *fordone.*] i. e. overcome. So Spenser, *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x. ft. 33:

“ And many souls in dolour had *foredone*.”

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*. 1607:

“ — fore-wearied with striving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy.”

Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

“ But by the other day at none,

“ These two dragons were *foredone*.” STEEVENS. *

² *Now it is the time of night, &c.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ 'Tis now the very witching time of night,

“ When churchyards yawn —.” STEEVENS.

³ *I am sent, with broom, before,*

To sweep the dust behind the door.] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of fairies:

These make our girls their stuttry rue,

By pinching them both black and blue,

And put a penny in their shoe

The house for cleanly sweeping. Drayton.

JOHNSON.

To sweep the dust behind the door, is a common expression, and a common practice in large old houses; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or ever shut.

FARMER.

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Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

OBE. Through this house give glimmering
light,⁴

By the dead and drowſy fire :
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITA. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote :
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

S O N G, A N D D A N C E.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,⁵
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.

⁴ *Through this houſe give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had
this picture in his thought:

And glowing embers through the room

Teach light to counterſeit a gloom. Il Penſeroſo.

So Drayton :

Hence ſhadows, ſeeming idle ſhapes

Of little friſking elves and apes,

To earth do make their wanton ſcapes,

As hope of paſſime haſtes them.

I think it ſhould be read :

Through this houſe in glimmering light. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Now, until, &c.*] This ſpeech, which both the old quartos
give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following,
printed as the ſong. I have reſtored it to Oberon, as it apparently
contains not the bleſſing which he intends to beſtow on the bed,
but his declaration that he will bleſs it, and his orders to the fairies
how to perform the neceſſary rites. But where then is the ſong?—
I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value.
The truth is that two ſongs are loſt. The ſeries of the ſcene is this;
after the ſpeech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a
ſong, which ſong is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next

To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be;⁵
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be:
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand;
 Never mole, hare-lip,⁶ nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious,⁷ such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—

Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *To the best bride-bed will we,*

Which by us shall blessed be;] We learn from "Articles ordained by K. Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household," that this ceremony was observed at the Marriage of a Princess. "— All men at her comming in to bee voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her bedd; and the man both; he sittinge in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *blesse the bedd*: then everie man to avoide without any drinke, save the twoe estates, if they liste, priviely." p. 129. STEEVENS.

⁶ — hare-lip,] This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. "If a woman with chylde have her smocke flyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, &c. the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare lippe*." Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. 1. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Nor mark prodigious,*] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous*. So, in *K. Richard III*:

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,

"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait; ⁸
And each several chamber blefs,⁹
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and *Train*.

PUCK. *If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,*

⁸ — take his gait;] i. e. take his way, or direct his steps. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

"And guide his weary gate both to and fro."

Again, in a Scottish Proverb:

"A man may speer the gate to Rome."

Again, in *The Mercers' Play*, among the Chester collection of *Whitsun Mysteries*, p. —:

"Therefore gae not through his cuntrey,

"Nor the gate you came to day." STEEVENS.

By gate, I believe is meant, the door of each chamber.

M. MASON.

⁹ Every fairy take his gait;

And each several chamber blefs, &c.] The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, v. 3479. Tyrwhitt's edit.

"I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.

"Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes

"On four halves of the hous aboute,

"And on the threswold of the dore withoute.

"Jesu Christ, and Seint Benedight,

"Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,

"Fro the nightes mare, the wite Paternoster," &c.

STEEVENS.

Gentles, do not reprehend;
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,²
 If we have unearned luck³
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,⁴
 We will make amends, ere long:
 Else the Puck a liar call.
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands,⁵ if we be friends,
 And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.]

² — an honest Puck,] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, &c. A&H. sc. i. on the words — "*sweet Puck*." STEEVENS.

³ — unearned luck —] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

⁴ Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,] That is, if we be disinclined without hisses. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"But the nymph, after the custom of distressed tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *snaky salutation*," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ Give me your hands,] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

⁶ Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

See pp. 53, 54, 55.

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, &c. &c. &c.] Dr. Warburton, whose ingenuity and acuteness have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have sometimes seen not only what no other person would ever have been able to discover, but what, in reality, unless in his own playful imagination, did not exist. Criticism is a talisman, which has, on more than one occasion, dispelled the illusions of this mighty magician. I shall not dispute, that, by the *fair vestal*, Shakspeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who, I am willing to believe, at the age of sixty eight, was no less *chaste* than *beautiful*;

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but whether any other part of Oberon's speech have an allegorical meaning or not, I presume, in direct opposition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other rather than with Mary Queen of Scots. The "mixture of satire and panegyric" I shall examine anon, I only wish to know, for the present, why it would have been "inconvenient for the author to speak openly" in "dispraise" of the Scottish Queen. If he meant to please "the imperial votress," no incense could have been half so grateful as the blackest calumny. But, it seems, "her successor would not forgive her satirist." Who then was her "successor" when this play was written? Mary's son, James? I am persuaded that, had Dr. Warburton been better read in the history of those times, he would not have found this monarch's succession quite so certain, at that period, as to have prevented Shakspeare, who was by no means the refined speculatist he would induce one to suppose, from gratifying the "fair vestal" with sentiments so agreeable to her. However, if "the poet has so well marked out every distinguishing circumstance of her life and character, in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning," there is an end of all controversy. For, though the satire would be cowardly, false and infamous, yet, since it was couched under an allegory, which, while perspicuous as glass to Elizabeth, would have become opaque as a mill-stone to her successor, Shakspeare, lying as false as his own Ariel in a cowslip's bell, would have had no reason to apprehend any ill consequences from it. Now, though our speculative bard might not be able to foresee the sagacity of the Scottish king in smelling out a plot, as I believe it was some years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, surely, the skill requisite to detect a witch must be sufficient to develope an allegory; so that I must needs question the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary "is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea." In that respect at least Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herself. "And 2. her beauty and intemperate lust; for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *Vestal*, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*." All this is as false as it is foolish: The mermaid was never the emblem of lust; nor was the "gentle Shakspeare" of a character or disposition to have insulted the memory of a murdered princess by so infamous a charge. The most abandoned libeler, even Buchanan himself, never accused her of "intemperate lust;" and it is pretty well understood at present that, if either of these ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. "3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to; the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who

overcoming them took away their wings." Can any thing be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half *fishes*: where then are their wings? or what possible use could they make of them if they had any? The *Sirens* which Julian speaks of were partly women and partly *birds*: so that "the pollution," as good-man Dull hath it, by no means "holds in the exchange." "The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause and the same issue." That is, they contended for precedency, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the others *wings*. The secret of their contest for precedency should seem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: It would be in vain to enquire after it in the history of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to destruction, by her songs or fair speeches,) and wearing, it should seem, like a cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined she should fly no more, in her eagerness to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The situation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, "evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would seem to have but a strangely awkward seat on the back of a dolphin; but that, to be sure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentators: the latter, however, is certainly answerable for placing a Queen on the back of her husband: a very extraordinary situation one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a single instance, in the common print of "a poor man loaded with mischief." Mermaids are supposed to sing, but their *dulcet and harmonious breath* must in this instance to suit the allegory, allude to "those great abilities of genius and learning," which rendered Queen Mary "the most accomplished princess of her age." This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the "fair Vestal." "By the rude sea is meant Scotland *incircled with the ocean*, which rose up in arms against the regent, while she [Mary] was in France. But her return home quieted these disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace." Dr. Warburton whose skill in geography, seems to match his knowledge of history and acuteness in allegory, must be allowed the sole merit of discovering Scotland to be an *island*. But, as to the disorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from history to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the revival or continuance of these disorders, she, or her idiot husband, or fanatical subjects were most to blame, is a point upon which doctors still differ; but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting song of the commentators mermaid civilized the rude sea for a time, it was only to render it, in an instant, more boisterous than ever: those great

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abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age, not availing her among a parcel of ferocious and enthusiastic barbarians, whom even the lyre of Orpheus had in vain warbled to humanize. Brantome, who accompanied her, says she was welcome home by a mob of five or six hundred ragamuffins, who, in discord with the most execrable instruments, sung *psalms* (which she was supposed to dislike) under her chamber window: "*He!*" adds he, *quelle musique & quel repos pour sa nuit!*" However, it seems "there is great justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion, is that the mermaid always sings in storms." "This vulgar opinion," I am persuaded, is peculiar to the ingenious commentator; as, if the mermaid is ever supposed to sing, it is in *calms*, which presage storms. I can perceive no propriety in calling the insurrection of the Northern earls the quarrel of Queen Mary, unless in so far as it was that of the religion she professed. But this perhaps is the least objectionable part of a chimerical allegory of which the poet himself had no idea, and which the commentator, to whose creative fancy it owes its existence, seems to have very justly characterized, in telling us it is "out of nature;" that is, as I conceive, perfectly groundless and unnatural. RITSON.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.*

VOL. VII.

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See

* LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.] I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

I suspect that there is an error in the title of this play, which, I believe, should be — "*Love's Labours lost*." M. MASON.

Love's Labour's lost I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

PERSONS represented. *

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron, *

Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*

Dumain, }

Boyet, }

Mercade, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*

Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.

Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.

Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.

Dull, a Constable.

Costard, a Clown.

Moth, Page to Armado.

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline, }

Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

Katharine, }

Jaquenetta, a country Wench.

*Officers, and others, attendants on the King and
Princesses.*

S C E N E, Navarre.

* This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe.

JOHNSON.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath,² and keep it too.

² —your deep oath,] The old copies have—oaths. Corrected
by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

LONG. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

DUM. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.³

BIRON. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.⁴

³ *With all these living in philosophy.*] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred; I suppose he means, that he finds *love, pomp, and wealth* in *philosophy*. JOHNSON.

By *all these*, Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be supposed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philosophical retirement. A. C.

⁴ *Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.*] The words as they stand, will express the meaning intended, if pointed thus:

Not to see ladies — study — fast — not sleep.

Biron is recapitulating the several tasks imposed upon him *viz.* not to see ladies, to study, to fast, and not to sleep: but Shakspeare, by a common poetical license, though in this passage injudiciously

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 183

KING. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

BIRON. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

LONG. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

BIRON. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

KING. Why, that to know, which else we should
not know.

BIRON. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from
common sense?

KING. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

BIRON. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;⁵

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,⁶

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

KING. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

exercised, omits the article *to*, before the three last verbs, and from
hence the obscurity arises. M. MASON.

⁵ *When I to feast expressly am forbid;*] The copies all have:

When I to fast expressly am forbid;

But if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when
he was *forbid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was
forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the con-
text require us to read — *feast*, or to make a change in the last word
of the verse: — “*When I to fast expressly am fore-bid;*”

i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

⁶ *If study's gain be thus, and this be so,*] Read:

“*If study's gain be this* — RITSON.

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BIRON. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
vain,
Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind ⁶ the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by. ⁷
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with faucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name. ⁸

⁶ — while truth the while

Doth falsely blind —] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

⁷ Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that was it blinded by.] This is another passage unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is, that when he dazzles, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode-star, (See Midsummer-Night's Dream) and give him light that was blinded by it.

JOHNSON.

The old copies read—it was. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁸ Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.] The consequence, says

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KING. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

LONG. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

BIRON. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

DUM. How follows that?

BIRON. Fit in his place and time

DUM. In reason nothing.

BIRON. Something then in rhyme.

LONG. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,²

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BIRON. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing, that in season grows.³

Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewise. JOHNSON.

⁹ Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!] To proceed is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as he proceeded bachelor in physick. The sense is, he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others. JOHNSON.

I don't suspect that Shakspeare had any academical term in contemplation, when he wrote this line. He has proceeded well, means only, he has gone on well. M. MASON.

² — sneaping frost,] So sneaping winds in *The Winter's Tale*: To sneap is to check, to rebuke. Thus also, Falstaff, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I will not undergo this sneap, without reply." STEEVENS.

³ Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing, that in season grows.] As the greatest part

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So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house ⁴ to unlock the little gate.

of this scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in rhimes, either *successive*, *alternate*, or *triple*, I am persuaded, that the copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three last lines quoted, *birth* in the close of the first line is quite destitute of any rhyme to it. Besides, what a displeasing identity of sound recurs in the middle and close of this verse?

Than with a snow in May's new-fangled shows:

Again; *new fangled shows* seems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profusion and variety of the flowers, that spring on its bosom in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute *earth*, in the close of the third line, which restores the *alternate* measure. It was very easy for a negligent transcriber to be deceived by the rhyme immediately preceding; so mistake the concluding word in the sequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

I rather suspect a line to have been lost after "an abortive birth." For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. POPE. MALONE.

By these *shows* the poet means *Maygames*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*. T. WARTON.

I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:

"And fresher than May with *floures new*." —

So also, in our poet's *K. Richard II*:

"She came *adorned* hither, like sweet May."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diversity of flowers which the spring produces.

Again, in *The Destruction of Troy*, 1619: "At the entry of the month of May, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverse flowers," &c. MALONE.

I concur with Mr. Warton: for with what propriety can the flowers which every year produces with the same identical shape and colours, be called — *new-fangled*? The sports of May might be annually diversified, but its natural productions would be invariably the same. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Climb o'er the house, &c.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, and much preferable to that of the folio —

"That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

MALONE.

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KING. Well, fit you out: ¹ go home, Biron; adieu!

BIRON. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

BIRON. [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.*—

And hath this been proclaim'd?

LONG. Four days ago.

BIRON. Let's see the penalty.

[*Reads.*]—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—

Who devis'd this? ⁶

LONG. Marry, that did I.

BIRON. Sweet lord, and why?

LONG. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BIRON. A dangerous law against gentility! ⁷

¹ — fit you out:] This may mean, *hold you out, continue refractory*. But I suspect, we should read — *set you out*. MALONE.

To *fit out*, is a term from the card-table. Thus Bishop Sanderson: "They are glad, rather than *fit out*, to play very small game."

The person who cuts out at a rubber of whist, is still said to *fit out*; i. e. to be no longer engaged in the party. STEEVENS.

⁶ Who devis'd this?] The old copies read — *this penalty*. I have omitted this needless repetition of the word *penalty*, because it destroys the measure. STEEVENS.

⁷ A dangerous law against gentility!] I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reasons, that it, by some accident or other, slipped out of the printed books. In the first place, Longaville confesses, he had devised the penalty:

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[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

KING. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

BIRON. So study evermore is overshoot ;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

KING. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;

She must lie here ⁷ on mere necessity.

and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining articles. — As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French express by, *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia*, *urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this: Such a law for banishing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness*, *urbanity*, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and savage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

⁷ — *lie here* —] Means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid*, Act II. sc. ii :

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BIRON. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years'
space :

For every man with his affects is born ;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace :⁸
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name : [*Subscribes.*

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions⁹ are to others, as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation² granted?

KING. Ay, that there is : our court, you know,
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

" Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,

" That lay here leiger, in the last great frost?"

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Definition: " An ambassador is
an honest man sent to *lie* (i. e. reside) abroad for the good of his
country." REED.

⁸ *Not by might master'd, but by special grace:*] Biron, amidst his
extravagances, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows.
They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life,
and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They pro-
ceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate
of human power. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Suggestions* —] Temptations. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" And these led on by your *suggestion*." STEEVENS.

² — *quick recreation* —] Lively sport, spritely diversion.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — the *quick comedians*

" Extemporally will stage us." STEEVENS.

One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny: ³

³ *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:] As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakspeare's, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to persuade the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonson his contemporary, are confessedly the two greatest writers in the drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice of one material difference between Shakspeare's worst plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonson most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in Jonson's bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the *For* and *Alchemist*; but in the wildest and most extravagant notes of Shakspeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself; while Shakspeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in *Lingua*, or *The Combat of the Tongue and the five Senses for Superiority*, 1607:—"after all fashions and of all colours, with rings,

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This child of fancy, ⁴ that Armado hight, ⁵

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate. ⁶

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy. ⁷

jewels, a fan, and in every other place, old complements." And again, by the title-page to Richard Braithwaite's *English Gentlewoman*, "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what complements doe best accomplish her."

Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606 :

"— adorned with the exactest complements belonging to everlasting nobleness." STEEVENS.

Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio calls Tybalt, "the Captain of complements." M. MASON.

⁴ This child of fancy,] This fantastick. The expression, in another sense, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro* :

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, *Fancy's child* —." MALONE.

⁵ That Armado hight,] Who is called Armado. MALONE.

⁶ From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because those romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

WARBURTON.

I have suffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has shewn that it is wholly unfounded, because Dr. Warburton refers to it in his dissertation at the end of this play. MALONE.

— in the world's debate.] The world seems to be used in a monastick sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastick life. In the world, in seculo, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestred, in the world, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

Warburton's interpretation is clearly preferable to that of Johnson. The King had not yet so weaned himself from the world, as to adopt the language of a cloister. M. MASON.

⁷ And I will use him for my minstrelsy.] i. e. I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.

DOUCE.

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BIRON. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, ⁹ fashion's own knight.

LONG. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our
sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

DULL. Which is the duke's own person? ²

BIRON. This, fellow; What would'st?

DULL. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace's tharborough: ³ but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.

BIRON. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you
more.

COST. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching
me.

⁹ — fire-new words;] “i. e. (says an intelligent writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786) words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new*, new off the irons, and the Scottish expression *bren-new*, have all the same origin.” The same compound epithet occurs in *K. Richard III*:

“Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.”

STEEVENS.

² Which is the duke's own person?] The king of Navarre in several passages, through all the copies, is called the *duke*: but as this must have sprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors than a forgetfulness in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confusion, restored *king* to the text. THEOBALD.

The princess in the next act calls the king—“this virtuous *duke*”; a word which, in our author's time, seems to have been used with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the case, such a fellow as Costard may well be supposed ignorant of his true title. MALONE.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

³ — tharborough:] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 193

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BIRON. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONG. A high hope for a low having: ⁴ God grant us patience!

BIRON. To hear? or forbear hearing? ⁵

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

BIRON. Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb ⁶ in the merriness.

COST. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. ⁷

⁴ *A high hope for a low having:*] In old editions:

"*A high hope for a low heaven;*"

A *low heaven*, sure is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: "Though you hope for high words, and should have them, it will be but a low acquisition at best." This our poet calls a *low having*: and it is a substantive which he uses in several other passages. THEOBALD.

It is employed in *Macbeth*, Act I:

"— great predidion

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the gradations of happiness promised by Mohammed to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third heaven*!"

STEEVENS.

⁵ *To hear? or forbear hearing?*] One of the modern editors plausibly enough, reads.

"To hear? or forbear *laughing*?" MALONE.

⁶ — *as the stile shall give us cause to climb* —] A quibble between the *stile* that must be climbed to pass from one field to another, and *style*, the term expressive of manner of writing in regard to language. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *taken with the manner.*] i. e. in the fact. So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "— and, being taken *with the manner*, had nothing to say for himself." STEEVENS.

A forenlick term. A thief is said to be taken with the manner,

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O

BIRON. In what manner?

COST. In manner and form following, fir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, fir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

BIRON. For the following, fir?

COST. As it shall follow in my correction? And God defend the right!

KING. Will you hear this letter with attention?

BIRON. As we would hear an oracle.

COST. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

KING. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

COST. Not a word of Costard yet.

KING. *So it is,—*

COST. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.⁷

KING. Peace.

COST.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

KING. No words.

COST.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING. *So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd melan-*

i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, *manu tradare*. MALONE.

⁷ — *but so, so.*] The second *so* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

choly, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden:⁷ There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,⁸

COST. Me.

KING.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

COST. Me.

KING.—that shallow vassal,

⁷ ——— curious-knotted garden:] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. Thus in *King Richard II*:

“ Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd.

“ Her knots disorder'd,” &c.

In Thomas Hill's *Profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. 4to. bl. 1. 1579, is the delineation of “ a proper knot for a garden, whereas is spare rounge enough, the which may be set with Time, or Isop, at the discretion of the Gardener.” In Henry Dethicke's *Gardener's Labyrinth*, bl. 1. 4to. 1586, are other examples of “ proper knots deuised for gardens.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— base minnow of thy mirth,] The base minnow of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

“ ——— hear you not

“ This Triton of the minnows!”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: “ Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little minnow his brother,” &c. STEEVENS.

COST. Still me.

KING.—*which, as I remember, hight Costard,*

COST. O me!

KING.—*sorted and consorted, contrary to they established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—*
*with*⁹—*O with—but with this I passion to say where-*
with.

COST. With a wench.

KING.—*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

DULL. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

KING. *For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury;*² *and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

BIRON. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

KING. Ay, the best for the worst. But, firrah, what say you to this?

COST. Sir, I confess the wench.

KING. Did you hear the proclamation?

⁹ — with—*with*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

² — vessel of thy law's fury;] This seems to be a phrase adopted from scripture. See Epist. to the Romans, ix. 22. "—the vessel of wrath." Mr. M. Mason would read—*vassal* instead of *vessel*.

STEEVENS.

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COST. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.³

KING. It was proclaim'd a years imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

COST. I was taken with none, fir; I was taken with a damosel.

KING. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

COST. This was no damosel neither; fir, she was a virgin.

KING. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

COST. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

KING. This maid will not serve your turn, fir.

COST. This maid will serve my turn, fir.

KING. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

COST. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.— My lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt.*]

BIRON. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.— Sirrah, come on.

COST. I suffer for the truth, fir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of prof-

³ I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.] So, Falstaff, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV*:

"—it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal." STEEVENS.

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perity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another part of the same. Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

ARM. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great sign, fir, that he will look sad.

ARM. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp. ⁴

MOTH. No, no; O lord, fir, no.

ARM. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal? ⁵

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

ARM. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

MOTH. Why tenderjuvenal? why tenderjuvenal?

⁴ — dear imp.] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp his son*. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence: perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes King Henry V. by the same title. STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff, slip, scion, or sucker*: and by metonymy comes to be used for a boy or child. The *imp*, *his son*, is no more than his *infant son*. It is now set apart to signify *young fiends; as the devil and his imps*.

Dr. Johnson was mistaken in supposing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The History of Celestina the Faire*, 1596: "— the gentleman had three sonnes, very ungracious *impes*, and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

⁵ — my tender juvenal?] *Juvenal* is *youth*. So, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell*."

STEEVENS.

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ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,⁶ which we may name tough.

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM. In thy condign praise.

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What? that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH. I am answer'd, sir.

ARM. I love not to be cross'd.

MOTH. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.⁷ [*Aside.*

⁶ — *tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,*] Here and in two speeches above the old copies have *signior*, which appears to have been the old spelling of *senior*. So, in the last scene of *The Comedy of Errors*; edit 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *signior*; till then, lead thou first." In that play the spelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old spelling in the passage before us. MALONE.

Old and tough, young and tender, is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *crosses love not him.*] By *crosses* he means money. So, in *As You Like It*, the Clown says to Celia, "—if I should bear you, I should bear no cross." JOHNSON.

ARM. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, fir.

ARM. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told?

ARM. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. ⁷

MOTH. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, fir.

ARM. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

ARM. True.

MOTH. Why, fir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you. ⁸

⁷ *I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.*] Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "A tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Moth. And how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.*] Bankes's horse, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*History of the World, first Part*, p. 178.) says, "If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatise on Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) observes: "That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." DR. GREY.

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ARM. A most fine figure!

MOTH. To prove you a cypher.

[*Aside.*]

Banks's horse is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare; among the rest, by Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "Hee keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Banks did with his horse."

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, Lib. IV. sat. ii:

"More than who vies his pence to view some trickes

"Of strange Morocco's dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 134th Epigram:

"Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,

"Grave tutor to the learned horse," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad:

"—— Both which

"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,

"Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationer's-Hall is the following; Nov. 14. 1595. "A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagg called Morocco."

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609: "— From hence you may descend to talk about the horse that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his keeper; take the day of the month, and the number of the steppes, and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one."

Again, in *Chrestoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Bastard] 1598, Lib. III. ep. 17:

"Of Banks's Horse.

"Banks hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,

"For he can fight, and pisse, and dance, and lie,

"And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:

"But Banks who taught your horse to smell a knave?"

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was published a pamphlet intituled, *Maroccus Extaticus*, or Banks's bay Horse in a Trance. A discourse set downe in a merry dialogue between Banks and his beast: anatomizing some abuses and bad trickes of this age, 4to; prefixed to which, was a print of the horse standing on his hind legs with a stick in his mouth, his master with a stick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonson hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse,

ARM. I will hereupon confesse, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire pri-

which I find happened at Rome, where to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See *Don Zara del Fogo*, 12mo. 1660. p. 114.

REED.

The following representation of Banks and his Horse, is a facsimile from a rude wooden frontispiece to the pamphlet mentioned by Mr. Reed.



STEEVENS.

soner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARM. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority. dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

ARM. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH. A woman, master.

ARM. Of what complexion?

MOTH. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

ARM. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

MOTH. Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

ARM. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: 9

9 *Green indeed is the colour of lovers:*] I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare green eye," which in his time seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet *green-ey'd*. MALONE.

Perhaps Armado neither alludes to *green eyes*, nor to *jealousy*; but to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers:

"Sing, all a *green willow* shall be my garland," is the burden of an ancient ditty preserved in *The Gallery of Gorgious Inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578. STEEVENS.

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but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

MOTH. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit,

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH. Most maculate thoughts,² master, are mask'd under such colours.

ARM. Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

MOTH. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will n'er be known;

For blushing³ cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.⁴

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?⁵

² *Most maculate thoughts,*] So the first quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid such notes for the future, it may be proper to apprise the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correspond with the folio, without any reason being assigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the first quarto. MALONE.

³ *For blushing—*] The original copy has—*blush* in. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ *Which native she doth owe.*] i. e. of which she is *naturally possessed*. — To *owe* is to *possess*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — the disposition that I owe.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

MOTH. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

ARM. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression ' by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; ' she deserves well.

MOTH. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

ARM. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM. I say, sing.

MOTH. Forbear till this company be past.

' — my digression —] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way, *transgression*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

"*Digressing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" — my *digression* is so vile, so base,

"That it will live engraven on my face." MALONE.

6 — the rational hind Costard;] Perhaps, we should read—the irrational hind, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reasoning brute*, the animal with some share of reason. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in its *bestial* sense, Armado makes Costard a female. FARMER.

Shakspeare uses it in its *bestial* sense in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. iii. and as of the masculine gender:

"He were no lion, were not Romans *hinds*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. sc. iii: "— you are a shallow cowardly *hind*, and you lie." STEEVENS.

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Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

DULL. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a'must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.⁵ Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That's hereby.⁶

ARM. I know where it is situate.

JAQ. Lord how wise you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face?⁷

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you say.

ARM. And so farewell.

JAQ. Fair weather after you!

DULL. Come,⁸ Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.]

⁵ — *for the day-woman.*] “i. e. for the *dairy-maid*. *Dairy*, says Johnson in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at present termed a *day* or *dey*.” *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *That's hereby.*] Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the vulgar in some counties) to signify — *as it may happen*. He takes it in the sense of *just by*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *With that face?*] This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time; and is used by people who have no more meaning annex'd to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding — “that it was taken verbatim, from very polite conversation.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Come, &c.*] To this line in the first quarto, and the first folio,

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ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

COST. Well, fir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COST. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM. Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

COST. Let me not be pent up, fir; I will fast, being loose.

MOTH. No, fir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

COST. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

MOTH. What shall some see?

COST. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;⁹ and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

Cle. by an error of the press is prefixed, instead of *Con. i. e. Constable* or *Dull*. Mr. Theobald made the necessary correction.

MALONE.

⁹ *It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;*] I suppose we should read, it is not for prisoners to be silent in their *wards*, that is, in *custody*, in the *holds*. JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, (the most authentic copy of this play) reads — “It is *not* for prisoners to be *too* silent in their words;” and so without doubt the text should be printed. MALONE.

I don't think it necessary to endeavour to find out any meaning in this passage, as it seems to have been intended that Costard should speak nonsense. M. MASON.

ARM. I do affect⁹ the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft² is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; ³ the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! ⁴ be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. ⁵ Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.]

⁹ — affect —] i. e. love. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxiv:

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might affect,

"Than her," &c. STEEVENS.

² — butt-shaft —] i. e. an arrow to shoot at butts with. The butt was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed. Thus *Othello* says —

" — here is my butt,

"And very sea-mark of my utmost sail." STEEVENS.

³ The first and second cause will not serve my turn;] See the last act of *As You Like It*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

⁴ — rust, rapier!] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Rust, sword! cool blushes, and Parolles, live!"

STEEVENS.

⁵ — sonneteer.] The old copies read only — sonnet. STEEVENS.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

BOY. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :

Consider who the king your father sends ;
To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRIN. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;⁶

⁵ — your dearest spirits :] *Dear*, in our author's language, has many shades of meaning. In the present instance and the next, it appears to signify — *best, most powerful*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;*] Rowe has borrowed and dignified this sentiment in his *Royal Convert*. The Saxon Princess is the speaker :

“ Whate'er I am

“ Is of myself, by native worth existing;

“ Secure, and independent of thy praise :

“ Nor let it seem too proud a boast, if minds

“ By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,

“ And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.”

STEEVENS.

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Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :⁵
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court :
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness,⁶ we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
 On serious business, craving quick despatch,
 Impörtunes personal conference with his grace.
 Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
 Like humble-vifag'd suitors, his high will.

BOY. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[Exit.]

PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is
 so.—

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

⁵ *Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongue :*] So, in our au-
 thor's 102d Sonnet:

“ That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
 “ The owner's tongue doth publish every where.”

MALONE.

Chapman here seems to signify the seller, not, as now commonly,
 the buyer. Cheap or cheaping was anciently the market; chapman
 therefore is marketman. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty
 depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye
 of the buyer. JOHNSON.

⁶ Bold of your worthiness,] i. e. confident of it. STEEVENS.

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1. LORD. Longaville⁷ is one.

PRIN. Know you the man?

MAR. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;⁸
Well fitted in the arts,⁹ glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,

⁷ Longaville —] For the sake of manners as well as metre, we ought to read — Lord Longaville —. STEEVENS.

⁸ A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

"A man of sovereign peerlesse, he's esteem'd."

I believe, the author wrote —

"A man of, — sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd."

A man of extraordinary accomplishments, the speaker perhaps would have said, but suddenly checks himself; and adds — "sovereign, peerless he's esteem'd." So, before: "Matchless Navarre." Again, in *The Tempest*:

"— but you, O you,

"So perfect, and so peerless are created."

In the old copies no attention seems to have been given to abrupt sentences. They are, almost uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in *Much ado about nothing*, we find both in the folio and quarto, "— but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal." See Vol. IV. p. 400. See also p. 209, *ibid.* "Sir, mock me not: — your story." MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote —

"A man, a sovereign pearl, he is esteem'd."

i. e. not only a pearl, but such a one as is pre-eminently valuable. In *Troilus and Cressida* Helen is called — "a pearl;" and in *Macbeth* the nobles of Scotland are styled — "the kingdom's pearl." — The phrase — "a sovereign pearl" may also be countenanced by — "captain jewels in a carcanet," an expression which occurs in one of our author's Sonnets. STEEVENS.

⁹ Well fitted in the arts,] Well fitted is well qualified.

JOHNSON.

The, which is not in the old copies, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

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(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with ⁸ too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

PRIN. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

MAR. They say so most, that most his humours
know.

PRIN. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
grow.

Who are the rest?

KATH. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little ⁹ of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

ROSA. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

⁸ — match'd with —] Is combined or joined with. JOHNSON.

⁹ And much too little, &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I
saw, is much too little compared to his great worthiness. HEATH.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 213

PRIN. God blefs my ladies ! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With fuch bedecking ornaments of praife?

MAR. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

PRIN. Now, what admittance, lord?

BOYET. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,²
Were all address'd³ to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

KING. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRIN. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet; the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

KING. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

² — competitors in oath,] i. e. confederates. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate

"Our great competitor." STEEVENS.

³ Were all address'd —] To address is to prepare. So, in *Hamlet*:

"— it lifted up its head, and did address

"itself to motion." STEEVENS.

PRIN. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

KING. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

PRIN. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

KING. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRIN. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRIN. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where³ now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:⁴

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRIN. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

BIRON. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?⁵

ROS. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

³ *Where* —] *Where* is here used for *whereas*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. sc. i:

"Where now you're both a father and a son."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

⁴ And *sin to break it*:] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

"Not *sin to break it*:"

I believe erroneously. The princess shows an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

⁵ Ros. *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*] Thus the folio. In the first quarto, this dialogue passes between *Catharine* and *Biron*. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 215

BIRON. I know, you did.

ROS. How needfuls was it then
To ask the question!

BIRON. You must not be so quick.

ROS. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such
questions.

BIRON. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
'twill tire.

ROS. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIRON. What time o'day?

ROS. The hour that fools should ask.

BIRON. Now fair befall your mask!

ROS. Fair fall the face it covers!

BIRON. And send you many lovers!

ROS. Amen, so you be none.

BIRON. Nay, then will I be gone.

KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty,
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment⁵ of a hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in Aquitain;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,⁶
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Than Aquitain so gelded⁷ as it is.
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
 And go well satisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much
 wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,

⁵ — and not demands,

On payment, &c.] The former editions read:

" — and not demands

" One payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

" To have his title live in Aquitain."

I have restored, I believe, the genuine sense of the passage. Aquitain was pledged, it seems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of) but demands this moiety back again: instead whereof (says Navarre) he should rather pay the remaining moiety, and demand to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and easy reasoning upon the fact suppos'd; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the residue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for security of it.

THEOBALD.

The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act III. sc. iii. MALONE.

⁶ — depart withal,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So, in *K. John*:

" Hath willingly departed with a part."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money."

STEEVENS.

⁷ — gelded —] To this phrase Shakspeare is peculiarly attached. It occurs in *The Winter's Tale*, *King Richard II.* *King Henry IV.* *King Henry VI.* &c. &c. but never less properly than in the present formal speech, addressed by a king to a maiden princess.

STEEVENS.

In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

PRIN. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me so.

BOYET. So please your grace, the packet is not
come,
Where that and other specialities are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
grace!

KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

BIRON. Lady, I will commend you to my own
heart.

ROS. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would
be glad to see it.

BIRON. I would, you heard it groan.

218 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ROS. Is the fool sick? ⁸

BIRON. Sick at the heart.

ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?

ROS. My physick says, I. ⁹

BIRON. Will you prick't with your eye?

ROS. No *poynt*, ² with my knife.

BIRON. Now, God save thy life!

ROS. And yours from long living!

BIRON. I cannot stay 'thanksgiving. [Retiring.

DUM. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that
fame? ³

BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

⁸ *Is the fool sick?*] She means perhaps his heart. So, in *Much adō about Nothing*:

"D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."

"Beat. Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care." MALONE.

⁹ *My physick says, I.*] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme. MALONE.

² *No poynt,*] So, in *The Shoemaker's Holliday*, 1600:

"— tell me where he is.

"No point. Shall I betray my brother?" STEEVENS.

No point was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the same words, A& V. sc. ii. MALONE.

³ *What lady is that fame?*] It is odd that Shakspeare should make Dumain enquire after Rosaline, who was the mistress of Biron, and neglect Katharine, who was his own. Biron behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to Biron by Maria, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps all the ladies wore masks but the princess. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 215, where Biron says to Rosaline

"Now fair befall your mask!" MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 219

DUM. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.

LONG. I beseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

BOYET. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

LONG. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

BOYET. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

LONG. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET. Her mother's, I have heard.

LONG. God's blessing on your beard! ⁴

BOYET. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

LONG. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit. LONG.

BIRON. What's her name, in the cap?

BOYET. Katharine, by good hap.

BIRON. Is she wedded, or no?

BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.

BIRON. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON. Ladies unmask.

MAR. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;

⁴ *God's blessing on your beard!*] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether so much meaning was intended to be conveyed by these words. MALONE.

Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET. And every jest but a word.

PRIN. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

BOYET. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

MAR. Two hot sheeps, marry!

BOYET. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.⁵

MAR. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

BOYET. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

MAR. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be.⁶

⁵ — unless we feed on your lips,] Our author has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale;

"Graze on my lips." MALONE.

⁶ My lips are no common, though several they be.] Several is an inclosed field of a private proprietor; so Maria says, her lips are private property. Of a lord that was newly married, one observed that he grew fat; "Yes," said sir Walter Raleigh, "any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the common and graze him in the several." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

"— my sheep have quite disgreft

"Their bounds, and leap'd into the several."

Again, in *Green's Disputation*, &c. 1592: "rather would have mewed me up as a hennue, to have kept that severall to himself by force," &c. Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"Of late he broke into a severall

"That does belong to me."

Again, in *Fenton's Tragical Discourses*, 4to, bl. l. 1597. — "he entered commons in the place which the olde John thought to be reserved severall to himself," p. 64. b. Again, in *Holinshed's Hist. of England*, B. VI. p. 150, — "not to take and pale in the commons, to enlarge their severalles." STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 221

BOYET. Belonging to whom?

MAR. To my fortunes and me.

PRIN. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

My lips are no common, though several they be.] In Dr. Johnson's note upon this passage, it is said that SEVERAL is an inclosed field of a private proprietor.

Dr. Johnson has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell*. This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell*, is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*. DR. JAMES.

Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52. spell this word like Shakspeare. Leigh also mentions the town bull, and says, "all *severells* to him are common." TOLLET.

*My lips are no common, though several they be.] A play on the word several, which, besides its ordinary signification of separate, distinct, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the common field. In Minshew's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "TO SEVER from others. Hinc nos pascua & campos seorsim ab aliis separatos Severels dicimus." In the margin he spells the word as Shakspeare does — *severels*. — Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be under-*

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

BOYET. If my observation, (which very seldom
lies,)

By the heart's still rethorick, disclosed with eyes,⁷
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

PRIN. With what?

BOYET. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

PRIN. Your reason?

BOYET. Why, all his behaviours did make their
retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,⁸
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking⁹ on fairest of fair:
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

flood in its rustick sense, the adversative particle stands but awkwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace. MALONE.

⁷ *By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosalind*, 1594:

"Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes;

"Dumb eloquence —." MALONE.

⁸ *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak.* JOHNSON.

Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take the sense of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception.* — *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

⁹ *To feel only looking —*] Perhaps we may better read:

"To feed only by looking —." JOHNSON.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 223

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they
were glafs'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,*

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRIN. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

BOYET. But to speak that in words, which his
eye hath disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

ROS. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
skilfully.

MAR. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns
news of him.

ROS. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her
father is but grim.

BOYET. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

MAR. No.

BOYET. What then, do you see?

ROS. Ay, our way to be gone.

BOYET. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

* *His face's own margent did quote, &c.*] In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

" Find written in the margin of his eyes."

Again, in *Hamlet*: " I knew you must be edified by the margin."

MALONE.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Another part of the same.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

ARM. Warble, child; make passionate my sense
of hearing.

MOTH. *Concolinel*——³ [*Singing.*

ARM. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take
this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him
festinately hither; ⁴ I must employ him in a letter
to my love.

³ *Concolinel*—) Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally — *Here they sing* — or, *Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to choose his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in *K. Edward IV.* P. II. 1619: — “Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance.”

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

“Here they two talk, and rail *what they list*.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it.”

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605:

“*Cantat Gallice*.” But no song is set down.

Again, in the 5th *Act*:

“*Cantat saltatque cum Cithara*”

Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inserted; but instead of them, *cantant*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — festinately hither;] i. e. hastily. Shakspeare uses the adjective *festinate*, in *King Lear*: “Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most *festinate* preparation.” STEEVENS.

MOTH. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?⁵

ARM. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

MOTH. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,⁶ humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting;⁷ and keep not too long in

⁵ — ² *French brawl?*] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Mason observes) seems to be what we now call a *cotillon*.

In *The Malcontent* of Marston, I meet with the following account of it: "The *brawl*! why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in Ben Jonson's masque of *Time Vindicated*:

"The Graces did them footing teach;

"And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,

"They danc'd your mother down." STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's *Picture*, Act II. sc. ii:

"'Tis a *French brawl*, an apish imitation

"Of what you really perform in battle." TOLLET.

⁶ — canary to it with your feet,] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

⁷ — like a man after the old painting,] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,⁸ these are humours; these betray⁹ nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.²

ARM. How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.³

ARM. But O, — but O, —

MOTH. —the hobby-horse is forgot.⁴

⁸ — *These are complements,*] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to *complishments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *these betray, &c.*] The former editors:—*these betray nice wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note.* But who will ever believe,—that the old attitudes and affectations of lovers, by which they betray young wenches, should have power to make these young wenches, *men of note*? His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young girls, but make the men taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

² — *and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that are most affected to these.*] i. e. and make those men who are most affected to such accomplishments, men of note. — Mr. Theobald, without any necessity, reads — and make the men of note, &c. which was, I think, too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions. One of the modern editors, instead of — “do you note, men?” with great probability reads — do you note me? MALONE.

³ *By my penny of observation.*] Thus Sir T. Hanmer, and his reading is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*. The old copy reads — *pen*. FARMER.

The story Dr. Farmer refers to, was certainly printed before Shakspeare's time. See Langham's *Letter*, &c. RITSON.

⁴ Arm. *But O, — but O, —*

Moth. — *the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and precursors multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games.

ARM. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

MOTH. No master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,¹ and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

ARM. Almost I had.

MOTH. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart, and in heart, boy.

MOTH. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

MOTH. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three.

MOTH. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathised; a horse to be embassador for an ass!

Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out *But oh! but oh!*—humorously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See note on A & III. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *but a colt,*] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.

JOHNSON.

ARM. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

MOTH. Marry, fir, you must send the afs upon the horse, for he is very flow-gaited: But I go.

ARM. The way is but short; away.

MOTH. As swift as lead, fir.

ARM. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and flow?

MOTH. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARM. I say, lead is flow.

MOTH. You are too swift, fir to say so:⁶
Is that lead flow which is fir'd from a gun?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetorick!
Herepates me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—

⁶ *You are too swift, fir, to say so:*] How is he too swift for saying that lead is flow? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense:

*You are too swift, fir, to say so so soon:
Is that lead flow, fir, which is fir'd from a gun?*

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so*; or, as Mr. M. Mason explains the passage, “You are too hasty in saying that: you have not sufficiently considered it.”

Swift, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604:

“I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse both *swiftly* and wittily, already.” STEEVENS.

Swift is here used, as in other places, synonymously with *witty*. I suppose the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As You Like It*, is her *wit*—the *swiftness* of her mind. FARMER.

So, in *As you like it*: “He is very *swift* and sententious.” Again in *Much ado about nothing*:

“Having so *swift* and excellent a wit.”

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James said, that “the style was more *quick* and pithie than was usual in pasquils and libels.”

MALONE.

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I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

ARM. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin,⁷ I must fight in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour, gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH. and COSTARD.

MOTH. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken⁸ in a shin.

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;⁹ no salve in the mail, fir;² O fir, plantain, a plain plan-

⁷ *By thy favour, sweet welkin,*] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for fighting in its face. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *here's a Costard broken—*] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scornor*:

“ I wyll rappe you on the *costard* with my horne.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *no l'envoy*;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

“ Well said: now to the *L'Envoy*.” — All the *Tragedies* of John Becham, translated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.

STEEVENS.

² — *no salve in the mail, fir*:] The old folio reads — *no salve in thee male, fir*, which, in another folio, is, *no salve in the male, fir*. What it can mean, is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve in the mail* may mean, no

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tain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no *salve*, sir, but a plantain!

salve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read — *no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy* — in the *vale*, sir — *O sir, plantain*. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning or other.
JOHNSON.

Male or *mail* was a word then in use. Reynard the fox sent Kayward's head in a *male*. So likewise, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

"Open the *males*, yet guard the treasure sure."

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation to be right.

STEEVENS.

Male, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the ancient spelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, (*Character of a Bawd*,) 1630: — "the cloathe-bag of counfel, the capcase, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." The quarto 1598, and the first folio, have — *thee male*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I can scarcely think that Shakspeare had so far forgotten his little school-learning, as to suppose the Latin verb *salvè*, and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preserved. FARMER.

The same quibble occurs in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630:

"*Salve*, Master Simplicius.

"*Salve* me; 'tis but a Surgeon's complement." STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read — *no salve* in them all, sir.

TYRWHITT.

This passage appears to me to be nonsense as it stands, incapable of explanation. I have therefore no doubt but we should adopt the amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt, and read — No *salve* in them all, Sir.

Moth tells his master, that *there was a Costard with a broken shin*: and the Knight, supposing that Moth has some conceit in what he said, calls upon him to explain it. — *Some riddle*, says he, *some enigma*. Come — *thy l'envoy*, — begin. But Costard supposing that he was calling for these things, in order to apply them to his broken shin, says, he will not have them, as they were none of them *salves*, and begs for a plain plantain instead of them. This is clearly the meaning of Costard's speech, which provokes the illustrious Armado to laugh at the *inconsiderate*, who takes *salve* for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for *salve*.

ARM. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy
 silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs
 provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me
 my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for
l'envoy, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a *salve*?

MOTH. Do the wise think them other? is not
l'envoy a *salve*?

ARM. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse,
 to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
 I will example it: ³

But when Moth, who is an arch and sensible character, says, in
 reply to Armado:—"Do the wise think them other? Is not
l'envoy a *salve*?" we must not suppose that this question is owing
 to his simplicity, but that he intended thereby either to lead the
 Knight on to the subsequent explanation of the word *l'envoy*,
 or to quibble in the manner stated in the notes upon the Eng-
 lish word *salve* and the Latin *salvé*; a quibble which operates
 upon the eye, not the ear:—Yet Steevens has shown it was not
 a new one.

If this quibble was intended, which does not evidently appear
 to be the case, the only way that I account for it, is this:—

As the *l'envoy* was always in the concluding part of a play or
 poem, it was probably in the *l'envoy* that the poet or reciter took
 leave of the audience, and the word itself appears to be derived
 from the verb *envoyer*, to send away. Now the usual salutation
 amongst the Romans at parting, as well as meeting, was the word
salvé. Moth, therefore, considers the *l'envoy* as a salutation or
salvé, and then quibbling on this last word, asks if it be not a
salve.

I do not offer this explanation with much confidence, but it is
 the only one that occurs to me. M. MASON.

³ *I will example it: &c.*] These words, and some others, are
 not in the first folio, but in the quarto of 1598. I still believe
 the old passage to want regulation, though it has not sufficient
 merit to encourage the editor who should attempt it.

There is in Tusser an old song, beginning—

"The ape, the lion, the fox, and the asse,

"Thus setts forth man in a glasse," &c.

Perhaps some ridicule on this ditty was intended. STEEVENS.

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The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

MOTH. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

MOTH. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?

COST. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat:—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

ARM. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

MOTH. By saying, that a *Coslard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

COST. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in:

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market. ⁴

⁴ And he ended the market.] Alluding to the proverb — *Threes*

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ARM. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

MOTH. I will tell you sensibly.

COST. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*;—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

ARM. We will talk no more of this matter.

COST. Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

COST. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

ARM. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

COST. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

ARM. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from dur-
ance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
but this: Bear this significant to the country maid
Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him
money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, re-
warding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*women and a goose, make a market. Tre donne ed un' occa fan un mer-
cato. Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.*

—how was there a Costard broken in a shin? Costard is the
name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already observed that the *head* was anciently called
the *costard*. So, in *K. Richard III.* "Take him over the *costard*
with the hilt of thy sword." A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-
apple*. So, in *The Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher;

"I hope they'll crown his service." —

"With a *costard*." STEEVENS,

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MOTH. Like the sequel, I. ⁶ — Signior Costard,
adieu.

COST. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconvy
Jew! ⁷ — [Exit MOTH.]

⁶ Like the sequel, I.] *Sequels*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train.

THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exists only in the apprehension of the commentator. *Sequels*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the gang of a highwayman, but not the train of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus Holinshed, p. 639. — "to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *sequeals*, all civil warre and inward division might cease," &c. Moth uses *sequel* only in the literary acceptation.

Mr. Heath observes that the meaning of Moth is, — I follow you as close as the sequel does the premises." STEEVENS.

Moth alludes to the *sequel* of any story, which follows a preceding part, and was in the old story-books introduced in this manner; "Here followeth the *sequel* of such a story, or adventure." So *Hamlet* says, "But is there no *sequel* at the heels of this mother's admonition?" M. MASON.

⁷ — my inconvy Jew!] *Inconvy* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate — as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read:

" — my inconvy jewel." WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however specious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment. So, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Most brisky juvenal, and sike most lovely Jew."

JOHNSON.

The word is used again in the 4th act of this play:

" — most inconvy vulgar wit."

In the old comedy called *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:

" — it makes you have a most inconvy body."

Conv and *inconv* have the same meaning. So, Metaphor says in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"O superdainty canon, vicar inconvy."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"O, I have sport inconvy i' faith."

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Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter BIRON.

BIRON. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

COST. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

BIRON. What is a remuneration?

COST. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

BIRON. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of filk.

COST. I thank your worship: God be with you!

BIRON. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COST. When would you have it done, sir?

BIRON. O, this afternoon.

Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble.”

Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“A cockscomb *incony*, but that he wants money.”

STEEVENS.

There is no such expression in the North as either *tony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which Dr. Warburton's mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to a thing of value. Dr. Johnson's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment. RITSON.

COST. Well, I will do it, fir: Fare you well.

BIRON. O, thou knowest not what it is.

COST. I shall know, fir, when I have done it.

BIRON. Why, villain, thou must know first.

COST. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BIRON. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[Gives him money.

COST. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than
renumeration; eleven-pence farthing better: ⁸ Most

⁸ Cost. Guerdon, — O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven-pence farthing better: &c.] Guerdon, i. e. reward.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ Speak on, I'll guerdon thee whate'er it be.”

Perhaps guerdon is a corruption of *regardum*, middle Latin.

The following parallel passage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1578, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

“ There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, lest thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie,) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his servantes; one of the sayde servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes up to the sayd servant, and saith unto him, Hold thee, here is a remuneration for thy paynes; which the servant receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a three-farthings peece: and I holde thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market

sweet guerdon!—I will do it, fir, in print. ⁹—Guerdon—remuneration. [Exit.

BIRON. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous figh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent! ²
This wimpled, ³ whining, purblind, wayward boy;

goes. Now an other coming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servadt unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts: now the servant payd no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *sid. farthing* better; for it was a *shilling*, and the other but a *three-farthings*.

Shakspeare was certainly indebted to this performance for his present vein of jocularity, the earliest edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, being printed in 1598. STEEVENS.

⁹ — in print.] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read — *in point*, but I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use.

So, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"Next, your ruff must stand in print."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"I am sure my husband is a man in print, in all things else."

Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

— this doublet fits in print, my lord." STEEVENS.

² *Than whom no mortal so magnificent!*] *Magnificent* here means, *glorying, boasting*. M. MASON.

Terence also uses *magnifica verba*, for vaunting, vainglorious words. *Usque adeo illius ferre possum ineptias & magnifica verba*. Eunuch, A& IV. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

³ *This wimpled,*] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In *Isaiah*, iii. 22. we find: "— the mantles, and the *wimples*, and

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This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ; *
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

the crisping-pins ;" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is used as a verb:

" Here, I perceive a little rivelling

" Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,

" Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

* *This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;*] The old reading is — *This signior Junio's*, &c. STEEVENS.

It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion) that as there was a contrast of terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore:

" *This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*"

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a description of Cupid which suits very aptly with such an emendation:

" *That was the way to make his godhead wax,*

" *For he hath been five thousand years a boy.*"

The conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced, unless there is reason to think, that, in the former reading, there is an allusion to some tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to disturb the text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to distraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining slave to this passion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as absolute a tyrant against the sex. Now, with regard to these two extremes, Cupid might very probably be styled Junius's giant-dwarf: a *giant* in his eye, while the dotage was upon him; but shrunk into a *dwarf*, so soon as he had got the better of it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this passage. He reads:

" *This signior Julio's giant-dwarf* —"

Shakspeare, says he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

There is no reason to suppose that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written so early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then published, the supposed allusion to

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, ' king of codpieces,

the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in support of Upton's conjecture will ascertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakspeare, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iv. uses *signory* for *seniority*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149. Edit. 1614. speaks of Edward the *signior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore suppose that *signior* here means *senior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus, in the first folio, at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*:

"S. Dro. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

"E. Dro. That's a question: how shall we try it?

"S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." TOLLET.

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf should be represented in painting, I cannot well conceive. M. MASON.

If the old copies had exhibited *junior*, I should have had no doubt that the second word in the line was only the old spelling of *senior*, as in a former passage, [Act I. sc. ii.] and in one in *The Comedy of Errors* quoted by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 1598, and the folio, Cupid is not himself called *signior*, or *senior* Junio, but a giant-dwarf to [that is, attending upon] *signior* Junio, and therefore we must endeavour to explain the words as they stand. In both these copies *Junio's* is printed in Italicks as a proper name.

For the reasons already mentioned, I suppose *signior* here to have been the Italian title of honour, and Cupid to be described as uniting in his person the characters of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power over mankind, and a dwarf on account of his size; [So afterwards: "Of his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might."] and as attending in this double capacity on youth, (personified under the name of Signior Junio,) the age in which the passion of love has most dominion over the heart. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may be countenanced by Ovid, who ascribes to the month of June a similar etymology:

"Junius a juvenum nomine dictus adest." MALONE.

I have not the smallest doubt that *senior-junior* is the true reading. Love among our ancient English poets, (as Dr. Farmer has observed on such another occasion,) is always characterized by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

'Dread prince of plackets,] A *placket* is a petticoat. DOUCE.

Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors,⁶ —O my little heart!—
 And I to be a corporal of his field,⁷
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!⁸

⁶ *Of trotting paritors,*] An *apparitor* or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

⁷ *And I to be a corporal of his field,*] *Corporals of the field* are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*; and Raleigh speaks of them twice, Vol. I. p. 103, Vol. II. p. 367, edit. 1751.

TOLLET.

This office is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

"As *corporal of the field*, maestro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampson, by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines." Brookeby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

⁸ *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*] The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands, *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cognifance*, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in *Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 301: "The earle of Surrie gave to his servants this cognifance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon," &c. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274: "All that ware the dukes sign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome." Again, in Selden's *Duello*, chap. ii: "his esquires cloathed in his *colours*." *Biron* banters himself upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a servant of that great general and imperator. TOLLET.

What? I! I love! * I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ' ever out of frame;

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "— dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his hoop dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

* What? I! I love!] A second *what* had been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read — What? I! I love! TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is supported by the first line of the present speech:

"And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip —"
Sir T. Hanmer supplied the metre by repeating the word *What*. MALONE.

9 — like a German clock,

Still a repairing;] The same allusion occurs in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: — "no German clock, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation," &c.

Again, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

" — she consists of a hundred pieces,
" Much like your German clock, and near allied:
" Both are so nice they cannot go for pride.
" Besides a greater fault, but too well known,
" They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one."

Ben Jonson has the same thought in his *Silent Woman*, and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.

Again, in Decker's *News from Hell*, &c. 1606. — "their wits (like wheels of Brunswick clocks) being all wound up as far as they could stretch, were all going, but not one going truly."

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d edit. 1714: — "Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there;" &c. Again, p. 91. — "Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clockwork was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;²
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.³

[Exit.]

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. See, however, *Letters of The Paston Family*, Vol. II 2d edit. p. 31. STEEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany, (says Dr. Powel, in his *Human Industry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies. — In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that shows the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, &c. — But the town of Strasburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point." These elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order, to the coq de Stralbourg that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

² — *sue, and groan;*] And which is not in either of the authen-

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRIN. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse
so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

PRIN. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in? ⁴

tic copies of this play, the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, was
added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

³ *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.*] To this line Mr.
Theobald extends his second act, not injudiciously, but without
sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *where is the bush,*

That we must stand and play the murderer in?] How familiar this
amusement once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a
letter addressed by Lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated
from Alnewik, Aug. 14, 1555: "I besiche yo^r Lordeshipp to
tayke some sporte of my litell grounde there, and to comaund the
same even as yo^r Lordeshippes owne. *My ladye may shote w. th her
crosbowe,*" &c. Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, &c. Vol. I.
p. 203.

Again, in a letter from Sir Francis Leake to the Earl of Shrews-
bury, Vol. III. p. 295.

"Yo^r Lordeshype hath sente me a verie greatte and fatte flagge,
the wellcomer beyng stryken by yo^r ryght honorable Ldie's hande, &c.

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FOR. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

PRIN. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
• And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

FOR. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

PRIN. What, what? first praise me, and again
say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

FOR. Yes, madam, fair.

PRIN. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glafs, ⁴ take this for telling true;
[Giving him money.
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

— My balde bucke lyves flyll to wayte upon yo.^r L. and my Ladie's
comyng hyther, w.ch I expect whensoever shall pleas yow to appointe;
onele thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott hytt hym* through the nose, for
marrying hys whyte face; howbeit I knoe her Ladishipp takes pitie
of my buckes, sence the last tyme yt pleased her to take the travell
to *shote att them,*" &c. Dated July, 1605. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Here, good my glafs,*] To understand how the princess has her
glafs so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remem-
bered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies
to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their*
bellies; that is, to have a small mirrour set in gold hanging at their
girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces or adjusted
their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, perhaps, is mistaken. She had no occasion to have
recourse to any other *looking-glass* than the Forester, whom she
rewards for having shown her to herself as in a mirror.

STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this passage, Dr. Johnson is
right, in the historical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, is
very indignant at the ladies for it: "They must have their *looking-*
glasses carried with them, wheresoever they go: and good reason,
for how else could they see the devil in them?" And in Massinger's
City Madam, several women are introduced with *looking-glasses* at
their girdles. FARMER.

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FOR. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

PRIN. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:⁵

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.⁶

BOYET. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty⁷

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

PRIN. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

⁵ *When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,*

We bend to that the working of the heart:] The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice. **WARBURTON.**

⁶ — *that my heart means no ill.*] *That my heart means no ill,* is the same with *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phrase suppresses the particle, as *I mean him* [not to him] *no harm.* **JOHNSON.**

⁷ — *that self-sovereignty* —] Not a sovereignty over, but in, themselves. So, *self-sufficiency*, *self-consequence*, &c. **MALONE.**

Enter COSTARD.

PRIN. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.⁸

COST. God dig-you-den all!⁹ Pray you, which is the head lady?

PRIN. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

COST. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRIN. The thickest, and the tallest.

COST. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit, One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

PRIN. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

COST. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

PRIN. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

⁸ — *a member of the commonwealth.*] Here, I believe, is a kind of jest intended: a member of the *common-wealth* is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

The Princess calls Costard a *member of the commonwealth*, because she considers him as one of the attendants on the King and his associates in their *new-modelled society*; and it was part of their original plan that Costard and Armado should be *members* of it.

M. MASON.

⁹ *God dig-you-den* —] A corruption of — *God give you good even.*

MALONE.

See my note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A & II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.²

BOYET. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRIN. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax,³ and every one give
ear.

BOYET. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most
infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself,*

² — Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.] i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoria litera*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Répondre au plus obligeant poulet du monde*; to reply to the most obliging letter in the world. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle, *una pollicetta amorosa*. I owed the hint of this equivocal use of the word, to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop.

THEOBALD.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says, "my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricasee*." — A message is called a *cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

So, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: at "the skirt of that *sheet*, in black-work, is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till anon*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies Metamorphosed*:

"A London cuckold hot from the spit,

"And when the carver up had broke him," &c.

STEEVENS.

³ *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the *capon*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Lectorius read, and *break these letters up*." STEEVENS.

One of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, 8vo. Vol. III. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera*. TOLLET.

that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer⁴ than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate⁵ king Cophetua⁶ set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw,⁷ two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

⁴ More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer, &c.] I would read, *fairer than fair, more beautiful, &c.* TYRWHITT.

⁵ — illustrate —] for illustrious. It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEVENS.

⁶ — king Cophetua —] The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be seen in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV.* P. II. and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

⁷ — saw,] The old copies here and in the preceding line have — *see*. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

Thus dost thou hear⁸ the Nemean lion roar
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,
 And he from forage will incline to play:
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
 What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

BOYET. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it⁹ erewhile.²

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
 A phantasm,³ a Monarcho;⁴ and one that makes sport

⁸ Thus dost thou hear, &c.] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

WARBURTON.

⁹ — going o'er it —] A pun upon the word *style*.

WARBURTON.

² — erewhile.] Just now; a little while ago. So Raleigh:

"Here lies Hobbinol, our shepherd while e'er." JOHNSON.

³ A phantasm,] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, "a book called *Phantasm*, the *Italian Traylor* and his *Boy*; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty." It probably contains the history of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer speaks in the following note, to which I have subjoined two additional instances. STEEVENS.

— a *Monarcho*;] The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. — "Popular applause (says Meres) doth nourish some, neither to they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie, — as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." p. 178. FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the same allusion: — "but now he was an insulting monarch

To the prince, and his book-mates.

PRIN.

Thou, fellow, a word:

above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntillios, &c."

But one of the epitaphs written by Thomas Churchyard, and printed in a collection called his *Chance*, &c. 4to. 1580, will afford the most ample account of this extraordinary character. I do not therefore apologize for the length of the following extract:

" *The Phantasticall Monarkes Epitaphe.*

- " Though *Dant* be dedde, and *Marrot* lies in graue,
- " And *Petrarks* sprite bee mounted past our vewe,
- " Yet some doe lue (that poets humours haue)
- " To keepe old course with vains of verses newe :
- " Whose pennis are prest to paint out people plaine,
- " That els a sleepe in silence should remaine :
- " Come poore old man that boare the *Monarks* name,
- " Thyne Epitaphe shall here set forthe thy fame.

- " Thy climyng mynde aspiers beyonde the starrs,
- " Thy lostie stile no yearthly titell bore :
- " Thy witts would seem to see through peace and warrs,
- " Thy taunting tong was pleasant sharpe and fore.
- " And though thy pride and pompe was somewhat vaine,
- " The *Monarcke* had a deepe discoursyng braine :
- " Alone with freend he could of wonders treat,
- " In publike place pronounce a sentence greate.

- " No matche for fooles, if wisemen were in place,
- " No mate at meale to sit with common sort :
- " Both grave of looks and fatherlike of face,
- " Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.
- " Moste bent to words on hye and solempne daies,
- " Of diet fine, and daintie diuerse waies :
- " And well disposde, if Prince did pleasure take,
- " At any mirthe that he poore man could make.

- " On gallant robes his greatest glorie stood,
- " Yet garments bare could never daunt his minde :
- " He feard no state, nor caerd for worldly good,
- " Held eche thyng light as fethers in the winde.
- " And still he saied, the strong thrusts weake to wall,
- " When sword bore swaie, the *Monarcke* should have all.

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Who gave thee this letter?

COST.

I told you; my lord.

" The man of might at length shall *Monarcke* bee,
" And greatest strength shall make the feeble flee.

" When straungers came in presence any wheare,
" Straunge was the talke the *Monarke* uttered than;
" He had a voice could thonder through your eare,
" And speake mutche like a merry Christmas man:
" But sure small mirth his matter harped on.
" His forme of life who lifts to looke upon,
" Did shewe some witte, though follie fedde his will;
" The man is dedde, yet *Monarke* liueth still " p. 7.

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal sled that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

The succeeding quotations will afford some further intelligence concerning this fantastick being. " I could use an incident for this, which though it may seeme of small weight, yet may it have his miserie with his ad, who, being of base condition, placed himself (without any perturbation of minde) in the royall seat of Alexander, which the Caldeans prognosticated to portend the death of Alexander.

" The actors were, that Bergamasco, (for his phantastick humors) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish embassadors retinue, who being about *four and twentie yeares past*, in Paules Church in London, contended who was soveraigne of the world: the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain: the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself, and some of good account, now dead, wondred in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgement we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controverfie they kept in their walk the Spanish turne: which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, shall at every end of the walke turne in the midst; the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald (but as they compelled him, though they gave him sometimes that romthe) in respect of his supposed majestie; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies; the same keeping some decorum concerning equalitie." *A briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1590. p. 39.

The reader will pardon one further notice.

" — heere comes a souldier, for my life it is a captain Swag:

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PRIN. To whom shouldst thou give it?

COST. From my lord to my lady.

PRIN. From which lord, to which lady?

COST. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. *[Exit PRINCESS and Train.]*

BOYET. Who is the suitor? ⁶ who is the suitor?

'tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his scarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teasty as a goose that hath young goslings," &c. *B. Riche's Faults and Nothing but Faults*, p. 12. REED.

⁵ — Come, lords, away.] Perhaps the Princess said rather:
" — Come, ladies, away."

The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Who is the suitor?*] The old copies read — "Who is the *shooter*?" but it should be who is the *sutor*? and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on*," &c. seem only marginal observations. FARMER.

It appears that *sutor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1605: the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths:

Enter the *sutors*, &c.

"Why do you not see them before you? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters*? *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope." STEEVENS.

Wherever Shakspeare uses words equivocally, as in the present instance, he lays his editor under some embarrassment. When he told Ben Jonson he would stand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten* spoons," if we write the word as we have now done, the conceit, such as it is, is lost, at least does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes absurd. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Dogberry says, "if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance." If we write the word thus, the constable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is lost, at least to the eye. If we write *raisins*, (between which word and *reasons*,

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ROS. Shall I teach you to know?

BOYET. Ay, my continent of beauty.

ROS. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

BOYET. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

ROS. Well then, I am the shooter.

BOYET. And who is your deer?

ROS. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

MAR. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

BOYET. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

there was, I believe, no difference at that time of pronunciation,) we write nonsense. In the passage before us an equivocal was certainly intended; the words *shooter* and *sutor* being (as Mr. Steevens has observed) pronounced alike in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the strongest archers, but here are better *suitors*." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him,)—

" — a grief that *suits*

" My very heart at root—."

instead of — a grief that *shoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *sutor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. However, I have followed the spelling of the old copy, as it is sufficiently intelligible. MASON.

[And who is your deer?] Our author has the same play on this word in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer."

MALONE.

ROS. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

BOYET. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever⁸ of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROS. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

BOYET. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt ROS. and KAT.*

COST. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

MAR. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

BOYET. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

MAR. Wide o' the bow hand!⁹ I'faith, your hand is out.

COST. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.²

⁸ — queen Guinever —] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Wide o' the bow hand!*] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery. DOUCE.

² — the clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it.

STEEVENS.

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BOYET. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

COST. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.³

MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

COST. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir; challenge her to bowl.

BOYET. I fear too much rubbing; ⁴ Good night, my good owl.

Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.

COST. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o'the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! ⁵ To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear! ⁶ —

³ — by cleaving the pin.] Honest Costard would have befriended Dean Milles, whose note on a song in the *Pseudo-Rowley's* ELLA has exposed him to so much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. The present application of the word *pin*, might have led the Dean to suspect the qualities of the *basket*. But what has mirth to do with archæology? STEEVENS.

⁴ I fear too much rubbing;] To rub is one of the terms of the bowling green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment.

MALONE.

⁵ — to bear her fan!] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A& II. sc. iv. where Nurse asks Peter for her fan. STEEVENS.

⁶ — a' will swear!] A line following this seems to have been lost. MALONE.

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And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
 Ah! heavens, it is a most pathological nit!
 Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.*
 [*Exit COSTARD, running.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES⁷, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

NATH. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

⁷ *Enter Holofernes,* } There is very little personal reflexion in Shakspeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says,

“ ——— his taxing like a wild-goose flies,
 “ Unclaim'd of any man.” ———

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epistle dedicatory he tells us, ‘is of little less value than Stephens's *Treasure of the Greek Tongue*, the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticised his works, *sea-dogs or land-critics; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tongues adders forks, their lips asps poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swords of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them.* Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences.

There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed in 1598, and said to be presented before her highness this last Christmas, 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another*

HOL. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—
blood; ⁸ ripe as a pomewater, ⁹ who now hangeth

sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scoure their mouths on Socrates; those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplify his virtue, &c. Here Shakspeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the sonnet of the gentleman his friend, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful princeps*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes say, *He will something affect the letter, for it argues facility*. And how much John Florio thought this affectation argued facility, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio*. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakspeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant, of Thubal Holoferne. **WARBURTON.**

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakspeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the farcisms, which, perhaps, in the author's time, *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflexions. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking *a leash of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham observes, the schoolmaster has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country. **JOHNSON.**

like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,²—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab,

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are neither right comedies, nor right tragedies; but representations of histories without any decorum."—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. The *affedation of the letter*, which argues *facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons.

"In Italie your lordship well hath seene
 " Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
 " Their languages learnt, in sound, in style, in sense,
 " Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.
 " — To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We see then, the character of the schoolmaster might be written with less learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the use of the word *thrafonical*, [See this play, Act V. sc. i.] any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. Stanyhurst writes, in a translation of one of Sir Thomas More's epigrams:

"Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thrafonical* hufsnuffe."

It can scarcely be necessary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leisure from modern plays, will condescend to open a few old ones, he will soon be satisfied, that Shakspeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the course of his profession, such Latin fragments, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis est*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every critical essay from that of king James to that of dean Swift inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previously looked at the panegyric on *Cartwright*, he could not so strangely have misrepresented my argument from it: but thus it must ever be with the most ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleased to use on this occasion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his life of Sir Thomas Pope, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princess Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verses above cited, are prefixed to Florio's Dict. 1598.

MALONE.

on the face of *terra*, — the soil, the land, the earth.

In support of Dr. Farmer's opinion, the following passage from *Orlando Furioso*, 1594, may be brought:

" — Knowing him to be a *Thrafonical* mad cap, they have sent me a *Gnathonical* companion," &c.

Greene, in the dedication to his *Arcadia*, has the same word:

" — as of some *thrafonical* huffe-snuffe,"

Florio's first work is registered on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title. "Aug. 1578. Florio his first *Frute*, being Dialogues in Italian and English, with certen Instructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tongue." In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and English dictionary to the earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he published his translation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work, " — as if an owle should represent an eagle, or some tara-rag player should ad the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce." STEEVENS.

8 — in sanguis, — *blood*;] The old copies read — *sanguis*, in blood. The transposition was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the same manner: " — in the ear of *cælo*, the sky," &c. The same expression occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

" If we be English *deer*, be then in *blood*." MALONE.

9 — ripe as a pomewater,] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gerard's *Herbal*, edit. 1597. p. 1273.

Again, in the old ballad of *Blew Cap for Me*:

" Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting *pomewaters*."

STEEVENS.

In the first act of the *Puritan*, Pyeboard says to Nicholas: " The captain loving you so dearly, aye as the *pome-water* of his eye." — Meaning the pupil, or *apple* of it, as it is vulgarly called.

M. MASON.

2 — in the ear of *cælo*, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined " *heaven*, the *skie*, firmament, or *welkin*;" and *terra* is explained thus: " The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countrie, — *land*, *joile*," &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Lost*, this might add some little strength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, though it would by no means be decisive; but my edition is dated 1598, (posterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the first. MALONE.

NATH. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.³

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

DULL. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

DULL. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coëlus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not

³ But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head —
['twas a pricket.] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:

“ *Amoretto*. I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck is the first year, a fawn; the second year, a PRICKET; the third year, a SORRELL; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the FIRST HEAD; the sixth year, a compleat buck. Likewise your hart is the first year, a calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612: — “ I am but a pricket, a mere forell; my head's not harden'd yet.” STEEVENS.

replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.⁵

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:⁶

⁵ *And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.]* The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read:

“And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

“(Which we of taste and feeling are,) for those parts, that do fructify in us more than he.”

Which in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the sake of his rhyme, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him*.

TYRWHITT.

The old copies read—“which we taste and feeling—” &c. I have placed Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation in the text. STEEVENS.

Some examples confirming Dr. Johnson's observation may be found at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's last observation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

“— and then we,

“Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of *she*.”

MALONE.

⁶ *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:]* The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

DULL. You two are book-men: Can you tell by
 your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not
 five weeks old as yet?

HOL. Dictynna,⁷ good man Dull; Dictynna, good
 man Dull.

DULL. What is Dictynna?

NATH. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOL. The moon was a month old, when Adam
 was no more;

And raught not⁸ to five weeks, when he came to
 fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.⁹

DULL. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in
 the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allu-
 sion holds in the exchange.

DULL. And I say the pollution holds in the ex-
 change; for the moon is never but a month old:
 and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the prin-
 cess kill'd.

⁷ *Diſynna*,] Old Copies — *Diſiſima*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
 MALONE.

Shakspeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana, in
 the second book of Golding's translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

"*Diſynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere."
 STEEVENS.

⁸ *And raught not* —] i. e. *reach'd not*. So, in *The Arraignment of*
Paris, 1584:

" — the fatal fruit

" *Raught* from the golden tree of Proserpine."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *The allusion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good
 when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain.

WARBURTON.

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HOL. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have² call'd the deer the princess kill'd a pricket.

NATH. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

HOL. I will something affect the letter;³ for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess⁴ pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket,

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!⁵

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

² — *I have* —] These words were inserted by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

³ — *affect the letter*;] That is, I will practise alliteration.

M. MASON.

To *affect* is thus used by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*:

"Spenser in *affecting* the ancients writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *The praiseful princess* —] This emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The quarto, 1598, and folio, 1623, read corruptly — *praysful*. MALONE.

The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fullwell*, in his Commemoration of queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed, 1575:

"Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,

"And price of endless fame," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *O sore L!*] The old copies read — *O sorell*. The necessary change was made by Dr. Warburton. The allusion (as he observes) is to L being the numeral for fifty.

NATH. A rare talent!

DULL. If a talent be a claw, ⁵ look how he claws him with a talent. ⁶

HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

NATH. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOL. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, ⁷ I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

This correction (says Mr. Malone) is confirmed by the rhyme: "A deer (he adds) during his third year is called a *forell*."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *If a talent be a claw, &c.*] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth Night*, "—let them use their *talents*." So, in *The First Part of the Contention between the houses of York and Lancaster*, 1600:

"Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents*?"

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

"—and now doth ghastly death

"With greedy *talents* gripe my bleeding heart."

MALONE.

⁶ —claws *hem* with a talent.] Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of to *claw*, is to flatter. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "—laugh when I am merry, and *claw* no man in his humour." STEEVENS.

⁷ —if their daughters be capable, &c.] Of this double entendre, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*.

STEEVENS.

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Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

JAQ. God give you good morrow, master person.

HOL. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on.⁸ And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

COST. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hoghead.

HOL. Of piercing a hoghead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

JAQ. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

HOL. *Fauste, precor gelidâ⁹ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Capable is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III*:

"O 'tis a parlous boy,

"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

⁸ — *quasi* pers-on.] So, in *Holinshed*, p. 953:

"Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was *person* of Honie-lane." Again, in *The Contention betwixte Churchyard and Camell*, 1560:

"And send such whens home to our *person* or vicar."

I believe, however, we should write the word — *pers-one*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falstaff*.

STEEVENS.

The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some counties, in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards Moth says, "Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old*." MALONE.

Person, as Sir William Blackstone observes in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Persona ecclesiæ*. MALONE.

⁹ Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ* —] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeni-

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!
I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*²

only observed to me, it is evident it must belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century.

THEOBALD.

Fausse, precor gelidâ, &c.] A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakspeare has sustained the character of his pedant. — *Il désigne le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siècle on faisoit publiquement à Paris les Poësies; si célèbres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe, dans sa préface sur Martial, les Pédans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de préférer à le Arma virumque cano, le Fausse precor gelidâ; c'est-à-dire, à l'Enéide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la première desquelles commence par, Fausse, precor gelidâ.* WARBURTON.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page for the use of schools. STEEVENS.

From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593. the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time: "With the first and second lease he plaies very prettillie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verditis *Pierce Pennilesse* for a grammar-school wit; saies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fausse precor gelidâ*." A translation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

² —— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.] Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that sees Venice little, values it much; he that sees it much, values it little.* But I suppose

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Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*³— Under pardon, fir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NATH, Ay, fir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege domine.*

NATH. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not serve the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

The proverb stands thus in *Howell's Letters*. B. I. sect. i. l. 36.

"*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,*

"*Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto te dispregia.*

"*Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;*

"*Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise.*"

The players in their edition, have thus printed the first line. *Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.*

M. Malone observes that "the editor of the first folio here, as in many other instances, implicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr. Theobald." STEEVENS.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it stands thus:

"*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*

"*Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.*" MALONE.

³ *Ut, re, sol, &c.*] He hums the notes of the gamut, as Edmund does in *King Lear*, A& I. sc. ii. where see Dr. Burney's note.

DOUCE.

⁴ *If love make me forsworn, &c.*] These verses are printed with some variations in a book entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 8vo. 1599. MALONE.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would
comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee
commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without
wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet
fire. ⁵

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue !

HOL. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss
the accent: let me supervize the canzonet. Here
are only numbers ratified; ⁶ but, for the elegancy,

⁵ — thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick and sweet fire.] So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

“ — his voice was propertied

“ As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

“ But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,

“ He was as rattling thunder.” MALONE.

⁶ — *Here are only numbers ratified*;] Though this speech has
all along been placed to sir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it
to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reason.
The speaker here is impeaching the verses; but sir Nathaniel, as
it appears above, thought them learned ones: besides, As Dr.
Thirlby observes, almost every word of this speech fathers itself
on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little,
to the contents.

*And why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers
of fancy? the jerks of invention imitatory is nothing.*

facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse⁷ his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

JAQ. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,⁸ one of the strange queen's lords.

Sagacity with a vengeance! I should be ashamed to own myself a piece of a scholar, to pretend to the task of an editor, and to pass such stuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitatory*? Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two distinct things. The speech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongst his English; and he is here flourishing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole so plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakspeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607, takes particular notice of it:

"I remember about the year 1602, many used this skew kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, whom Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white half black." STEEVENS.

⁷ —the tired horse—] The tired horse was the horse adorned with ribands,—The famous Bankes's horse so often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at cross-purposes with this word: "Why didst thou boare the horse through the cares?" "—It was for tiring." "He would never tire," replies the other. FARMER.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part II. 1602:

"Slink to thy chamber then and tyre thee."

Again, in *What you Will*, by Marston, 1607:

"My love hath tyred some fidler like Albano."

MALONE.

⁸ Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said, just before, that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard." M. MASON.

HOL. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing⁹ to the person written unto:

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet;² deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

JAQ. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

COST. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. and JAQ.]

NATH. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

HOL. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.³ But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

NATH. Marvellous well for the pen.

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain

⁹ — writing —] Old Copies — *written*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The first five lines of this speech were restored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Instead of Sir Nathaniel, the old copies have — Sir Holofernes. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

² Trip and go, my sweet;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nathe, 1600:

"Trip and go, heave and hoe,

"Up and down, to and fro —." MALONE.

These words are certainly part of an old popular song. There is an ancient musical medley beginning, *Trip and go hey!*

RITSON.

³ — colourable colours.] That is specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

pupil of mine; where if, before repast,⁴ it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the fore-said child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

NATH. And thank you too: for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

HOL. And, certes,⁵ the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

BIRON. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil, I am toiling in a pitch;⁶ pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me,⁷ I a sheep: Well

⁴ —before *repast*,] Thus the quarto. Folio—*being repast*. MALONE.

⁵ —certes,] i. e. certainly, in truth. So, in Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6790:

“ And *certes*, sire, though non auctoritee

“ Were in no book,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*I am toiling in a pitch*;) Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me,*] This is given as a proverb in Fuller's *Gnomologia*. RITSON.

proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already, the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the King, with a paper.

KING. Ah me!

BIRON. [*aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

KING. [*reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:⁶
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears⁷ of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*

⁶ *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phrase however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakspeare, in one of his other pieces, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect in which. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears—*] So, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show:
 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—
 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
 [Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

BIRON. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool,
 appear! [Aside.]

LONG. Ah me! I am forsworn. [Aside.]

BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjure,⁸ wear-
 ing papers. [Aside.]

KING. In love, I hope;⁹ Sweet fellowship in
 shame! [Aside.]

BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name.
 [Aside.]

⁸ "But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,

"Shone, like the moon in water, seen by night." MALONE.

⁹ — he comes in like a perjure,] The punishment of perjury is
 to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus *Holinshed*, p. 838, speaking of cardinal Wolsey, "— he
 so punished perjury with open punishment, and open papers wear-
 ing, that in his time it was less used."

Again, in *Leicester's Commonwealth*, — "the gentlemen were all
 taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were sent down to Lud-
 low, there to wear papers of perjury." STEEVENS.

⁹ In love, I hope, &c.] In the old copy this line is given to
 Longaville. The present regulation was made by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

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LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

[*Aside.*

BIRON. I could put thee in comfort; not by two,
that I know:

[*Aside.*

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of so-
ciety,

The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simpli-
city.

LONG. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BIRON. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's
hose:

[*Aside.*

Disfigure not his flop.^a

LONG. This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

^a O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his flop.] The old copies read — *shop*. STEEVENS.

All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in sense is there between Cupid's *hose* and his *shop*? or what relation can those two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's *shop*? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text.

Shops are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men: and we have dealers whose sole business it is to furnish the sailors with shirts, jackets, &c. who are called *shop-men*, and their shops, *shop-shops*. THEOBALD.

I suppose this alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of *Casa's Galatea* is this precept: "Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding*: that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes* hosen, or *Cupides* doublet." FARMER.

*A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;
 If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,
 To lose an oath to win a paradise ?³*

BIRON. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein⁴ which
 makes flesh a deity ;
 A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
 God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the
 way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

LONG. By whom shall I send this ?—Company !
 stay. [*Stepping aside.*

BIRON. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, ' an old infant
 play :

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
 More facks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish
 Dumain transform'd : four woodcocks in a dish !⁶

³ *To lose an oath to win a paradise ?*] The *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, in which this sonnet is also found, reads—*To break an oath*. But the opposition between *lose* and *win* is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

⁴ — *the liver vein,*] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about nothing* :

“ I ever *love* had interest in his liver.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *All hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and seek*.

MUSGRAVE.

⁶ — *four woodcocks in a dish !*] See note on *Much ado about nothing*, A & V. sc. i. DOUCE.

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DUM. O most divine Kate!

BIRON. O most prophane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

DUM. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

BIRON. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.⁷ [*Aside.*

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.⁸

BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

⁷ *By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.*] Old edition:

"*By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.*"

Dumain, one of the lovers, in spite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short soliloquies of admiration on his mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleasure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord: he had no sort of post in the army: what wit, or allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal*? I dare warrant, I have restored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies these hyperbolical praises. I scarce need hint, that our poet commonly uses *corporal*, as *corporeal*. THEOBALD.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right.

The word *corporal* in Shakspeare's time was used for *corporeal*. So, in *Macbeth*, "each *corporal* agent." Again:

"—— and what seem'd *corporal*, melted

"As breath into the wind:"

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"His *corporal* motion govern'd by my spirit."

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, and in other places. MALONE.

⁸ —— *amber coted.*] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass. So, in *Hamlet*:

"—— certain players

"We *coted* on the way."

Again, in Chapman's *Homer*:

"—— Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,

"Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far his steeds."

The beauty of *amber* consists in its variegated cloudiness, which Dumain calls *foulness*. The hair of his mistress in varied shadows

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DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BIRON. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.

DUM. As fair as day.

BIRON. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
shine. [Aside.

DUM. O that I had my wish!

LONG. And I had mine! [Aside.

KING. And I mine too, good Lord! [Aside.

BIRON. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good
word? [Aside.

DUM. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood,⁹ and will remember'd be.

BIRON. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in faucers;² Sweet misprision!
[Aside.

exceeded those of amber. *Foul* may be used (as *Fair* often is)
as a substantive. STEEVENS.

Quoted here, I think, signifies *marked, written down*. So, in
All's Well that ends Well:

"He's *quoted* for a most perfidious knave."

The word in the old copy is—*coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnson has
observed in the last scene of this play) is only the old spelling of
quoted, owing to the transcriber's trusting to his ear, and following
the pronunciation. To *cote*, is elsewhere used by our author, with
the signification of *over-take*, but that will by no means suit
here. MALONE.

The word here intended, though misspelled, is *quoted*, which sig-
nifies *observed* or *regarded*, both here and in every place where it
occurs in these plays; and the meaning is, that *amber itself* is re-
garded as *foul*, when compared with her hair. M. MASON.

⁹ — but a fever she

Reigns in my blood,] So, in *Hamlet*:

"For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages."

STEEVENS.

² — why, then incision

Would let her out in faucers;] It was the fashion among the young

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DUM. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BIRON. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

DUM. *On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet-leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;³
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !⁴
But alack, my hand is sworn,⁵
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :⁶*

gallants of that age, to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink their mistress's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof of their passion.

Thus in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, a gentleman gives the following description of him, when in love with the King. —

" Thus he begins, thou light and life of creatures,

" Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour ;

" And so proceeds to incision."

But the custom is more particularly described in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, where Phantaste, describing the different modes of making love, says — " A fourth with *stabbing* himself, and *drinking healths*, or writing *languishing letters in his blood*." — And in the *Palinode*, at the end of the play, Amorphus says, " From *stabbing of arms*, &c. Good Mercury deliver us!" M. MASON.

³ — 'gan passage find ;] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, have—*can*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wish* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ *Air, would I might triumph so !*] Perhaps we may better read :

" Ah ! would I might triumph so !" JOHNSON.

⁵ — my hand is sworn,] A copy of this sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads :

" But, alas ! my hand hath sworn."

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee:
 Thou for whom even Jove would swear,⁷
 Juno but an Ethiop were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send; and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.⁸
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

LONG. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from
 charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society:
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

It is likewise printed as Shakspeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599.
 STEEVENS.

6 ——— [*from thy thorn:*] So Mr. Pope. The original copy reads
 —*throne*. MALONE.

7 ——— [*even Jove would swear,*] The word *even* has been supplied;
 and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy published in *England's Helicon*, 1614. STEEVENS.

Swear is here used as a dissyllable. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads — *ev'n Jove* —, which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

I would willingly abandon the adoption, if I could read the line without it, and persuade myself that I was reading a verse. But when was *swear* ever used, as a dissyllable, at the end of a verse?
 STEEVENS.

8 ——— [*my true love's fasting pain.*] *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting*. JOHNSON.

KING. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush; as his
 your case is such;
 You chide at him, offending twice as much:
 You do not love Maria; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both, did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion:
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
 Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
 One, her hairs⁸ were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* LONG.
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAIN.

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
 A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?⁹
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

⁸ One, her hairs——] The folio reads—*On* her hairs, &c. I some years ago conjectured that we should read—*One*, her hairs were gold, &c. i. e. *the hairs of one of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as clear as crystal.* The king is speaking of the panegyrics pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses. On examining the first quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for so it reads. *One* and *on* are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's plays. See a note on *King John*, A& III. sc. iii. MALONE.

⁹ A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?] The repeated article A (which is wanting in the oldest copy) appears to have been judiciously restored by the editor of the folio 1632. At least, I shall adopt his supplement, till some hardy critick arises and declares himself satisfied with the following line—

Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear—
 in which “ze—al” must be employed as a dissyllable. See Mr. Malone's note 7, p. 279. STEEVENS.

For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

BIRON. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, ² that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; ³ in your tears,

There is no certain princess that appears:

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen! ⁴

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a gnat! ⁵

² *These worms for loving,*] So, in *The Tempest*, Prospero addressing Miranda, says —

"Poor worm, thou art infected." STEEVENS.

³ *Your eyes do make no coaches;*] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet:

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee." STEEVENS.

The old copy has — *couches*. Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

⁴ — *teen!*] i. e. grief. So, in *The Tempest*:

"To think o' the *teen* that I have turn'd you to."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *To see a king transformed to a gnat!*] Mr. Theobald and the succeeding editors read — to a *knot*. MALONE.

Knot has no sense that can suit this place. We may read — *fat*. The rhymes in this play are such as that *fat* and *fat* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a true lover's knot, meaning that the king lay'd

—— his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom ——

so long; i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seem-

To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,

ed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *fat* is in some counties pronounced *fat*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme.

In the old comedy of *Albumazar*, the same thought occurs:

"Why should I twine my arms to cables?"

So, in *The Tempest*:

"—— fitting,

"His arms in this sad *knot*."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen *knot*:"

"Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

"And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief

"With folded arms."

Again, in *The Raging Turk*, 1631:

"—— as he walk'd,

"Folding his arms up in a pensive *knot*."

The old copy, however, reads — a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet seems to think it contains an allusion to St. Matthew, xxiii. 24. where the metaphorical term of a *gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewise a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind. It is foolish even to a proverb, and it is said to be easily ensnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, observes, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it. COLLINS.

So, in *The Alchemist*:

"My fool-boy shall eat pheasants, &c.

"*Knotts*, godwits," &c.

Again, in the 25th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,

"Of that great king of Danes his name that still doth hold,

"His appetite to please that far and near were fought."

STEEVENS.

To see a king transformed to a gnat!] Alluding to the finging of that insect, suggested by the poetry the king had been detected in.

HEATH.

The original reading, and Mr. Heath's explanation of it, are confirmed by a passage in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. II. c. ix.

"As when a swarme of *gnats* at even-tide

"Out of the fennes of Alban doe arise,

"Their murmuring small *trompettes* founden wide," &c.

MALONE.

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critick Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

KING. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BIRON. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.*

Gnat is undoubtedly the true reading, and is that, it seems, of the old copy. Biron is abusing the King for his sonnetting like a minstrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always sings as it flies. Besides, the word *gnat* preserves the rhyme, which is here to be attended to. M. MASON.

* ——— critic *Timon* —] Critic and critical are used by our author in the same sense as cynic and cynical. Iago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is supported by our author's 112th Sonnet:

“ ——— my adder's sense

“ To *critick* and to *flatterer* stopp'd are.” MALONE.

* With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.] The old copy reads — “men-like men.” STEEVENS.

This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus:

“ With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy. ” WARBURTON.

This is well imagined, but the poet perhaps may mean, *with men like common men*. JOHNSON.

The following passage in *K. Henry VI. P. III.* adds some support to Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

“ Look, as I blow this *feather* from my face,

“ And as the air blows it to me again,

“ Obeying with my *wind* when I do blow,

“ And yielding to another when it blows,

“ Commanded always by the greater gust;

“ Such is the *lightness* of your common men.”

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state,⁶ a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—

KING. Soft; Whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

BIRON. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Strange, which is not in the quarto or first folio, was added by the editor of the second folio, and consequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy were manifestly arbitrary, and are generally injudicious.
 MALONE.

Slight at the authority of the second folio is here represented to be, who will venture to displace *strange*, and put any other word in its place? STEEVENS.

I agree with the editors in considering this passage as erroneous, but not in the amendment proposed. That which I would suggest is, to read *moon-like*, instead of *men-like*, which is a more poetical expression, and nearer to the old reading than *vane-like*.

M. MASON.

I have not scrupled to place this happy emendation in the text; remarking at the same time that a *vane* is no where styled *inconstant*, although our author bestows that epithet on the *moon* in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — the *inconstant moon*

“ That monthly changes ” —

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — now from head to foot

“ I am marble *constant*, now the *fleeing moon*

“ No planet is of mine.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *As you like it*: “ — being but a *moonish* youth, changeable,” — *inconstant*, &c. MALONE.

§ *In pruning me?*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“ Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up

“ The crest of youth.” — STEEVENS.

⁶ — a *gait*, a *state*,] *State*, I believe, in the present instance, is opposed to *gait*, (i. i. motion) and signifies the act of *standing*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Her motion and her *station* are as one.” STEEVENS.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

JAQ. God bless the king!

KING. What present hast thou there?

COST. Some certain treason.

KING. What makes treason here?

COST. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

KING. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

JAQ. I beseech your grace, let this letter be
read;

Our parson⁷ misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

KING. Biron, read it over.

[Giving him the letter.

Where hadst thou it?

JAQ. Of Costard.

KING. Where hadst thou it?

COST. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

KING. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

BIRON. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

LONG. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

DUM. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[Picks up the pieces.

BIRON. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, *[To Cos-
TARD.]* you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

KING. What?

⁷ Our parson —] Here, as in a former instance, in the authen-
tick copies of this play, this word is spelt *person*; but there being
no reason for adhering here to the old spelling, the modern is pre-
ferred. MALONE.

BIRON. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess :

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUM. Now the number is even.

BIRON. True true ; we are four :—
Will these turtles be gone ?

KING. Hence, firs ; away.

COST. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
slay. [*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*

BIRON. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us em-
brace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING. What did these rent lines show some love
of thine ?

BIRON. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,⁷
Bows not his vassal head ; and stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ?

KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
now ?

⁷ — the gorgeous East,] Milton has transplanted this into the
third line of the second book of *Paradise Lost* :

“ Or where the gorgeous East —.” STEEVENS.

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My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, ⁸ scarce seen a light.

BIRON. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:⁹

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth
seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;²

She passes praise; then praise too short doth
blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

⁸ *She, an attending star,*] Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

"*You meaner beauties of the night,*

"*That poorly satisfy our eyes*

"*More by your number than your light,*

"*You common people of the skies,*

"*What are you when the sun shall rise?*"] JOHNSON.

" — Micat inter omnes

" Julium fidus, velut inter ignes

" Luna minores." HOR.

MALONE.

⁹ *My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:*] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of Birón is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Biroon*. MALONE.

² *To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;*] So, in our author's 21st Sonnet:

"*I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.*" MALONE.

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O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

KING. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

BIRON. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!³

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.⁴

KING. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;⁵
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.⁶

BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits
of light.

³ *Is ebony like her? O wood divine!*] Word is the reading of all the editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewise conjectured,)

" — O wood divine!" THEOBALD.

⁴ — *beauty doth beauty lack,*

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.] So, in our poet's 132d Sonnet:

" — those two mourning eyes become thy face: —

" O, let it then as well beseech thy heart

" To mourn for me; —

" Then will I swear, *beauty herself is black,*

" *And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*"

See also his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

⁵ — *Black is the badge of hell,*

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;] In former editions:

" — *the school of night.*"

Black being the *school* of night, is a piece of mystery above my comprehension. I had guessed, it should be:

" — *the stole of night:*

but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:

" — *the scowl of night,*"

as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

In our author's 148th Sonnet we have

" *Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.*" MALONE.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,⁷
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
 For native blood is counted painting now;
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

6 *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.*] *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in *King John*:

" ——— this is the very *top*
 " The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*
 " Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*:

" — to the *spire* and top of praises vouch'd."

So, in *Timon of Athens*: " — the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the top of them all, because *cap* was the uppermost part of a man's dress. TOLLET.

Ben Jonson, in *Love's Triumph through Calipolis*, a Masque, says:

" To you that are by excellence a queen,
 " The *top of beauty*," &c.

Again, in *The Mirror of Knighthood*, P. I. ch. xiv:

" — in the *top and pitch* of all beauty, so that theyr matches are not to bee had." STEEVENS.

7 ——— and *usurping hair*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. The sentiments here uttered by Biron may be found, in nearly the same words, in our author's 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

DUM. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

LONG. And, since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

KING. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

DUM. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

BIRON. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

KING. 'Twere good, yours did; for, fir, to tell
you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

BIRON. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day
here.

KING. No devil will fright thee then so much as
she.

DUM. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

LONG. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her
face see. *[Showing his shoe.]*

BIRON. O, if the streets were paved with thine
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

DUM. O vile! then as she goes, what upward
lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

KING. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

BIRON. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all for-
sworn.

KING. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón,
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

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DUM. Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this evil.

LONG. O, some authority how to proceed ;
Some tricks, some quilllets,⁸ how to cheat the devil.

DUM. Some salve for perjury.

BIRON. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms:⁹

Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young ;
And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn² his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up³

⁸ ——— *some quilllets,*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*; — from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. WARBURTON.

⁹ — *affection's men at arms:*] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *le soldiers of affection*. JOHNSON.

² ——— *hath forsworn* —] Old Copies — *have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ ——— *prisons up* —] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read — *poisons up*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A passage in *King John* may add some support to it:

The nimble spirits in the arteries ;⁴
 As motion , and long-during action , tires
 The finewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And study too, the causer of your vow :
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?⁵
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;⁶
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers,⁷ as the prompting eyes

" Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 " Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy, thick,*
 " Which else runs tickling up and down the veins," &c.

MALONE.

⁴ *The nimble spirits in the arteries ;*] In the old systems of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves ; as appears from the name, which is derived from ἀερα τινεῖν.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *our books ;*] i. e. our true books, from which we derive most information ; — the eyes of women. MALONE.

⁷ *In leaden contemplation, have found out*

Such fiery numbers,] Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. Could you, says Biron, by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty? JOHNSON.

In leaden contemplation,] So, in Milton's *Il Penseroso* :

" With a sad, leaden, downward cast."

Again, in Gray's *Hymn to Adversity* :

" With leaden eye that loves the ground." STEEVENS.

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Of beauteous tutors⁸ have enrich'd you with?
 Other flow arts entirely keep the brain;⁹
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;¹⁰

⁸ *Of beauteous tutors* —] Old Copies — *beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁹ *Other flow arts entirely keep the brain*;] As we say, *keep the house*, or *keep their bed*. M. MASON.

¹⁰ — *the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd*;] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey.

WARBURTON.

"*The suspicious head of theft is the head suspicious of theft.*" "He watches like one that fears robbing," says Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias*:

"A heavy pouch with golde makes a light hart."

FARMER.

The thief is as watchful on his part, as the person who fears to be robbed, and Biron poetically makes *theft* a person.

M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason might have countenanced his explanation, by a passage in the third part of *K. Henry VI*:

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:

"The thief doth fear each bush an officer:"

and yet my opinion concurs with that of Dr. Farmer; though his explanation is again controverted, by a writer who signs himself *Lucius* in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. "The suspicious

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled² snails;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still-climbing trees in the Hesperides?³
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;⁴

head of thest (says he) is the suspicious head of *the thief*. There is no man who listens so eagerly as a thief, or whose ears are so acutely upon the stretch." STEEVENS.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. MALONE.

² — cockled —] i. e. inshelled, like the fish called a *cockle*.
 STEEVENS.

³ *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?*] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Hesperides," and seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we say, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c.

Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately observed, are chargeable with the same inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
 "Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
 "That watch'd the garden, call'd HESPERIDES."

The word may have been used in the same sense in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the Hesperides,
 "Shutteth the garden's gate, —." MALONE.

⁴ *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;*] This expression, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of —

"Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' sinews,"

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair, means to more than strung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

" — as sweet and musical

"As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair."

The author of the *Revisal* supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense; and in the stile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs

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And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony. '

in Lyly's *Mydas*, a play which most probably preceded Shakspeare's. Act IV. sc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the strings of *Daphne's* haire, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes," &c. T. WARTON.

Lyly's *Midas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was published in 1592. The same thought occurs in *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,
"Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,
"And kept them to play musick to the gods!

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolfey*, a poem, 1599:

"With whose hart-strings Amphion's lute is strung,
"And Orpheus' harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

' And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.] This nonsense we should read and point thus:

"And when love speaks the voice of all the gods,
"Mark, heaven drowsy with the harmony.

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that Love was the parent and support of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἐρωτος ἡ φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. The voice and speech of *Venus* and *Love*, which appears to have been a kind of cosmogony, the harmony of which is so great, that it calms and allays all kinds of disorders: alluding again to the ancient use of music, which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of the cares of empire, they used to pass whole nights in restless inquietude.

WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is,

"Make heaven" ——— JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reason for Dr. Warburton's emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by his critick. The former reading, with the slight addition of a single letter, was, perhaps, the true one. When love speaks, (says Biron,) the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.

Mr. Collins observes, that the meaning of the passage may be this. — That the voice of all the gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice of Love, That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech; and

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Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;

much the same thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arfileus' reply to Syrenus' Song*, by Bar. Yong; published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"Unlesse mild *Love* possesse your amorous breasts,
"If you sing not to him, your songs *do wearie*."

Dr. Warburton has raised the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not possessed: but should either of these explanations prove the true one, I shall offer no apology for having made him stoop from the critick's elevation. I would, however, read,

"Makes heaven drowsy with its harmony."

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike used to bespeak or summon attention, yet the former of them appears so harsh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line several times over before I perceived its meaning. To *speak* the voice of the gods, appears to me as defective in the same way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, observes, that to *speak* a sound is a barbarism. To *speak* a voice is, I think, no less reprehensible.

STEEVENS.

The meaning is, whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.] The old copies read—*make*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakspeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this speech the same error occurs: "—each of you *have* forsworn—."

For *makes*, r. *make*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—for every one of these letters are in my name."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

"The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
"Have lost their quality."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"The posture of your blows are yet unknown."

Again, more appositely, in *K. John*:

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
"Make ill deeds done."

So Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

"The outside of her garments were of lawn."

See also the sacred writings: "The number of the names together were about an hundred and twenty." Acts i. 15. MALONE.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;⁶

*And when love speaks (the voice of all) the gods
Make heaven drowsy with thy harmony.*

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to *speak with every tongue*; and the *gods* (being drowsy themselves with the harmony) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakspeare of having read *Pindar*, one should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as I think, some one has proposed before:

"The voice makes all the gods

"Of heaven drowsy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring

"With charms all potent, earth asleep to bring."

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"—— music call, and strike more dead

"Than common sleep, of all these five the sense."

STEEVENS.

So also, in *King Henry IV. P. II.*

"—— softly pray;

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

"Unless some dull and favourable hand

"Will whisper musick to my wearied spirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"—— Most heavenly musick!

"It nips me into listening, and thick slumber

"Hangs on mine eyes. — Let me rest." MALONE.

⁶ *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what

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They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;⁷

had undergone his revival. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

This and the two following lines, are omitted by Warburton, not from inadvertency, but because they are repeated in a subsequent part of the speech. There are also some other lines repeated in the like manner. But we are not to conclude from thence, that any of these lines ought to be struck out. Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the subject of their discourse. M. MASON.

⁷ — *a word that loves all men;*] We should read:

“ — *a word all women love.*”

The following line:

“ *Or for men's sake (the authors of these women;)*”

which refers to this reading, puts it out of all question.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, transposing the lines:

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

For women's sake, by whom we men are men;

Of for men's sake, the authors of these women.

The antithesis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itself worth little, has much of the spirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to “ *men's sakes, the authors of these words.*” FARMER.

I think no alteration should be admitted in these four lines, that destroys the artificial structure of them, in which, as has been observed by the author of the *Revival*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *sake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

— *a word that loves all men;*] i. e. that is pleasing to all men.

So, in the language of our author's time, — *it likes me well, for it pleases me.* Shakspeare uses the word thus licentiously, merely for

Or for men's sake, the authors¹ of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

KING. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

BIRON. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;²

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the fun of them.³

LONG. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING. And win them too: therefore let us devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BIRON. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;

the sake of the antithesis. Men in the following line are with sufficient propriety said to be authors of women, and these again of men, the aid of both being necessary to the continuance of human kind. There is surely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been proposed to be made in these lines. MALONE.

¹ — the authors—] Old copies — author. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

² Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;] So, in King Richard III:

“Advance our standards, set upon our foes;”—

STEEVENS.

³ — but be first advis'd,

In conflict that you get the fun of them.] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt. — Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivocal in his thoughts.

MALONE.

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Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love,² strewing her way with flowers.

KING. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

BIRON. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no
corn;³

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.⁴

[*Exeunt.*

² *Fore-run fair Love,*] i. e. Venus. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
“Now for the love of *Love*, and her soft hours—.”

MALONE.

³ — *sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;*] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The following lines lead us to this sense.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's first interpretation of this passage, which is preserved in Mr. Theobald's edition, — “if we don't take the proper measures for winning these ladies, we shall never achieve them,” — is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's second thoughts. MALONE.

⁴ *If so, our copper buys no better treasure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

HOL. *Satis quod sufficit.*⁵

NATH. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been⁶ sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,⁷ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

⁵ *Satis quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *your reasons at dinner have been, &c.*] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniâtreté*. JOHNSON.

So again, in this play:

"Yet fear not thou, but speak *audaciously*."

Audacious was not always used by our ancient writers in a bad sense. It means no more here, and in the following instance from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldness*:

"— she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and *audacious* ornaments." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *without affection,*] i. e. without affectionation. So, in *Hamlet*:
"— No matter that might indite the author of *affection*." Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio is call'd "an *affection'd* ass."

STEEVENS.

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,⁸ his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical.⁹ He is too picked,² too spruce, too affected, too odd as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

NATH. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

HOR. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such

⁸ ——— his tongue filed,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in their use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise.
STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— thrafonical.] The use of the word *thrafonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. FARMER.

It is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

² He is too picked,] To have the beard *pick'd* or *shorn* so as to end in a point, was, in our authour's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Ballad in *K. John*:

" ——— I cathechise

" My pick'd man of countries." JOHNSON.

See a note on *K. John*, Act I. and another on *K. Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet *pick'd* differently spelt and interpreted.

Pick'd may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, says:—"We wear our forked shoes almost as long again as our feet, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foot; and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverential devotion, for our bootes and shoes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house."

STEEVENS.

I believe *pick'd* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely dress'd* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning*, their broken or superfluous feathers. So Chaucer uses the word, in his description of Damian dressing himself, *Can't. Tales*, ver. 9885: "He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *picketh*." And Shakspeare in this very play, uses the corresponding word *pruning* for *dressing*, Act IV. sc. iii:

" ——— or spend a minute's time:

" In *pruning* me ———"

sanatical phantasms,³ such insociable and point-devise⁴ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable,⁵ (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie;⁶ *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

The substantive *pickedness* is used by Ben Jonson for *nicety in dress*. Discoveries, Vol. VII. Whalley's edit. p. 116: "— too much *pickedness* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Piercy Pennilefs*, 1593: "— he might have showed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the seditious person of Hermaphroditus." MALONE.

³ — phantasms,] See Act IV. sc. i:

"A phantasm, a Monarcho —." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *point-devise* —] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio says:

"I will be *point-devise*, the very man." STEEVENS.

⁵ *This is abominable*, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, Joseph Scaliger used to break out, "*Abominor, execror. Afinitas mera est, impietas*," &c. and calls his adversary, "*Lutum stercore maceratum, demoniacum secretum inscitie, sterquilinum, fercus diaboli, scarabaeum, larvam, pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propudium. καθαρμα*." WARBURTON.

Shakspeare knew nothing of this language; and the resemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deserves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppish manner of speaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lyly and his imitators.

— *abominable*,] Thus the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books. So, in *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

"And then I will bryng in

"*Abominable* lyving." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *it insinuateth me of insanie*; &c.] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of infamie*: *Ne intelligis, domine? to make frantick, lunatick*.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Nol. Bome, boon for boon Priscian; a little scrath, 'twill

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NATH. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

HOL. *Bone?*——*bone*, for *benè*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

NATH. *Videsne quis venit?*

HOL. *Video, & gaudeo.*

ARM. Chirra!

[*To* MOTH.

HOL. *Quare* Chirra, not firrah?

ARM. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

serve.] Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick*, *lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie* from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it.

Bone?——*bone* for *bene*. *Priscian* a little scratched: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *ne intelligis domine?* to make *frantick*, *lunatick*, I read (*nonne intelligis, domine?*) to be mad, *frantick*, *lunatick*. JOHNSON.

Insanie appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Successes of Rebellion from Time to Time*, &c. written in verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word used:

“ In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,

“ With a multitude of people; but in the consequence,

“ After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag,

“ For Alexander Iden he did his diligence.” STEEVENS.

I should rather read——“ it insinuateth men of *insanie*.”

FARNER.

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HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.⁶ [*To COSTARD aside.*

COST. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words!⁷ I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:⁸ thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.⁹

MOTH. Peace; the peal begins.

ARM. Monsieur, [*To HOL.*] are you not letter'd?

MOTH. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book:—

What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

HOL. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

⁶ *They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.*] So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "The phrase of sermons, as it ought to agree with the scripture, so heed must be taken, that their whole sermon seem not a banquet of the broken fragments of scripture." MALONE.

⁷ — *the alms-basket of words!*] i. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of great families was formerly sent to the prisons. So, in *The Inner Temple Masque*, 1619, by T. Middleton: "his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket." Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It*, 1612: "He must feed on beggary's basket." STEEVENS.

The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all those pieces of broken meat into a *basket* for the poor." MALONE.

⁸ — *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewise in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"His discourse is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of sound and no sense." I meet with it likewise in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *a flap-dragon.*] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which topers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on *K. Henry IV. P. II. A& II. sc. ult.* STEEVENS.

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MOTH. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn :—You hear his learning.

HOL. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

MOTH. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

HOL. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

MOTH. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.²

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit:³ snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

MOTH. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

HOL. What is the figure? what is the figure?

² Moth. *The third of the five vowels, &c.*] In former editions: *The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.*

Hol. *I will repeat them, a, e, i, —*

Moth. *The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.*

Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same vowel? Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean — Oh, you — i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them.

THEOBALD.

³ ——— *a quick venew of wit:*] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-school. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

“ ——— in the fencing-school

“ To play a *venew*.” STEEVENS.

A *venue*, as has already been observed, is not a *bout* at fencing, but a *hit*. “A sweet touch of wit, (says Armado,) a smart *hit*.” So, in *The Famous Historie of Captain Thomas Stukely*, b. l. 1605: “ — for forfeits, and *vennyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns.” MALONE.

Notwithstanding the positiveness with which my sense of the word *venue* is denied, my quotation sufficiently establishes it; for who ever talked of *playing a hit* in a fencing school? STEEVENS.

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MOTH. Horns.

HOL. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

MOTH. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*; ⁴ A gig of a cuckold's horn!

COST. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

ARM. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house ' on the top of the mountain?

HOL. Or, *mons*, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, fans question.

ARM. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

⁴ — I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*;] The old copies read — *unum cita*. STEEVENS.

Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean — *circum circa*: i. e. about and about: though it may be designed he should mistake the terms.

THEOBALD.

⁵ — the charge-house —] I suppose, is the *free-school*.

STEEVENS.

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HOL. The posterior of the day, most generous fir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, fir, I do assure.

ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward⁵ between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:⁶—and among other impor-

⁵ ———inward——] i. e. confidential. So, in *King Richard III.*:
“Who is most inward with the noble duke?” STEEVENS.

⁶ *I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:*] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor; and that we should read—I do beseech thee, remember *not* thy courtesy—Armado is boasting of the familiarity with which the king treats him, and intimates (“but let that pass,”) that when he and his Majesty converse, the king lays aside all state, and makes him wear his hat: “*I do beseech thee, (will he say to me) remember not thy courtesy; do not observe any ceremony with me; be covered.*” “The putting off the hat at the table (says Florio in his *Second Frutes*, 1591,) is a kind of courtesy or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwise.”

These words may, however, be addressed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may suppose to have stood uncovered from respect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parenthesis. To whomsoever the words are supposed to be addressed, the emendation appears to me equally necessary. It is confirmed by a passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: “Give me your neif, mounsfier Mustardseed. Pray you, *leave your courtesie, mounsfier.*”

In *Hamlet*, the prince, when he desires Ofrick to “put his bonnet to the right use,” begins his address with the same words which Armado uses: but unluckily is interrupted by the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from using the very word which I suppose to have been accidentally omitted here.

“*Ham. I beseech you, remember—*

“*Ofr. Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith.*”

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next scene:

“*O, that your face were so full of o's—*”
instead of—were *not* so full, &c. MALONE.

fortunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,⁷ with my mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,⁸ with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

HOL. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman.—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

NATH. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

By "remember thy courtesy" I suppose Armado means—*remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off.* STEEVENS.

⁷ — dally with my excrement,] The author calls the beard valour's excrement in *The Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — chuck,] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck —"

STEEVENS.

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HOL. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

ARM. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

HOL. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

MOTH. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious;⁸ though few have the grace to do it.

ARM. For the rest of the worthies?—

HOL. I will play three myself.

MOTH. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing?

HOL. We attend.

ARM. We will have, if this fadge not,⁹ an antick. I beseech you, follow.

⁸ — *myself, or this gallant gentleman,*] The old copy has — *and this, &c.* The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line — *shall pass for Pompey the great.* If the text be right, the speaker must mean that the swain shall, in representing Pompey, *surpass* him, “because of his great limb.”

MALONE.

“*Shall pass Pompey the great,*” seems to mean, *shall march in the procession for him; walk as his representative.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — *to make an offence gracious;*] i. e. to convert an offence against yourselves, into a dramatic propriety. STEEVENS.

¹⁰ — *if this fadge not,*] i. e. *suit not.* Several instances of the use of this word are given in *Twelfth Night.* STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 311

HOL. *Via*,³ goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DULL. Nor understood none neither, fir.

HOL. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

DULL. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

HOL. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

PRIN. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

ROS. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

PRIN. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

³ *Via,*] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!*
STEEVENS.

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ROS. That was the way to make his god-head
wax ;³

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

KATH. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

ROS. You'll ne'er be friends with him, he kill'd
your sister.

KATH. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

ROS. What's your dark meaning, mouse,⁴ of this
light word?

KATH. A light condition in a beauty dark.

ROS. We need more light to find your meaning
out.

KATH. You'll mar the light, by taking it in
snuff;⁵

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

³ — to make his god-head wax;] To *wax* anciently signified to grow. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

" I view those wanton Brooks that *waxing* still do wane."

Again, in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoses*, 1601:

" Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reason can make them wise?"

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V:

" The stem shall strongly *wax*, as still the trunk doth wither."

STEEVENS.

⁴ — mouse,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in *Hamlet*:

" Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his *mouse*."

MALONE.

⁵ — taking it in snuff;] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle. See more instances of this conceit in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. A& I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 313

ROS. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

KATH. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

ROS. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

KATH. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

ROS. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.⁶

PRIN. Well bandied both; a set of wit⁷ well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

ROS. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

PRIN. Any thing like?

⁶ — *for, Past cure is still past care.*] The old copy reads — *past care is still past cure.* The transposition was proposed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it must be owned, is supported by a line in *K. Richard II*:

"Things past redress are now with me past care."

So also in a pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632:

"She had got this adage in her mouth, Things past cure, past care."

— Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet seem rather in favour of the old reading:

"Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

"And frantick mad with evermore unrest." MALONE.

⁷ — *a set of wit* —] A term from tennis. So, in *K. Henry V*:

— play a *set*

"Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."

STEEVENS.

314 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ROS. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

PRIN. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

KATH. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

ROS. 'Ware pencils!' How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!⁷

KATH. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!⁹

⁷ 'Ware pencils!] The former editions read:

"Were pencils"——

Sir T. Hamner here rightly restored:

"'Ware pencils"——

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this sentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Rosaline says that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Rosaline in reply advises her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate; which she afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small pox oes.

M. MASON.

⁸ —*so full of O's!*] Shakspeare talks of "—fiery O's and eyes of light," in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!*] "*Pox of that jest!*" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm—the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonet on his lady's sickness of the *poxe*; and Dr. Donne writes to his sister: "at my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

A pox of that jest! &c.] This line which in the old copies is given to the princess, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Katharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expression, shew that—"I beshrew," the reading of these copies, was a mistake of the transcriber
MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 315

PRIN. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?²

KATH. Madam, this glove.

PRIN. Did he not send you twain?

KATH. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy.
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

MAR. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

PRIN. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

MAR. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

PRIN. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

ROS. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.

That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!³

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

² *But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?*] The old copies, after *But* insert *Katharine*. We should therefore read:

"But, Katharine, what was sent you from Dumain?"

RITSON.

³ — *in by the week!*] This I suppose to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"What, are you *in by the week*? So, I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner." Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year."

STEEVENS.

316 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests;³
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!⁴
So portent-like⁵ would I o'erfway his fate,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

³ — *wholly to my behests;*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, read — *to my device*. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the second folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone, however, admits three other corrections from the second folio, in this very sheet. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And make him proud to make me proud that jests!*] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, *I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery*.

Edinburgh Magazine for Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

⁵ *So portent-like, &c.*] In former copies:

So pertaunt-like, would I o'erfway his fate,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

In old farces, to show the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid *Death* or *Fate*; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*:

" — merely thou art *Death's Fool*;

" *For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,*

" *And yet run'st towards him still —*"

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.

WARBURTON.

The emendation appeared first in the Oxford edition. MALONE.

Until some proof be brought of the existence of such characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere assertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this passage must be literally understood, independently of any particular allusion. The old reading might probably mean — "*so scoffingly would I o'erfway,*" &c. The initial letter in *Stowe*, mentioned by Mr. Reed in *Measure for Measure*, here cited, has been altogether misunderstood. It is only

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 317

PRIN. None are so⁶ surely caught, when they
are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such
excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonnefs.⁷

MAR. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

PRIN. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his
face.

BOYET. O, I am flabb'd with laughter! Where's
her grace?

PRIN. Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muste your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

a copy from an older letter which formed part of a Death's Dance,
in which *Death* and the *Fool* were always represented. I have se-
veral of these alphabets. DOUCE.

⁶ *None are so, &c.*] These are observations worthy of a man
who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — to wantonnefs.] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio have
— to wantons be. For this emendation we are likewise indebted
to the second folio. MALONE.

318 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PRIN. Saint Dennis to faint Cupid!⁸ What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
BOYET. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the
 shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:

⁸ *Saint Dennis, to faint Cupid!*] — The princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle St. Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle St. Cupid:

“ Saint Cupid then, and soldiers to the field.”

M. MASON.

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous⁹ appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.²

PRIN. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

BOYET. They do, they do; and are apparel'd
thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,³

⁹ — *spleen ridiculous* —] Is, a ridiculous fit of laughter.

JOHNSON.

The *spleen* was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. So, in some old Latin verses already quoted on another occasion:

"*Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur.*" STEEVENS.

² — *passion's solemn tears.*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears

"The passion of loud laughter never shed." MALONE.

³ *Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,*] The settling commerce in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion; and several traits of the manners and state of that nation written: so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. WARBURTON.

A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster "came the lorde Henry, Earle of Wilshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe satin travarfed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimosen satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havying an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." *Hall Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may serve to convey an idea of the dress used upon the present occasion by the king and his lords at the performance of the play. RITSON.

320 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance ;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

PRIN. And will they so? the gallants shall be
talk'd :—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face. —
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
And then the king will court thee for his dear ;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline. —
And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

ROS. Come on then ; wear the favours most in
sight.

KATH. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

PRIN. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs ;
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

ROS. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

PRIN. No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.⁴

BOYET. Why, that contempt will kill the speak-
er's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

⁴ — her face.] The first folio, and the quarto, 1598, have —
his face. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 321

PRIN. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in,⁵ if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

BOYET. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the
maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians,
and Attendants.*

MOTH. *All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!*

BOYET. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.⁶

MOTH. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

BIRON. *Their eyes, villain, their eyes.*

MOTH. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*

Out—

BOYET. True; out, indeed.

⁵ ——— will ne'er come in,] The quatto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read — will e'er. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

⁶ *Beauties no richer than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, surely, very absurdly: for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make such an inference. Boyet is sneering at the parade of their address, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their poem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety.

THEOBALD.

322 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

MOTH. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouch-
safe
Not to behold—*

BIRON. *Once to behold, rogue.*

MOTH. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes—*

BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet ;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

MOTH. They do not mark me, and that brings
me out.

BIRON. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you
rogue.

ROS. What would these strangers? know their
minds, Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

BOYET. What would you with the princess?

BIRON. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they?

BOYET. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

ROS. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be
gone.

BOYET. She says, you have it, and you may be
gone.

KING. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

BOYET. They say, that they have measur'd many
a mile,
To tread a measure⁷ with you on this grass.

⁷ *To tread a measure —*] The measures were dances solemn and
flow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 323

ROS. It is not so: ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

BOYET. If, to come hither you have measur'd
miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

BIRON. Tell her, we measure them by weary
steps.

BOYET. She hears herself.

ROS. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

BIRON. We number nothing that we spend for
you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions, it was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*, 1662, describes them in this manner:

- " But, after these, as men more civil grew,
- " He did more *grave and solemn measures frame* :
- " With such fair order and proportion true,
- " And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
- " That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,
- " For every eye was moved at the sight,
- " With sober wond'ring and with sweet delight.
- " Not those young students of the heavenly book,
- " Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
- " Which on the stars did all their life-time look,
- " Could ever find such measure in the skies,
- " So full of change, and rare varieties;
- " Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
- " Are only *spondees, solemn, grave, and slow*." REED.

See Beatrice's description of this dance in *Much ado about Nothing*, Vol. VI. p. 252. MALONE.

324 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

ROS. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

KING. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds
do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,⁸ to
shine

(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

ROS. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

KING. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change:

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

ROS. Play, musick, then: nay, you must do it
soon. [Musick plays.

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

KING. Will you not dance? How come you thus
estrang'd?

ROS. You took the moon at full; but now she's
chang'd.

KING. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.⁹
The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

ROS. Our ears vouchsafe it.

KING. But your legs should do it.

ROS. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

⁸ *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,*] When queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard,* said he, *to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.* JOHNSON.

⁹ — *the man.*] I suspect, that a line which rhimed with this, has been lost. MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 325

KING. Why take we hands then?

ROS. Only to part friends:—

Court'sy, sweet hearts;² and so the measure ends.

KING. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

ROS. We can afford no more at such a price.

KING. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

ROS. Your absence only.

KING. That can never be.

ROS. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

KING. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

ROS. In private then.

KING. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*]

BIRON. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee.

PRIN. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is
three.

BIRON. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow
so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.

PRIN. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog,³ I'll play no more with you.

BIRON. One word in secret.

PRIN. Let it not be sweet.

BIRON. Thou griev'st my gall.

² Court'sy, sweet hearts;] See *Tempest*: Vol. IV. p. 40.

"Court'sied when you have and kiss'd—." MALONE.

³ Since you can cog,] To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye. JOHNSON.

326 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PRIN.

Gall ? bitter.

BIRON.

Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*

DUM. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

MAR. Name it.

DUM. Fair lady,—

MAR. Say you so ? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

DUM.

Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*

KATH. What, was your visor made without a tongue ?

LONG. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

KATH. O, for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.

LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask, And would afford my speechless visor half.

KATH. Veal, quoth the Dutchman ;⁴—Is not veal a calf ?

LONG. A calf, fair lady ?

KATH.

No, a fair lord calf.

LONG. Let's part the word.

KATH.

No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

LONG. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks !

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

⁴ Veal, quoth the Dutchman ;] I suppose by *veal*, she means *well*, founded as foreigners usually pronounce that word ; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question. MALONE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 327

LONG. One word in private with you, ere I die.

KATH. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*

BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invifible,
Cutting a fmaller hair than may be feen;
Above the fenfe of fenfe: fo fenfible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have
wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter
things.⁵

ROS. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

BIRON. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

KING. Farewel, mad wenches; you have fimple
wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, MOTH. Muſick, and at-
tendants.*

PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.—
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wonder'd at?

BOYET. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths
puff'd out.

ROS. Well-liking wits⁶ they have; grofs, grofs;
fat, fat.

PRIN. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

⁵ *Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter things.*] Mr. Ritſon obſerves, that, for the ſake of meaſure, the word *bullets* ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

⁶ Well-liking wits —] *Well-liking* is the ſame as *embonpoint*. So, in *Job*, xxxix. 4. “ — Their young ones are in good liking.” STEEVENS.

328 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to night?
Or ever, but in visors, shew their faces?

This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

ROS. O! they were all⁶ in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

PRIN. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*, quoth I;⁷ my servant straight was mute.

KATH. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his
heart;

And trow you, what he call'd me?

PRIN. Qualm, perhaps.

KATH. Yes, in good faith.

PRIN. Go, sickness as thou art!

ROS. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps.⁸

⁶ O! *they were all*, &c.] - O, which is not found in the first quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

⁷ *No point, quoth I*;] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the point of a sword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other passages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at present.

The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Philomusus says — "Tit, tit, tit, *non poynte; non debet feri*," &c. See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. "Punto. — never a whit; — *no point*, as the Frenchmen say." MALONE.

⁸ — *better wits have worn plain statute-caps*.] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education.

JOHNSON.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

PRIN. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me,

KATH. And Longaville was for my service born,

MAR. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. " Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of — it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers: providing, that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." *Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 74. GREY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have observed that mention is made of this sign by some of our ancient pamphleteers and playwrights, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool* — became a proverbial saying. So, in *Hans Beerpot*, a comedy, 1618:

" You shall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,

" You shall along." STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this passage is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is — *better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for fallies of imagination. In Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says, " — though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*."

Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606:

" — in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *shop-keeper*."

That these sumptuary laws, which dictated the form and materials of caps, the dimensions of ruffs, and the length of swords, were executed with great exactness but little discretion, by a set of people placed at the principal avenues of the city, may be known from the following curious passage in a letter from Lord Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, June 1580. " The French Imbasidore, Mounswer Mouiser, ridinge to take the ayer, in his retorne cam thowrowe Smithfield; and ther, at the bars, was stayed by thos officers that sitteth to cut sours, by reason *his raper was longer than the statute*: He was in a great feaurie, and dreawe his raper. In the meane season my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and so stayed the matt." His

BOYET. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

PRIN. Will they return?

BOYET. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRIN. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

BOYET. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.*

Majestie is greatlie ofended with the ofisers, in that they wanted judgement." See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, Vol. II. p. 228.

STEEVENS.

The statute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which these statute caps are described, "*plain statute caps*," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are represented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from some stage tradition. MALONE.

* *Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.*] This strange nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

*Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud:
Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roses blown,
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown.*

But he, willing to show how well he could improve a thought, would print it:

Or angel-veiling clouds —

i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was Shakspeare's purpose to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's chance

PRIN. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

ROS. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;²

to compare her to a *cloud*: and perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However, I supposed the poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a *masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be

— *angels veil'd in clouds,*

but

— *angels vailing clouds,*

i. e. *capping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man vails his bonnet. WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir T. Hanmer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* should be *capping the sun*. *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are like angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible?

JOHNSON.

Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 91. says: "The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged." i. e. they began to descend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakspeare uses the word *vailing* in this sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed their beauties; but Dr. Johnson's exposition may be better. TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the stream. So, in the French *Roman de la Rose*, v. 1415:

"L'eau aloit *aval*, faissant

"Son mélodieux & plaissant."

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, 1575: "—as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*." STEEVENS.

² — *shapeless gear*;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what Shakspeare elsewhere calls *diffused*. WARBURTON.

332 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

BOYET. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

PRIN. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS,³ ROS. KATH. and MARIA.

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in their proper habits.*

KING. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

BOYET. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

KING. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*

BIRON. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons
peas:⁴

And utters it again when God doth please;

³ *Exeunt Princess, &c.*] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here.
JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;] This expression is proverbial:

“Children pick up words as pigeons peas,

“And utter them again as God shall please.”

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

Pecks is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has — *picks*. That *pecks* is the true reading, is ascertained by one of Nashe's tracts; *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594: “The sower scattered some seede by the highway side, which the fowles of the ayre peck'd up.” MALONE.

He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
 At wakes, and wassels,¹ meetings, markets, fairs;
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
 He can carve too, and lisp:⁶ Why, this is he,
 That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
 A mean most meanly;⁷ and, in ushering,

¹ — wassels,] *Wassels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — Antony

" Leave thy lascivious wassels" —

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. vii. STEEVENS.

Wass heal, that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *Wassel* or *Wassail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purpose of festivity. MALONE.

⁶ *He can carve too, and lisp:*] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, represents an accomplished squire of the days of Chivalry, particularly in the instances here noted. — "Le jeune Ecuyer aprenoit long-temps dans le silence cet art de *bien parler*, lorsqu'en qualité d'*Ecuyer* TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les festins, occupé à *couper les viandes* avec la propreté, l'adresse & l'élégance convenables, & à les faire distribuer aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans sa jeunesse, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis *cet office*, qui, dans les maisons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans." *Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, Tom. I. p. 16. HENLEY.

I cannot cog, (says Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,) and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these *lisping* hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel —." On the subject of *carving* see Vol. V. p. 39, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ *A mean most meanly; &c.*] The *mean*, in music, is the tenor. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth

334 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The flairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone:⁸

too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the sweetest.

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"Thus sing we descant on one plain-song, kill;

"Four parts in one; the *mean* excluded quite."

Again, in Drayton's *Baron's Wars*. Cant. iii.

"The base and treble married to the *mean*." STEEVENS.

2 — as *white as whales bone*:] As *white as whale's bone* is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. In *The Faery Queen*, B. III. c. i. st. 15:

"Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,

"And eke, through feare, as *white as whales bone*."

And in *L. Surrey*, fol. 14, edit. 1567:

"I might perceive a wolf, as *white as whales bone*,

"A fairer beatt of fresher hue, beheld I never none."

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas:

"A hundred steppes mounting to the halle,

"One of jasper, another of *whales bone*;

"Of diamantes, pointed by the rocky walle,"

Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24. edit. 1736. T. WARTON.

— as *whales bone*:] The Saxon genitive case. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Swifter than the *moones sphere*."

It should be remember'd that some of our ancient writers supposed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale*. The same simile occurs in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

"The erle had no chylde but one,

"A mayden as *white as whales bone*."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Isembras*, bl. l. no date:

"His wyfe as *white as whales bone*."

Again, in *The Squyr of Low Degree*, bl. l. no date:

"Lady as *white as whales bone*."

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"—his herrings which were as *white as whales bone*," &c.

STEEVENS.

This *white whale his bone*, now superseded by *ivory*, was the

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And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

KING. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET; ROSALINE,
MARIA, KATHARINE, and attendants.*

BIRON. See where it comes !—Behaviour, what
wert thou,
Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?"

KING. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
day !

PRIN. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

KING. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRIN. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

tooth of the *Horse-whale*, Morse, or Walrus, as appears by King
Alfred's preface to his Saxon translation of *Orosius*.

HOLT WHITE.

9 — Behaviour, what wert thou,

Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?] These are
two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *man-*
ners, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no
where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the
direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in
promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that when
it degenerates into show and parade, it becomes an unmanly con-
temptible quality. **WARBURTON.**

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not com-
prized in the quotation. **JOHNSON.**

Till this man shew'd thee?] The old copies read — " Till this
mad man," &c. **STEEVENS.**

An error of the press. The word *mad* must be struck out.

M. MASON.

336 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

KING. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

PRIN. This field shall hold me; and so hold
your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

KING. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.²

PRIN. You nick-name virtue: vice you should
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth,
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

KING. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRIN. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING. How, madam? Russians?

PRIN. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so my lord;

My lady, (to the manner of the days.)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.³

² *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] I believe our author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity.

JOHNSON.

³ *My lady, (to the manner of the days,)*

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise,] To the manner of the

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We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

BIRON. This jest is dry to me. — Fair, gentle
sweet,⁴

Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet'
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light : Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
eye,—

BIRON. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

day, means according to the manner of the times. — *Gives undeserving praise*, means praise to what does not deserve it.

M. MASON.

⁴ Fair, gentle sweet,] The word *fair*, which is wanting in the two elder copies, was restored by the second folio. Mr. Malone reads — "My gentle sweet."

"My *fair, sweet honey monarch*" occurs in this very scene, p. 349. STEEVENS.

Sweet is generally used as a substantive by our author, in his addresses to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" — When you speak, *sweet*,

" I'd have you do it ever."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" And now, good *sweet*, say thy opinion."

Again, in *Othello*:

" — O, my *sweet*,

" I prattle out of tune."

The editor of the second folio, with less probability, (as it appears to me,) reads — *fair, gentle, sweet*. MALONE.

⁵ — when we greet, &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

338 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ROS. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

BIRON. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

ROS. All the fool mine?

BIRON. I cannot give you less.

ROS. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

BIRON. Where? when? what visor? why demand
you this?

ROS. There, then, that visor; that superfluous
case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

KING. We are descried: they'll mock us now
downright.

DUM. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

PRIN. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-
ness sad?

ROS. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why
look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

BIRON. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue:

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

— my friend;] i. e. mistress. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — he hath got his friend with child.” STEEVENS.

Taffata phrases, filken terms precise,
 Three-pil'd hyperboles,⁶ spruce affectation,⁷
 Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
 I do forswear them: and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand,
 God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
 And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

ROS. Sans SANS, I pray you.⁸

BIRON. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
 Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,⁹ on those three;

⁶ Three-pil'd hyperboles,] A metaphor from the pile of velvet. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says:

“ I have worn three-pile.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — spruce affectation,] The old copies read — *affection*.

STEEVENS.

The modern editors read — *affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affectation* for *affection*; — “ witty without *affectation*.” The word was used by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrifyllable; and the rhyme such as they thought sufficient. MALONE.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the word *affectation* occurs, and was most certainly designed to occur again in the present instance. No ear can be satisfied with such rhymes as *affectation* and *ostentation*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ Sans SANS, I pray you.] It is scarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written Sans SANS, i. e. without SANS; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had forsworn all *affectation* in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

⁹ Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing

340 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

PRIN. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
to us.

BIRON. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo
us.

ROS. It is not so ; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?⁹

BIRON. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

ROS. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

BIRON. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610 :

" It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a *printed bill* on a plague-door."

Again, in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607 :

" Have *tokens* stamp'd on them to make them known,
" More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague."

Again, in *More Fools Yet*, a collection of Epigrams by R. S. 1610 :

" To declare the *infection* for his sin,
" A *croffe* is set without, there's none within."

Again, *ibid* :

" But by the way he saw and much respected
" A doore belonging to a house infected,
" Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custom still)
" *The Lord have mercy on us*: this sad bill
" The sot perus'd —." STEEVENS.

So, in *Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters*, 1632 :

" *Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city *pestilence*." MALONE.

⁹ — how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ;] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies *to prosecute by law*, or *to offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 341

KING. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

PRIN. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

KING. Madam, I was.

PRIN. And were you well advis'd?^a

KING. I was, fair madam.

PRIN. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

KING. That more than all the world I did respect
her.

PRIN. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

KING. Upon mine honour, no.

PRIN. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.³

KING. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

PRIN. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

ROS. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

PRIN. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

^a — well advis'd?] i. e. acting with sufficient deliberation.
So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My liege I am advis'd in what I say." STEEVENS.

³ — you force not to forswear.] *You force, not* is the same with
you make no difficulty. This is a very just observation. The crime
which has been once committed, is committed again with less re-
luctance. JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. X. ch. 59:

"— he forced not to hide how he did err." STEEVENS.

342 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

KING. What mean you madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

ROS. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, fir, again.

KING. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

PRIN. Pardon, me, fir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

BIRON. Neither of either;³ I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,⁴
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some flight
zany,⁵

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,⁶ some
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years;⁷ and knows the
trick

³ *Neither of either;*] This seems to have been a common expression in our author's time. It occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

⁴ ——— a consent,] i. e. a conspiracy. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

“ ——— the stars

“ That have consented to king Henry's death.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— zany,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimic. So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“ ——— sung ———

“ To every feuerall zanie's instrument.”

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

“ Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,

“ When they will zany men.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— some trencher-knight,] See the following page:

“ And stand between her back, fir, and the fire,

“ Holding a trencher,” — &c. MALONE.

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,

—some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years;] Mr. Theobald says, he cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning of this phrase. It was not his heart but his head that stood in his way. *In years*, signifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

See the note on that line——But the Oxford editor was in the same case, and so alters it to *fleers*. WARBURTON.

Webster, in his *Dutchess of Malfy*, makes Castruchio declare of his lady: "She cannot endure merry company, for she says much laughing fills her too full of the wrinkle." FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:

"That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "—he doth smile his cheek into more lines than is in the new map," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—in *yeeres*, *jeers*, the present emendation, which I proposed some time ago, I have since observed, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to support the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*, which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be used in that licentious sense, surely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. into wrinkles, as in a passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth-Night*: "—he does smile his cheek into more lines than is in the new map," &c. The change being only that of a single letter for another nearly resembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly spelt *jeeres*) in my text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in use in our author's time than at present. In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is used exactly as here:

"And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable scorns,

"That dwell in every region of his face."

Out-roaring DICK was a celebrated singer, who, with William Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his *KIND HARTS DREAM*, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree fair, in Essex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumstance adds some support to the emendation now made. From the following passage in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, it seems to have been a common term for a noisy swaggerer:

"O he, fir, he's a desperate Dick indeed;

"Bar him your house."

Again, in Kemp's *Nine daies Wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600:

"A boy arm'd with a poking stick

"Will dare to challenge cutting Dick."

344 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you,⁸

[To BOYET.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,⁹
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

Again, in *The Epistle Dedicatorie* to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "—nor Dick Swash, or *Desperate Dick*, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoures more meat at ordinaries in discourfing of his fraies, and deep ading of his flashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen." MALONE.

As the aptitude of my quotation from *Twelfth Night* is questioned, I shall defend it, and without much effort; for Mr. Malone himself must, on recollection, allow that *in*, throughout the plays of Shakspeare, is often used for *into*. Thus, in *K. Richard III*:

"But first, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave."

I really conceived this usage of the preposition *in*, to have been too frequent to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *in will, and error.*

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,] I believe this passage should be read thus:

— *in will and error.*

Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*

Biron. *And might not you, &c.* JOHNSON.

In will, and error. i. e. first in will, and afterwards in error.

MUSGRAVE.

⁹ — *by the squire,*] From *esquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *square*. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases.

HEATH.

Squire in our author's time was the common term for a *rule*. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. The word occurs again in *The Winter's Tale*.

MALONE.

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You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;²
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

BOYET. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage,³ this career, been run.

BIRON. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

COST. O Lord, fir, they would know,
Whether three worthies shall come in, or no.

BIRON. What, are there but three?

COST. No, fir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

BIRON. And three times thrice is nine.

COST. Not so, fir; under correction, fir; I hope,
it is not so:

You cannot beg us,⁴ fir, I can assure you, fir; we
know what we know:

² — Go, you are allow'd;] i. e. you may say what you will;
you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"There is no slander in an allow'd fool." WARBURTON.

³ Hath this brave manage,] The old copy has *manager*. Cor-
rected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ You cannot beg us,] That is, we are not fools; our next rela-
tions cannot *beg* the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of
the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number.

JOHNSON.

It is the wardship of *Lunatics* not *Idiots* that devolves upon the
next relations. Shakspeare, perhaps, as well as Dr. Johnson, was
not aware of the distinction. DOUCE.

It was not the *next relation* only who begg'd the wardship of an
idiot. "A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the

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I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir,—

BIRON.

Is not nine.

COST. Under correction, fir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

BIRON. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

COST. O Lord, fir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, fir.

BIRON. How much is it?

COST. O Lord, fir, the parties themselves, the actors, fir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man;⁴ Pompion the great, fir.

BIRON. Art thou one of the worthies?

COST. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.⁵

BIRON. Go, bid them prepare.

lord coming to another nobleman's house, the fool saw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, answered, you have more cause to love me for it; for if my lord had seen the picture of the fool in the hangings, he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands."

Cabinet of Mirth, 1674.

RITSON.

⁴ — one man, — e'en one poor man;] The old copies read — in one poor man. For the emendation I am answerable, The same mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays. See my note on *All's Well that ends Well*, A & I. sc. iii. — "You are shallow, madam," &c. MALONE.

⁵ *I know not the degree of the worthy; &c.*] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEVENS.

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COST. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take
some care. [Exit COSTARD.

KING. Birón, they will shame us, let them not
approach.

BIRON. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis
some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his
company.

KING. I say, they shall not come.

PRIN. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you
now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;⁶
When great things labouring perish in their birth.⁷

⁶ *That sport best pleases, which doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form, &c.]* The old copies read — of that which it pre-
sents. STEEVENS.

The third line may be read better thus:

— the contents

Die in the zeal of him which them presents.

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous
than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion,
in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,

"Nor duty in his service perishing." JOHNSON.

This passage, as it stands, is unintelligible. — Johnson's amend-
ment makes it grammatical, but does not make it sense. What
does he mean by the contents which die in the zeal of him who
presents them? The word *content*, when signifying an affection of
the mind, has no plural. Perhaps we should read thus: —

Where zeal strives to content, and the content

Lies in the zeal of those which it present —

A similar sentiment, and on a similar occasion, occurs in *A
Midsummer Night's Dream*, when Philostrate says of the play they
were about to exhibit:

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BIRON. A right description of our sport, my lord.

— It is nothing,
Unless you can find sport in their intents
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service. M. MASON.

The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—of *that* which it presents. The context, I think, clearly shows that *them* (which, as the passage is unintelligible in its original form, I have ventured to substitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author; So, (to give one instance out of many,) in *The Merchant of Venice*,

“ — a civil doctor,

“ Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me.”

and *ym* and *y^t* were easily confounded: nor is the false concord introduced by this reading [of *them* who presents it,] any objection to it; for every page of these plays furnishes us with examples of the same kind. So *dies* in the present line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almost every other passage where a similar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predecessors, and corrected the error. Where rhymes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impossible. Thus we must still read in *Cymbeline*, *lies*, as in the line before us, presents:

“ And Phœbus 'gins to rise.

“ His steeds to water at those springs

“ On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.”

Again, in the play before us:

“ That in this spleen ridiculous *appears*,

“ To check their folly, passion's solemn *tears*.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Whose own hard *dealings* teaches them suspect.”

Dr. Johnson would read —

Die in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents.

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old Mss. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*.

The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the princess, *pleases best, where the actors are least skilful; where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or, (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, great attempts, perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present the sportive entertainment.* To “present a play” is still the phrase of the theatre. *It* however may refer to *contents*, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition. MALONE.

7 — labouring *perish in their birth.*] Labouring here means, in the act of parturition. So Roscommon:

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*Enter ARMADO.*³

ARM. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.]

PRIN. Doth this man serve God?

BIRON. Why ask you?

PRIN. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

ARM. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!⁹ [Exit ARMADO.]

KING. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies⁷ in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other five.

"The mountain labour'd, and a mouse was born."

MALONE.

³ *Enter Armado.*] The old copies read — *Enter Braggart.*

STEEVENS.

⁹ *I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!*] This singular word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet:

"Making a complement of proud compare —" MALONE.

⁷ *And if these four worthies, &c.*] These two lines might have been designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:

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BIRON. There is five in the first show.

KING. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

BIRON. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;³ and the whole world again,

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.⁴

KING. The ship is under fail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.*

" If this first part, gentles, do like you well,

" The second part shall greater murders tell."

STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakspeare alludes to the shifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one person often performing two or three parts. MALONE.

³ Abate a throw at novum;] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been some game at dice: " The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*," &c. Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: " The principal use of langrets is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*: " What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; sort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance." STEEVENS.

Abate throw — is the reading of the original and authentick copies; the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623.

A *bare throw*, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the second folio. I have added only the article, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted. I suppose the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is used again by our author, in the same sense, in *All's well that ends well*:

" — those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

" Of the last monarchy."

" A *bare throw at novum*" is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

⁴ Cannot prick out, &c.] Dr. Grey proposes to read — *pick out*.

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*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*⁵

Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.

COST. *I Pompey am,——*

BOYET. You lie, you are not he.

COST. *I Pompey am,——*

BOYET. With libbard's head on knee.⁶

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three such enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

Pick is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick out*,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uses the same phrase in his 20th Sonnet, in the same sense;—*cannot point out by a puncture or mark*. Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"

MALONE.

To *prick out*, means to choose out, or to mark as chosen. The word in this sense, frequently occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* where Falstaff receives his recruits from Justice Shallow:

"Here's Wart—Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?"

"A woman's tailor, Sir—shall I *prick* him?"

"Shadow will serve for summer. *Prick* him."

M. MASON.

⁵ *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31. is

"The order of a shoue intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"First, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Affaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthe women."

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakspeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This sort of procession was the usual recreation of our ancestors at Christmas and other festive seasons. Such things, being chiefly plouted and composed by ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing, at least with the view of preservation, and are of course

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BIRON. Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be friends with thee.

COST. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

DUM. The great.

COST. It is great, fir ;—*Pompey surnam'd the great ; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :*

And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance ;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say *Thanks Pompey*, I had done.

PRIN. Great thanks, great Pompey.

COST. 'Tis not so much worth ; but, I hope, I was perfect : I made a little fault in, *great*.

rarely discovered in the researches of even the most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the speeches in this scene, which were intended to burlesque them) ever appeared in print." This observation belongs to Mr. Ritson, who has printed a genuine specimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuscript of Edward the Fourth's time. (*Tanner's MSS.* 407.) REED.

6 *With libbard's head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.

WARBURTON.

The *libbard*, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the male of the panther.

This ornament is mentioned in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"—posset cuppes carved with *libbard's* faces, and lyon's heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset-ale most artificially."

Again, in the metrical chronicle of *Robert de Brunne*:

"Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,

"With the 4 *libbards* painted wele." STEEVENS.

See *Masquine* in *Cotgrave's Dictionary*: "The representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of some old fashioned garments." TOLLET.

BIRON. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

NATH. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering
might :
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.*

BOYET. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.⁷

BIRON. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRIN. The conqueror is dismay'd; Proceed, good Alexander.

NATH. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;—*

BOYET. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alifander.

BIRON. Pompey the great,——

COST. Your servant, and Costárd.

BIRON. Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

COST. O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,⁸ will be given

⁷ — *it stands too right.*] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,*] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of *The Nine Worthies*,

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to Ajax: ⁹ he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Alifander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth: and a very good bowler: but, for Alifander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted: ²—But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

PRIN. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

to “ Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *ſeiente in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax argent.” Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1579, p. 23. TOLLET.

9 — *A-jax*:] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was uſed by Ben Jonſon, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has theſe two lines:

“ And I could wiſh, for their eternis'd fakes,
“ My muſe had plough'd with his that ſung *A-jax*.”

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, ſays, “ Enquire, if you underſtand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or ſuch as are well read in *A-jax*.”

Again, in *The Maſſive*, &c. a collection of epigrams and ſatires: no date:

“ To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,
“ That wilt from *A-jax* with thy force defend it.”

See alſo Sir John Harrington's *New Diſcourſe of a ſtate Subject*, called, *the Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596; his *Anatomic of the Metamorphoſed Ajax*, no date; and *Ulyſſes upon Ajax*, 1596. All theſe performances are founded on the ſame conceit of *Ajax* and *A jakes*. To the firſt of them a licence was refuſed, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. His own copy of it, with MSS. notes and illuſtrations, and a MS. dedication to Thomas Markham, Eſq. is now before me. STEEVENS.

See alſo Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. IX. p. 133. edition 1780. REED.

2 — *a little o'er-parted*:] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too conſiderable. MALONE.

Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.

HOL. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
canus;*

*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:*

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[*Exit MOTH.*

HOL. *Judas I am,—*

DUM. A Judas!

HOL. Not Iscariot, fir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

DUM. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

BIRON. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd
Judas?

HOL. *Judas I am,—*

DUM. The more shame for you, Judas.

HOL. What mean you, fir?

BOYET. To make Judas hang himself.

HOL. Begin, fir; you are my elder.

BIRON. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an
elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIRON. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOYET. A cittern head.³

³ A cittern head.] So, in *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, 1638:

"A cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in *Decker's Match*

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DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIRON. A death's face in a ring.

LONG. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce
seen.

BOYET. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

DUM. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.⁴

BIRON. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BIRON. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-
drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in coun-
tenance.

HOL. You have put me out of countenance.

BIRON. False; we have given thee faces.

HOL. But you have out-fac'd them all.

BIRON. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

BOYET. Therefore, as he is, an afs, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

DUM. For the latter end of his name.

BIRON. For the afs to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away.

*me in London, 1631: "Fiddling on a cittern with a man's broken
head at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "I hope
the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece —"*

*"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers shall wear thee on
their citterns," &c. STEEVENS.*

⁴ — on a flask.] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo
and Juliet*:

" — like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,

" Is set on fire."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Keep a light match in cock; wear flask and touch-box."

STEEVENS.

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HOL. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

BOYET. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

PRIN. Alas poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

BIRON. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

DUM. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

KING. Hector was but a Trojan⁵ in respect of this.

BOYET. But is this Hector?

DUM. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

LONG. His leg is too big for Hector.

DUM. More calf, certain.

BOYET. No; he is best indued in the small.

BIRON. This cannot be Hector.

DUM. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

ARM. *The armipotent Mars, of lances⁶ the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,——*

DUM. A gilt nutmeg.

BIRON. A lemon.

⁵ *Hector was but a Trojan* —] A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of," &c. Again, in this scene, "— unless you play the *honest Trojan*," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *of lances* —] i. e. of lance-men. So, in another of our author's plays:

"And turn our impress *lances* in our eyes." STEEVENS.

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LONG. Stuck with cloves.⁶

DUM. No, cloven.

ARM. Peâce!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,⁷

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

DUM. That mint.

LONG. That columbine.

ARM. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

LONG. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Princess.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.]

⁶ *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *stuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*: "he has an *orange* and rosemary, but not a *clove* to stick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion.

The use, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be ascertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Things* by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. 1: "Wyne wyll be pleasant in taste and savour, if an *orange* or a *Lymon* (stickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the vessell that it touche not the wyne. And so the wyne wyll be preserved from soystines and evyll favor." STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift nutmeg*; and if a *gilt nutmeg* had not been mentioned by Ben Jonson, I should have thought it right. So we say, a *gift-horse*, &c. MALONE.

⁷ — *he would fight, yea,*] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—*he would fight ye*; a common vulgarism.

STEEVENS.

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PRIN. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

ARM. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

BOYET. Loves her by the foot.

DUM. He may not by the yard.

ARM. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

COST. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

ARM. What meanest thou?

COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

ARM. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

COST. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare Pompey!

BOYET. Renowned Pompey!

BIRON. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

DUM. Hector trembles.

BIRON. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates; ⁹ stir them on! stir them on!

DUM. Hector will challenge him.

BIRON. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

⁹ ——— more Ates;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. John*:

"An *Até*, stirring him to war and strife." STEEVENS.

ARM. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COST. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; ² I'll flash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms ³ again.

DUM. Room for the incensed worthies.

COST. I'll do it in my shirt.

DUM. Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

ARM. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUM. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BIRON. What reason have you for't?

ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

BOYET. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: ⁴ since when, I'll be sworn, he

² — *like a northern man*;] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

³ — *my arms* —] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c.*] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it, which was not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt. WARBURTON.

wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Boyet. *True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c.*] This is a plain reference to the following story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confessor.) "Next after this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Visunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Bru-theullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore labour, the blood and humours of his head so congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the space of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his sleep) he went *woolward* and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness." DR. GREY.

The same custom is alluded to in an old collection of *Satyres, Epigrams, &c.*

"And when his shirt's a washing, then he must

"Go *woolward* for the time; he scorns it, he,

"That worth two shirts his laundress should him see."

Again, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hood*, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, *woolward* have I hight,

"Thether for to go."

Again, in *Powell's History of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and *woolward* to crave mercy," &c. STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *swashbuckler*: "His common course is to go always untruss; except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes *woolward*."

FARMER.

Woolward—] "I have no shirt: I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakspeare, supposes that this passage is a plain reference to a story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go woolward*; which, at the same time is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

Enter MERCADE.

MER. God save you, madam!

PRIN. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

PRIN. Dead, for my life.

MER. Even so; my tale is told.

BIRON. Worthies, away; the scene begins to
cloud.

ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath:
I have seen the day of wrong through the little
hole of discretion,¹ and I will right myself like a
soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

"Wolward and wetshod went I forth after

"As a rechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,

"And yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon *wol*, *plague*, secondarily
any great distress, and *weard*, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies,
"in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus." I rather
think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *cloathed in*
wool, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakspeare's
context, but more particularly from a historian who relates the
legend before cited, and whose words Stowe has evidently translated.
This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man
was admonished, "*Ecclesias numero octoginta nudis pedibus &*
absque linteis circumire." *Dec. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The same story
is told by William of Malmesbury, *Gest. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. p. 91.
edit. 1601. And in *Caxton's Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493.
By the way it appears, that Stowe's *Vifunius Spileorne*, son of
Ulmore of Nutgarshall, ought to be *Wulwin*, surnamed *de Spillicote*,
son of *Wulmar de Lutegarshelle*, now *Ludgershall*: and the
wood of *Brutheullena* is the forest of *Bruelle*, now called *Brill*, in
Buckinghamshire. T. WARTON.

To this speech in the old copy *Boy*. is prefixed, by which designation most of Moth's speeches are marked. The name of *Boyet* is generally printed at length. It seems better suited to Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions. MALONE.

¹ *I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,*
This has no meaning. We should read, *the day of right*, i. e. I

KING. How fares your majesty?

PRIN. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

KING. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

PRIN. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal ⁶ opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, ⁷ your gentleness

have seen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me,
and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time.

WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion, (i. e. not been too forward to resent them) and shall insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"One may see day at a little hole," is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Day-light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's.

Again, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1590. p. 9:

"At little hoales the daie is seen." STEEVENS.

The passage is faulty; but Warburton has mistaken the meaning of it, and the place in which the error lies.

Armado means to say, in his affected style, that "he had discovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himself as a soldier;" and this meaning will be clearly expressed if we read it thus, with a very slight alteration: — "I have seen the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion." M. MASON.

⁶ — liberal —] *Free to excess.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" — there they show

"Something too liberal." STEEVENS.

⁷ *In the converse of breath,*] Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange*. JOHNSON.

Converse of breath means no more than conversation "made up of breath," as our author expresses himself in *Othello*. Thus also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Therefore I scant this *breathing courtesy*." STEEVENS.

364 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:⁸
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides⁹
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;²

⁸ *A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:*] Thus all the editions; but, surely, without either sense or truth. None are more *humble* in speech, than they who labour under any oppression. The princess is desiring her grief may apologize for her not expressing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that sentiment. Besides, there is an antithesis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

The following passage in *King John*, inclines me to dispute the propriety of Mr. Theobald's emendation:

“ — grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.”

By *humble*, the princess seems to mean *obsequiously thankful*.

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key

“ With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,” &c.

A heavy heart, says the princess, does not admit of that verbal obeisance which is paid by the humble to those whom they address. Farewell therefore at once. MALONE.

⁹ *And often, at his very loose, decides, &c.*] *At his very loose*, may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his getting loose, or away from us.

So in some ancient poem, of which I forgot to preserve either the date or title:

“ Envy discharging all her pois'nous darts,

“ The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,

“ At her fierce loose that weakly never parts,

“ But in despight doth force her to retire.” STEEVENS.

² — *which fain it would convince;*] We must read:

— *which fain would it convince;*

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain over-power grief.

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRIN. I understand you not; my griefs are double.³

BIRON. Honest plain words⁴ best pierce the ear
of grief;—

So lady Macbeth declares, "*That she will convince the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

If Johnson was right with respect to the meaning of this passage, I should think that the words, as they now stand, would express it without the transposition which he proposes to make. Place a comma after the word *it*, and *fain it would convince*, will signify the same as *fain would convince it*.—In reading, it is certain that a proper emphasis will supply the place of that transposition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince*, mean only what it would wish to succeed in obtaining. To *convince* is to overcome; and to prevail in a suit which was strongly denied, is a kind of conquest. M. MASON.

³ *I understand you not; my griefs are double.*] I suppose, she means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not understanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, [Mr. Capell,] instead of *double*, reads *deaf*; but the former is not at all likely to have been mistaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

⁴ *Honest plain words, &c.*]—As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the princess for the king in the king's presence at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus:

Prin. *I understand you not, my griefs are double:*

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

King. *And by these badges, &c.* JOHNSON.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like Bottom in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, might have wrested this speech from an inferior performer. I have been assured, that Mercutio's rhapsody concerning the tricks of Queen Mab, was put into the mouth of Romeo by the late Mr. Sheridan, as often as he himself performed that character in Ireland. STEEVENS.

And by these badges understand the king.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposed end of our intents:
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,¹
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance:
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

In a former part of this scene Biron speaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhausted, tells them, they must woo for themselves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this respect; but think with Dr. Johnson that the line "Honest," &c. belongs to the princess. MALONE.

¹ *Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,*] The old copies read — *Full of straying shapes*. Both the sense and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I suggested some time ago. "*strange shapes*" might have been easily confounded by the ear with the words that have been substituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with a corruption of the same kind, which could only have arisen in this way:

" ——— Better to starve

" Than crave the *higher* [hire] which first we do deserve."

The following passages of our author will, I apprehend, fully support the correction that has been made:

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,

" Applied to cautels, all *strange forms* receives."

Lover's Complaint.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" ——— the *impression* of *strange* kinds

" Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or skill."

In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have — *Forraging* blood of French nobility, instead of *Forrage* in blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation. MALONE.

Suggested us⁶ to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

PRIN. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:⁷

⁶ Suggested us —] That is, *tempted us*. JOHNSON.
So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *As bombast, and as lining to the time*:] This line is obscure.
Bombast was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called
wadding, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protube-
rance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is
given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The
princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but
bombast, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united
with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, — “my sweet creature of *bombast*.”
STEEVENS.

*We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours the ambassadors of love;
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than these in our respects,
Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.*

The sixth verse being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton pro-
poses to read:

*But more devout than this (save our respects)
Have we not been; —*

Dr. Johnson prefers the conjecture of Sir Thomas Hanmer:

But more devout than this, in our respects.

I would read, with less violence, I think, to the text, though
with the alteration of two words:

*But more devout than these are your respects
Have we not seen, —* TYRWHITT.

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But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUM. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more
than jest.

LONG. So did our looks.-

Ros. We did not quote them so.⁸

KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

PRIN. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in :⁹
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

The difficulty I believe arises only from Shakspeare's remarkable position of his words, which may be thus construed. — *But we have not been more devout, or made a more serious matter of your letters and favours than these our respects, or considerations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have just before said, we rated them in our maiden council at courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy.* TOLLET.

The quarto, 1598, reads,

“ But more devout than *this* our respects.”

There can be no doubt therefore that Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture is right. The word *in*, which the compositor inadvertently omitted, completes both the sense and metre. MALONE.

⁸ *We did not quote them so.*] The old copies read — *cote*.

STEEVENS.

We should read — *quote*, esteem, reckon ; though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably wrote — *cote*, as it was pronounced.

JOHNSON.

Cote is only the old spelling of *quote*. So again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

“ Yea, the illiterate —

“ Will *cote* my loathed trespass in my looks.” MALONE.

We did not *quote* 'em so, is, *we did not regard them as such*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ I'm sorry that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not *quoted* him.” See A & II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁹ *To make a world-without-end bargain in :*] This singular phrase, which Shakspeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet :

“ Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour.”

MALONE.

Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this,—
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
 There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about their annual reckoning:
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,²
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial, and last love;³
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge, challenge me⁴ by these deserts,
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
 My woeful self up in a mourning house;
 Raining the tears of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.⁵

² — and thin weeds,] i. e. cloathing. MALONE.

³ — and last love;] I suspect that the compositor caught this word from the preceding line, and that Shakspeare wrote — last still. If the present reading be right, it must mean,—“if it continue still to deserve the name of love.” MALONE.

Last is a verb. If it *last* love, means, if it *continue* to be love.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Come challenge, challenge me* —] The old copies read (probably by the compositor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line) *Come challenge me, challenge me*, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁵ *Neither intitled in the other's heart.*] The quarto, 1598, reads — *Neither intiled* —; which may be right: neither of us having a dwelling in the heart of the other.

Our author has the same kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“Shall love in building grow so ruinate?”

370 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

KING. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,⁶
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

BIRON. And what to me, my love? and what
to me?

ROS. You must be purged too, your sins are
rank;⁷

You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,

"Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

"Left growing ruinous the building fall." MALONE.

We may certainly speak, in general terms, of *building a mansion* for Love to dwell in, or, of that mansion when it is become a *Ruin*, without departure from elegance; but when we descend to such particulars as *tiling-in* Love, a suspicion will arise, that the technicals of the bricklayer have debased the imagery of the poet. I hope, therefore, that the second *t* in the word intiled was an undesigned omission in the quarto, 1598, and, consequently, that *intiled* was not the original reading. STEEVENS.

⁶ To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

To flatter on these hours of time with rest;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet. JOHNSON.

⁷ — are rank;] The folio and quarto, 1598, read—*are rack'd*.
STEEVENS.

— your sins are rack'd,] i. e. extended "to the top of their bent." So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Why, then we rack the value."

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—*are rank*. MALONE.

Rowe's emendation is every way justifiable. Things *rank* (not those which are *racked*) need *purging*. Besides, Shakspeare has used the same epithet on the same occasion in *Hamlet*:

"O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven." STEEVENS.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 371

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.⁸

DUM. But what to me, my love? but what to
me?

KATH. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and ho-
nestly;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUM. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATH. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a
day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd woers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

DUM. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

KATH. Yet, swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

LONG. What says Maria?

MAR. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LONG. I'll stay with patience; but the time is
long.

MAR. The liker you; few taller are so young.

⁸ Biron. *And what to me, my love? and what to me?*

Ros. *You must be purged too, your sins are rank;*

You are attaint with faults and perjury:

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.] These six verses both

Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakspeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Rosaline's speech too long in the second plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted; but, in publishing the play, stupidly printed both the original speech of Shakspeare, and their own abridgement of it. THEOBALD.

372 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

BIRON. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour⁹ of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

BIRON. To move wild laughter in the throat of
death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing
spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,²

⁹ — fierce endeavour —] *Fierce is vehement, rapid.* So, in *K. John*:

“ — fierce extremes of sickness.” STEEVENS.

² — dear groans,] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

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Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

BIRON. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will
befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.³

PRIN. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my
leave. [To the KING.

KING. No, madam: we will bring you on your
way.

BIRON. Our wooing doth not end like an old
play;

Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

KING. Come sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a
day,

And then 'twill end.

BIRON. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

PRIN. Was not that Hector?

DUM. The worthy knight of Troy.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, consequential*. So, already in this scene:

— full of *dear* guiltiness. STEEVENS.

³ The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline* suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

374 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ARM. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave;
I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold
the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of
the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed
in the end of our show.

KING. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

ARM. Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,
COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring;
the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

S O N G.

Spring. *When daisies pied,* and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds[†] of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,*

* *When daisies pied, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

† *— cuckoo-buds—*] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in English *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheshire *ladie-smocks*." Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are in French, of some called *coquu*, prime vere, and braves de *coquu*. This he thinks will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles — *Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

Cuckoo-buds must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

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*The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

*Winter, When icicles hang by the wall,⁶
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,⁷
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,*

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson's Works, many years ago proposed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himself no mean botanist, has distinguished it:

Albaque cardamine, &c. MALONE.

Crocus buds is a phrase unknown to naturalists and gardeners.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *When icicles hang by the wall,*] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of frost. So, in *K. Henry IV*:

“Let us not hang like roping icicles,

“Upon our houses' thatch.”

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When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who,⁸ a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.⁹

Our author (whose images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *The Tempest*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from such coverings, in their natural unfrozen state:

"His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eves of reeds." MALONE.

7 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,] So, in *King Henry VI.*
P. III.

"What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night." MALONE.

8 ——— nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who; tu-whit, to who,] So, in *Lyly's Mother Bombye*.
"To-whit, to-who the owle does cry." HOLI WHITE.

9 ——— doth keel the pot.] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to scum the pot. GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:—"Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, keel it, keel it, or all the fat's in the fire."

STEEVENS.

To keel the pot is certainly to cool it, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the boiling over.

FARMER.

—— keel the pot.] i. e. cool the pot. "The thing is, they mix their thickening of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* [or *lithing*], and put it in the pot, when they set on, because when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot so well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the first rising, and every subsequent increase of the fire; to prevent which it becomes necessary for one to attend to cool it occasionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greasy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account seems to be accurate.

RITSON.

To keel signifies to cool in general, without any reference to the kitchen. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 121. b:

"The cote he found, and eke he seleth

"The mace, and then his herte keleth

"That there durst he not abide."

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,²
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,³
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Again, fol. 131. b:

"With water on his finger ends

"Thyne hote tonge to kele."

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical History of *The Battle of Flodden*, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot."

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,

"And lumps of beef to swim abeen;

"And ilka time that I stir the pot,

"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*."

² — the parson's saw,] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate:

"These old poetes in their *sawes* swete

"Full covertly in their verses do fayne," &c.

STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence, or maxim: "Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

[³ When roasted crabs, &c.] i. e. the wild apples so called. Thus, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

"In very likeness of a roasted crab."

Again, in *Like will to Like*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587:

"Now a crab in the fire were worth a good groat:

"That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toss-pot."

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ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.
[*Exeunt.*⁴

Again, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

" Sitting in a corner, turning crabs,

" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *Lamb's wool* is produced. So, in *K. Henry V.* 1598 (not our author's play):

" Yet we will have in store a crab in the fire,

" With nut-brown ale, that is full stale," &c. MALONE.

⁴ In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 191.

*This child of fancy, that Armado hight, &c.] This, as I have shown in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.*

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French

suffered an easier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*: a bravery our Shakspeare makes their characteristic in this description of a Spanish gentleman:

*A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.**

The sense of which is to this effect: *This gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile.* Why he says *from tawny Spain*, is because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subjects of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakspeare makes Alençon, in the first part of Henry VI. say; "Froyllard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spanish ro-

* *From tawny Spain, &c.*] This passage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in allusion to the Spanish Romances, of which several were extant in English, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for instance, as *Amadis de Gaule*, *Don Bellianis*, *Palmerin d'Oliva*, *Palmerin of England*, the *Mirroure of Knighthood*, &c. But he is egregiously mistaken in asserting that "the heroes and the scene were generally of that country," which, in fact, (except in an instance or two nothing at all to the present purpose) is never the case. If the words *lost in the world's debate* will bear the editor's construction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the subject. I cannot, however, think that Shakspeare was particularly conversant in works of this description: But, indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at least, of the present play are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the old platform. RITSON.

mance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*,* or simply *Oliva*; those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgement passed upon them by the priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Exceptuando á un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y á otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando á mis manos, han de estar en las del ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna."† And of Oliver he says, "ella Oliva se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas."‡ The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mount in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad-sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of our plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagancies than the Spaniards, of giving one a Rowland for his Oliver, that is of matching one impossible lye with another; as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, to swagger. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fue el primero de Cavallerias que se imprimió en Espana, y todos los demas han tomado principio y origen deste;"§ and for which he humourously condemns it to the fire, como á *Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests, by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Grecia* was at the head

* Dr. Warburton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from (*Palmerin de*) *Oliva*, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spanish, "Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, "Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbé son loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. translatée du Latin par Phil. Kamus, in fol. Gothique." It has also appeared in English. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94, 47.

PERCY.

† B. i. c. 6.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as Roncevalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: Ariosto's hero being Orlando or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir John Maundeville, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. "And also a zonge man, that wist not of the dragoun, went out of the schipp, and went through the ile, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kyssse hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykeness of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kyssse me, thou schalt have all this tresoure, and by my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed," &c. p. 29, 30, ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and

lykenesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And they of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakspeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*,) should stop * in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From him therefore the Spanish romances took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens, I suspect by design; for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saricino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greal. This faint Greal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of the knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. "La confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur

* "For it is not to be supposed, that these Children of Fancy, as Shakspeare calls them, *insinuating thereby that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood*, should stop," &c.]

I cannot conceive how Shakspeare, by calling Armado the Child of Fancy, insinuates that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood. The showing that a woman had a child, would be a strange way of proving her in her infancy.—By calling Armado the Child of Fancy, Shakspeare means only to describe him as fantastical. M. MASON.

n'est repentant; & si tu es moult & éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus estre recordé si non par trois choses: premièrement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette manière & reçois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite. — Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de vint menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c. — Après prinst discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade: secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted jousts and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. "*Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sive juxta in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit.*" *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn jousts and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation. * WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to *any story in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety therefore a

* See Part II. l. 5. c. 1.

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dissertation on the *origin and nature of those romances* is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to show, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly, — that “*Monseigneur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these [books of chivalry] in that superficial work.*” — The fact is true, that *Monseigneur Huet* has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of — “*putting the change upon his reader,*” and “*dropping his proper subject*” for another, “*that had no relation to it more than in the name,*” is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory address to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the *Astrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be “*scélions des aventures amoureuses*,” and he excludes epic poems from the number, because — “*Enfin les poëmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, & ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, & ne traitent la politique & la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plupart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, & Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires.*” After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *superficial work*, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W's own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.* The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*; 2. *That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.*

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Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious, and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr. W's *first* position, *that romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*, cannot be maintained. Monsieur Huet would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont postérieurs à nos Tristans & à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indisputable. Cervantes, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *second* position, *that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of *Du Fresnoy's Bibliothèque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

His *last* position, *that the subject of these romances were the cru-
sades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and*

Africa, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus; the subject of some, or a few, of these romances were the *crusades*, &c. the position would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the two first positions he says not one word: I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustration of his third position, by repeating it (with a little change of terms, for a reason which will appear); "*Indeed the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians, the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers; — the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.*" Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*the History of the Achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unscholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices; but instead of that we have a digression upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to say something of those two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and *Don Quixote*, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude, in the assertion, that "*in the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio, and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of Roldan el Encantador.*" Dr. W.'s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of *Cervantes*, in the first chapter of *Don Quixote*. "*Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio, porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto á Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Hercules, quando ahogó á Anteón el hijo de la Tierra entre los brazos.*" Where it is observable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to speak of more than one romance; he calls *Roldan el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to

be understood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expressing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the old romances in the following manner. "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances, And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain: whereas, for the reasons already given, *Amadis*, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as a very modern one; and the subject of it has not the least connection with any driving of the Saracens whatsoever. — But what follows is still more extraordinary. "*When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests; by the excitments of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as Amadis de Gaula was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, Amadis de Græcia was at the head of the latter.*" — It is impossible I apprehend, to refer this subject to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain. So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject of the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) before the *Crusades*; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the crusades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by Du Fresnoy. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his second race or class of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre, than *Amadis de Gaula* in driving the Saracens out of France and Spain. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's history*. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffrey*, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling

question concerning the origin of lying in romances. — “Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imagination of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the *Travels of Sir J. Maundevile*.” — He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of Cos, from Sir J. Maundevile, who wrote his *Travels* in 1356; by way of proof, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to show, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of monstrous embellishment. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of “*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*,” is of so late a fabric, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, “*Whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons to Saracens*,” I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his third position. In support of his two first positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and indeed nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning the strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out. — “In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and *King Arthur and his Knights*, is called the *History of Saint Greal* — So another is called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men. — I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Greal* was the first romance of *Lancelot* of the

Lake and King Arthur and his Knights. And as to the other supposed to be called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from Huet. The reader will judge. Huet is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber saved from the flames. — "*Ceux qu'ils jugent dignes d'être gardés sont les quatre livres d'Amadis de Gaule, — Palmerin d'Angleterre, — Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, & Kyrie eleison de Montauban (car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie eleison & Paralipomenon estoient les noms de quelques saints) où les subtilités de la Demoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie, & les tromperies de la Veuve reposée, sont fort louées.*" — It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he says of *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, as well as the witicism in his last sentence, from this passage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of Cervantes, which is quoted below *) that Huet was mistaken in supposing *Kyrie eleison de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Demoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée* the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*. — And to much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and, I think, I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incrusted with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now enshrined.

— quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
Fûneribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis. MALONE.

* Don Quix. lib. 1. c. 6. "Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui está *Tirante el Blanco*! Dadmele aca, compadre, que hego cuenta que he hallado en el un tesoro de contento, y una mina de pasatiempos. *Aqui está Don Quirieleyson de Montalvan*, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonseca, con la batalla que el valiente de Tirante hizo con el alano, y las agudezas de la Donzella Plazerdivida, con los amores, y embustes de la viuda Reposada, y la Señora Emperatfiz, enamorada de Hippolito su escudero."

Aqui está Don Quirieleyson, &c. HERE, i. e. in the romance of *Tirante el Blanco*, is *Don Quirieleyson, &c.*

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.



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